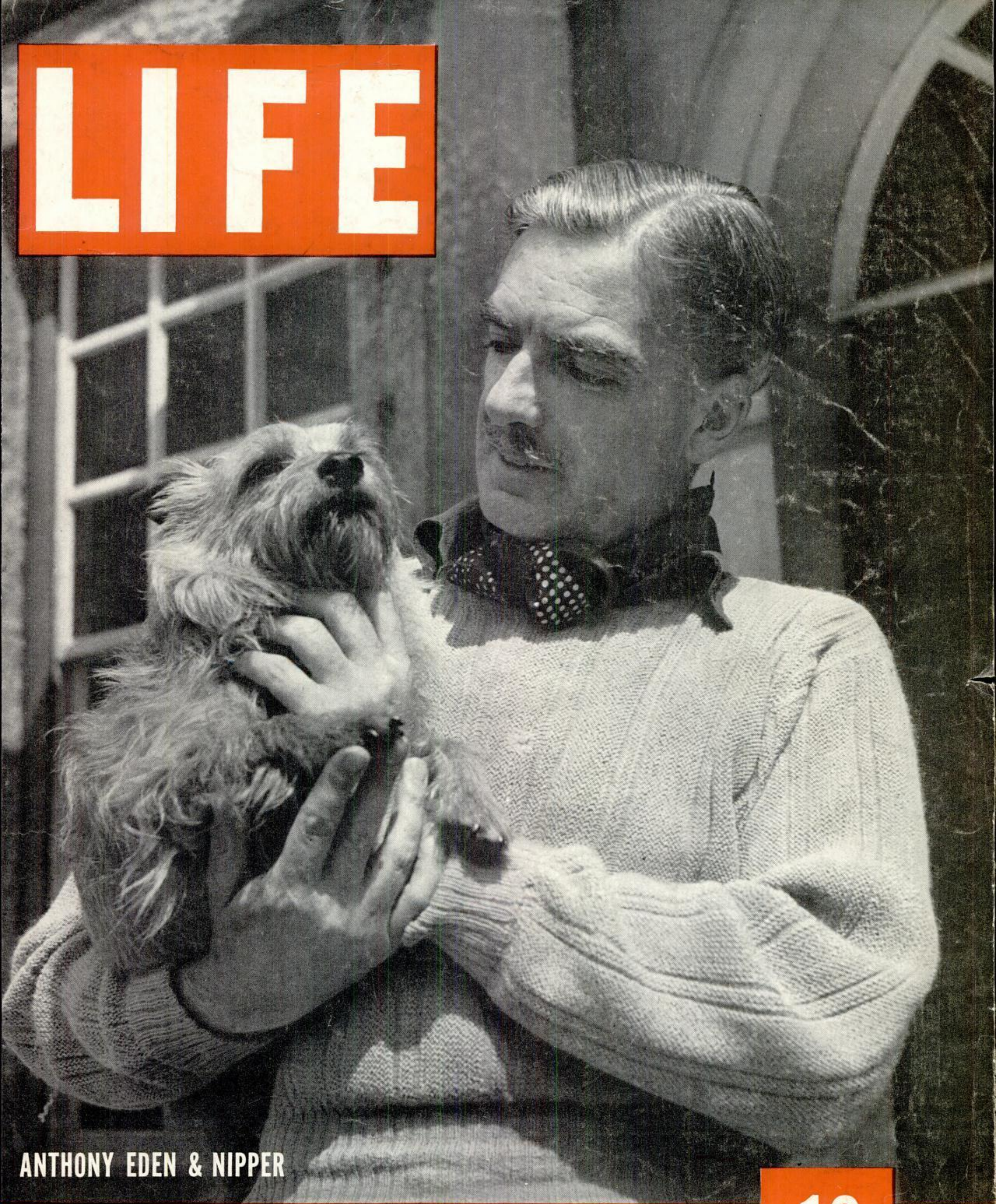


LIFE

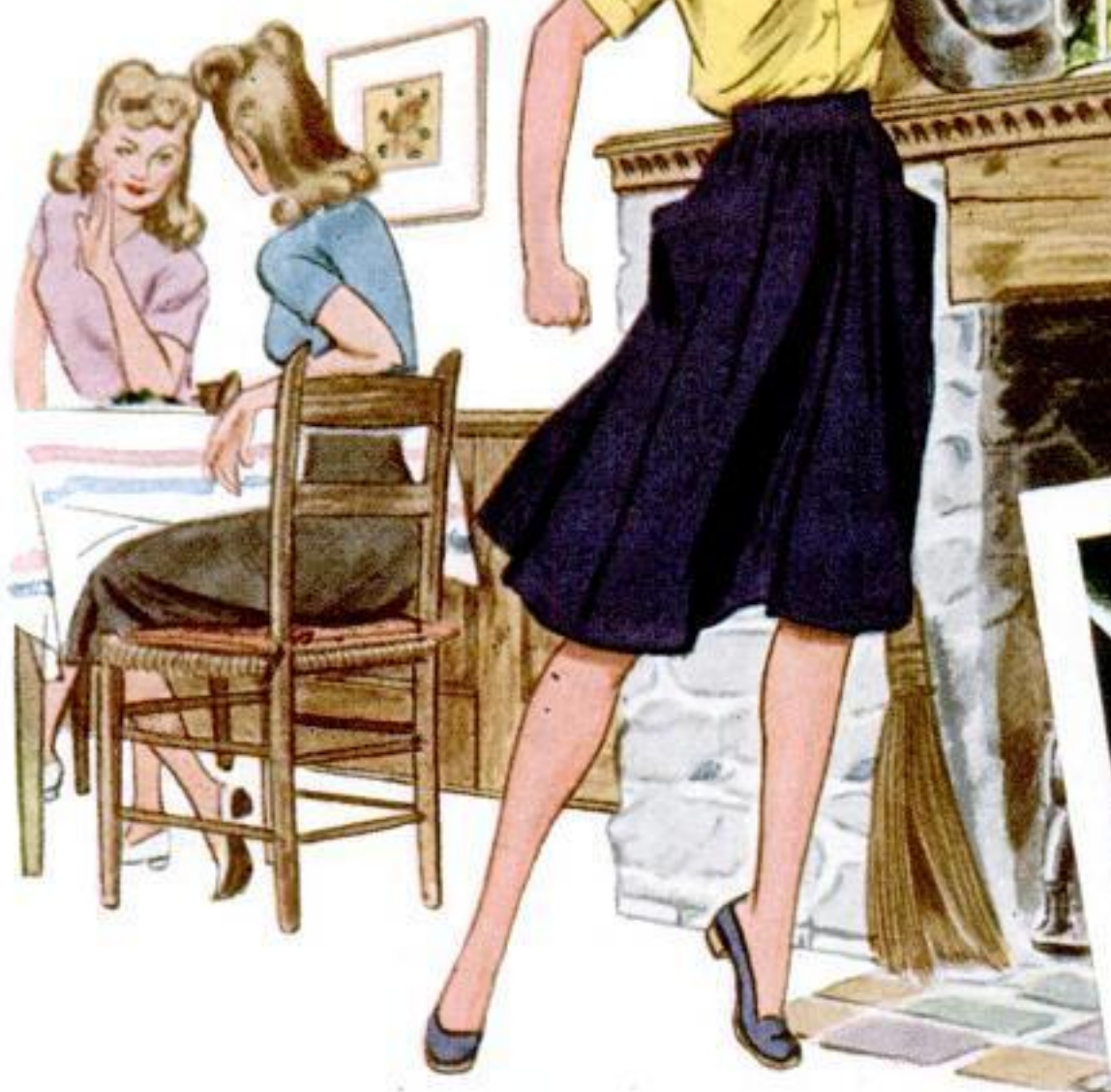


ANTHONY EDEN & NIPPER

AUGUST 30, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

What's in a Name?

Says **CLEMENTINE**: "My name means *mild in temper*, but I see red when I hear people boasting that they can get things without paying for them in ration points. I wouldn't even be seen dead in one of those 'black markets'."



Says **LOUISE**: "My name means *protector of the people*. I did some active home-front protecting last week by flatly refusing to buy in a store that sold goods over the ceiling prices. What's more, if I hear that they keep on overcharging, I know it's my duty to report them."



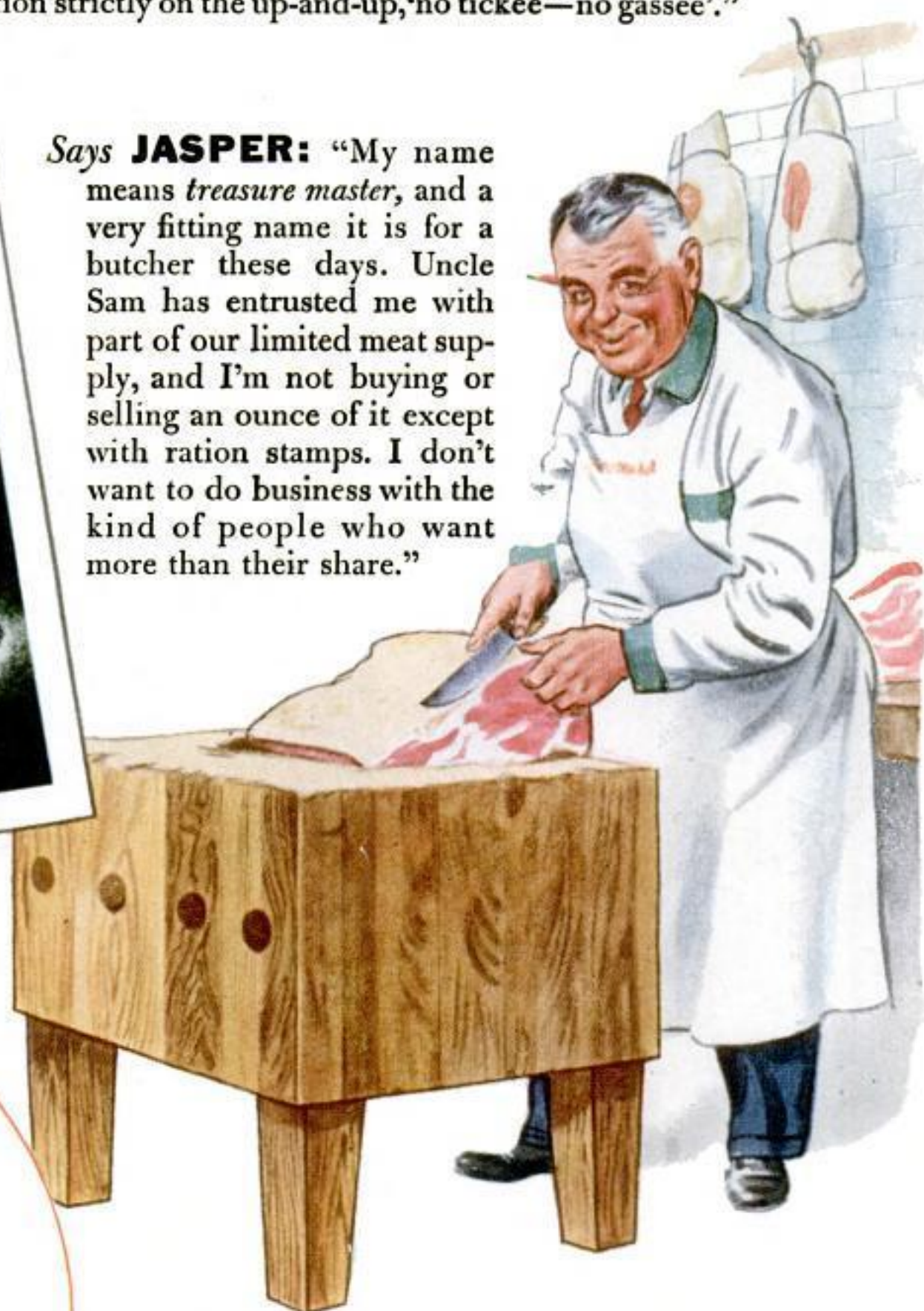
FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" Free — no obligation — just mail postal card.



Says **DEXTER**: "My name means *right*, and I say that when our country is fighting the greatest war in its history no man has the right to disregard government regulations — even when they hurt. I run my service station strictly on the up-and-up, 'no tickee — no gassee'."

Says **JASPER**: "My name means *treasure master*, and a very fitting name it is for a butcher these days. Uncle Sam has entrusted me with part of our limited meat supply, and I'm not buying or selling an ounce of it except with ration stamps. I don't want to do business with the kind of people who want more than their share."



Says **ETHYL**:

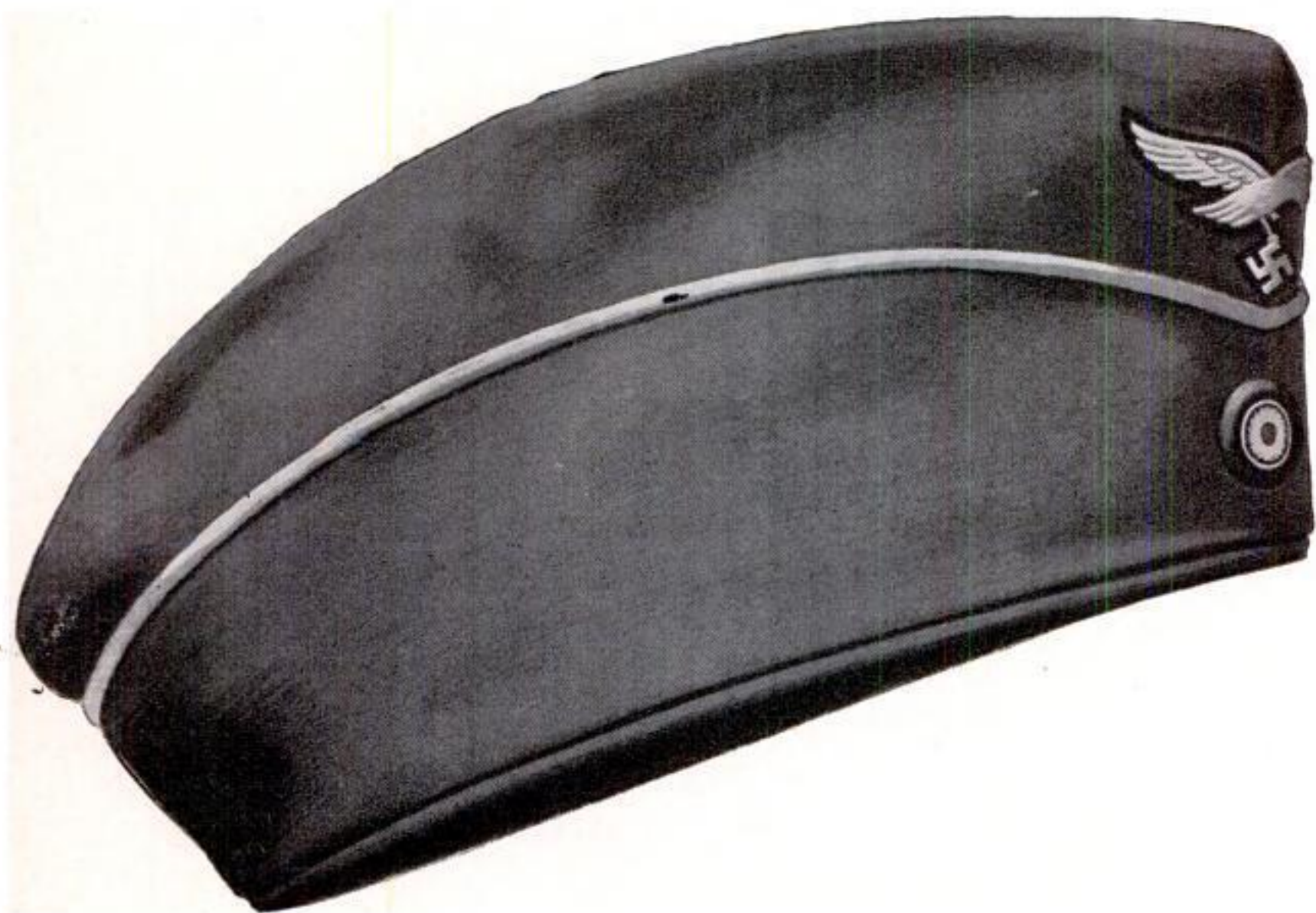
"My name is the *trade mark* name of a fluid that is helping America's tanks roll faster and over tougher obstacles. It is Ethyl fluid, which today oil companies put into all their high-octane fighting gasoline to prevent knock and to step up power.

"After the war my trade mark name and emblem will be your guide to better gasoline than you've ever had before...and to best performance from the automobile of the future.

"Remember this when occasionally your service station may be unable to supply you from the pump marked 'Ethyl.' Remember, too, that Ethyl fluid is made only by the Ethyl Corporation."

COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

SEND PENNY POSTAL CARD FOR FREE BOOK OF NAMES . . . Write to ETHYL CORPORATION, Room 3534, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.



What goes on under a Nazi pilot's cap?

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE . . . in his cockpit climbing swiftly away from an Axis airfield into a pitch-black night . . . bomb racks loaded . . . heading for Yank-held territory.

How would your mind work (under a Nazi bonnet), if you knew Radar's sleepless, X-ray "eyes" were waiting up to greet you . . . on warships, airfields, and lookout posts of the United Nations' forces?

What would you be thinking . . . knowing that Radar was robbing you of "surprise," the attacker's one tactical advantage . . . detecting you as much as 130 miles from your target? *Always* watching you . . . in storm, clouds, and fog . . . five miles up or skimming the waves! . . . *marking you for ambush and destruction!*

When the flak whams accurately through the clouds to rip jagged wing holes; when you meet night fighters who need no flame from your exhausts for true aiming, wouldn't you momentarily doubt the infallibility of the "master race"?

Wouldn't you nurse a scowling respect for American ingenuity? For Radar was developed in the United States . . . pretty much the product of Navy and Army research laboratories who weren't as unprepared as you thought.

And shouldn't it occur to you that a fellow can't win when he's fighting against a nation with the inventiveness and resources to produce weapons like this?

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Westinghouse was making Radar 18 months before Pearl Harbor. Since then, Westinghouse production of radio communications equipment, including Radar, has increased 41 times!

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

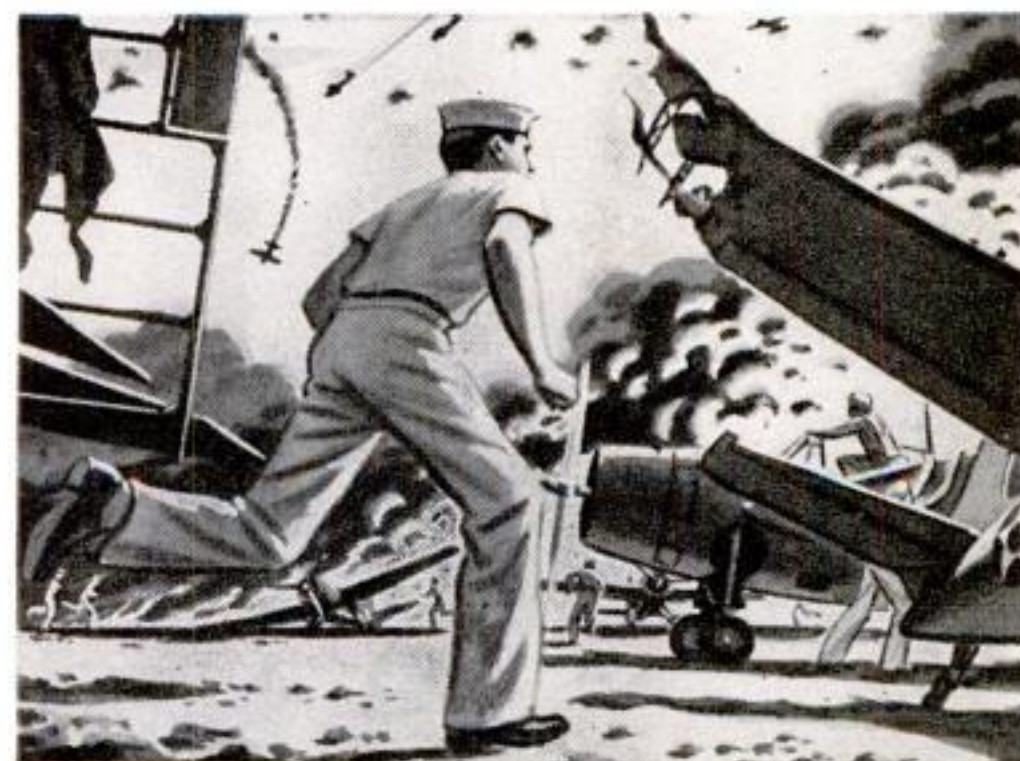
Famous dates in the history of Radar



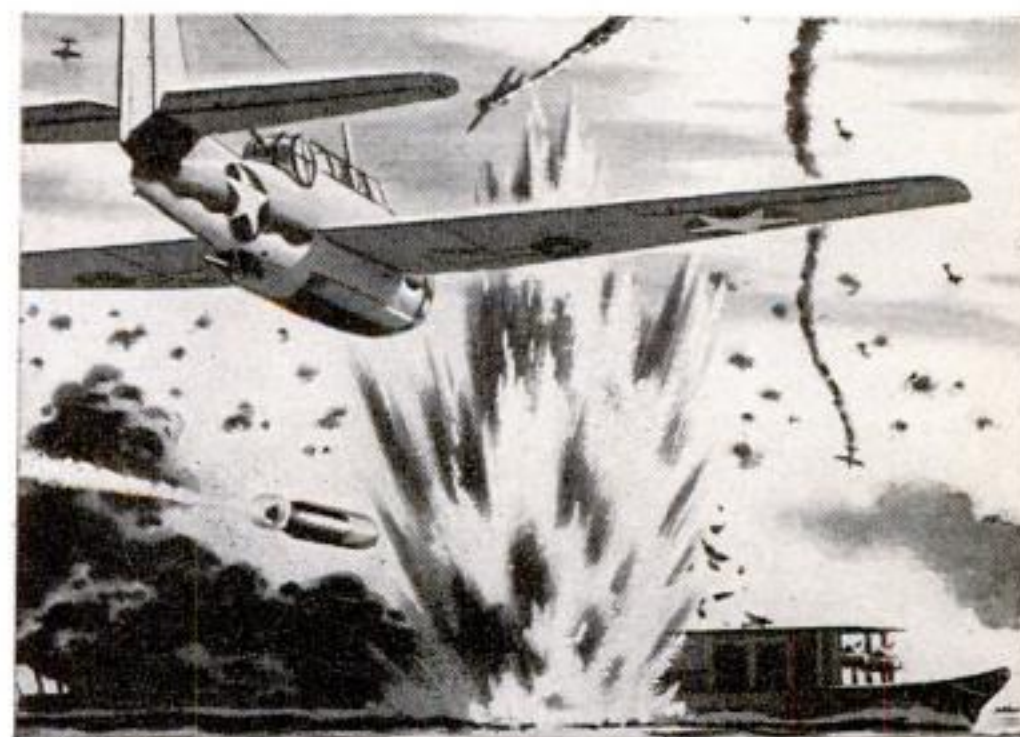
1922. Naval Laboratory, Anacostia, D. C. Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor and Leo C. Young observed reflection of radio signals from passing ships and envisioned a war use. This was the birth of Radar!



1937. Bloomfield, N. J. Westinghouse developed the key electronic tube for the U. S. Army's first Radar equipment used to detect aircraft. Radar focuses an invisible beam.



1941. Pearl Harbor, T. H. Approaching Jap bombers were detected by a Westinghouse-made Radar when 132 miles distant. Because a flight of American planes was expected, no warning was sounded.



1943. On every front Radar has revolutionized naval and air battle tactics . . . and multiplied a hundredfold the range of human vision. In days to come, Radar will guide air transports and ocean liners through fog and darkness.

This One



HOE5-POJ-A14P

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IF DRESSES WON MEDALS

—Happy Home dresses would be first to be decorated—for "extraordinary fashion and distinguished wartime service" on the home front. American women have been heaping honors on them—for their gay fabrics—morale-lifting styles and dependability in line of duty. Famous coast to coast at prices that are surprisingly modest for so much style and quality. \$1.75 to \$2.75 at your favorite stores!

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Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • No-Tare
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and Happy Home Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear
Parachutes for Men and Matériel



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NEW BABY'S SERGEANT

Sirs:

I have just received my issue of LIFE for June 21 in which were the pictures of my wife and daughter under the title "Sergeant's New Baby." I could never hope to be able to find words to tell you of the appreciation and gratitude that was mine after seeing the article.

Being away from the ones we hold so very dear is a hard and disheartening assignment to all of us in the far corners of the war-torn world. The article and pictures you printed of my loved ones, doing the just plain wholesome things in life that I long for, has brought back memories of the joys, the friendship and the companionship I have known in the past, and you have helped me, as well as countless other fathers, to remember just what high ideals we are striving to protect.

SGT. THOMAS B. GRANT

North Africa

PIN-UP GIRLS

Sirs:

This is to advise you that the beautiful creature pictured on page 11 of your Aug. 9 issue as Evelyn Ankers, was masquerading at this air base less than a month ago as Miss Grace McDonald.

LT. MACK H. WEBB

Rapid City, S. D.



GRACE McDONALD

● The beautiful creature who appeared at the air base and in LIFE was Grace McDonald (above). Evelyn Ankers, "The Girl We Would Like to See in Camp," is correctly pictured below.—ED.



EVELYN ANKERS

PIN-UP WIFE

Sirs:

Last week a young Ozark mother, Mrs. Harry L. Connolly, came to me with a plea for a picture:

"My husband is somewhere in North Africa and he wants a pin-up picture. I figure that if he is going to have a pin-up like he's seen in LIFE, he might just as well have one of his wife. Can you do anything for me with this blouse I made out of window curtains?" So I borrowed an armload of hay from my cow, and



MRS. HARRY L. CONNOLLY

this smart Ozark mother parked her baby with a neighbor and we did the picture herewith.

TOWNSEND GODSEY

Hollister, Mo.

POSTWAR KITCHEN

Sirs:

In the interest of still better kitchens, may I as an architect point out what seem to be obvious defects in your "kitchen of tomorrow" (LIFE, Aug. 9).

1. The curved edge of the counter creates the hazard of articles sliding off and reduces the working area of the counter top by three or four inches.

2. The sloping front of the lower cabinets does not provide adequate knee room, as is evidenced by the sideways position of the girl seated at the sink.

3. The use of fluted glass in the doors defeats the purpose of glass, since it is almost impossible to read the labels on jars and cans.

4. The very large window behind the sink is wasteful of wall space and would cause an objectionable glare.

5. The water spout, built in the bowl of the sink, would certainly cause more hazard to dishes than the present swing-spout type, which is raised well above the bowl of the sink.

6. Foot pedals for control of water present something of a stumble hazard, are awkward for hot and cold water together, nor can they be left running for washing vegetables, etc.

The brave new world calls for something more than surface design. Required is practical engineering.

VICTOR M. REYNAL

East Orange, N. J.

EPITAPH

Sirs:

Enclosed is a photo which the Tombstone Hounds in your party (LIFE, Aug. 2) will find hard to trump. There's doubtless a good story that goes with "Elizabeth who should have been the wife of Simeon."

JOHN W. HALEY

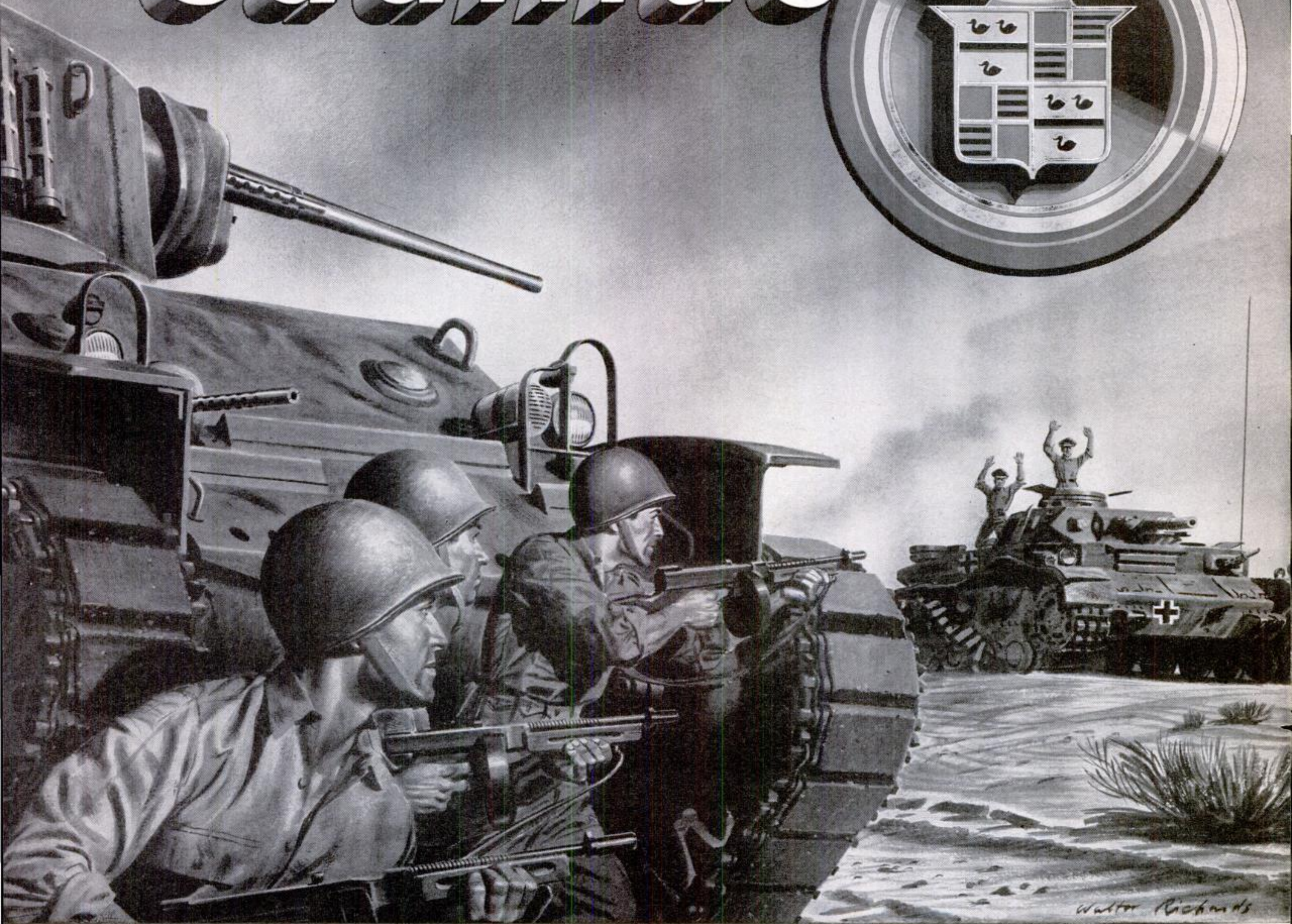
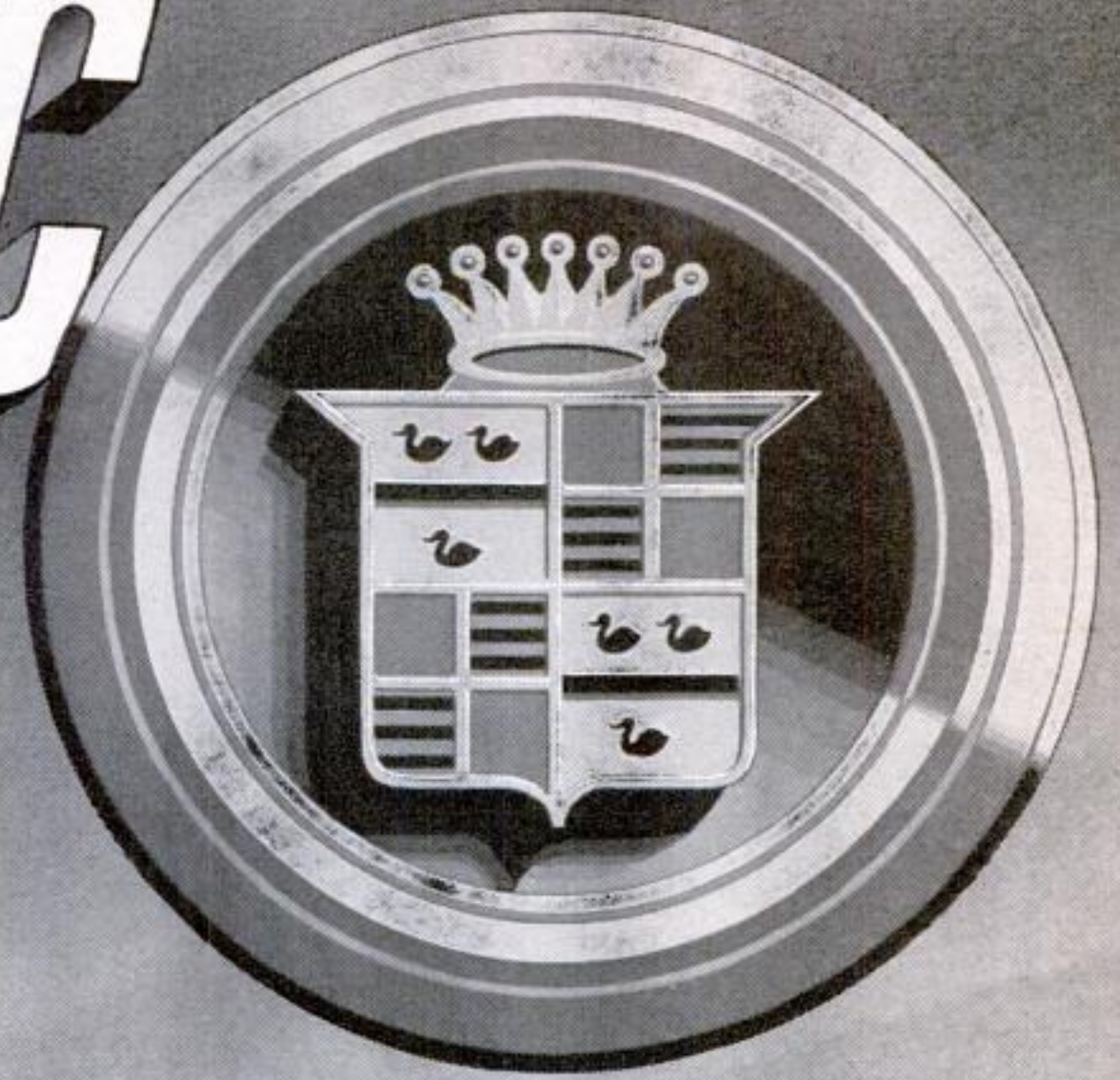
Providence, R. I.



TOMBSTONE HOUND'S FIND

(continued on p. 4)

Cadillac



Making its mark..on a Nazi Mark IV

OUTMANEUVERED at every turn by the harrying tactics of a squadron of high speed American M-5 light tanks, this formidable Nazi Mark IV tank has been immobilized by a well placed hit in its vital mechanism.

The M-5 has been in production at the Cadillac Motor Car Division for over a year. But so perfectly was this military secret kept that few outside Cadillac plants knew

of its existence before it swept into battle.

Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability.

Likewise entrusted to us are more than 170 vital parts manufactured to extremely close tolerances for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine. These and other assignments on which Cadillac craftsmen are engaged to the fullest production capacity in our history are war production jobs which take full advantage of all that the Cadillac reputation and tradition imply.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—

BUY

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

3 WAYS 'DIXIES' SERVE OUR FIGHTING MEN!



1 Dixie Cups are regular passengers on our troop trains. They not only keep service men and women refreshed with cool drinks from sanitary containers, but they save the mess sergeant a lot of dish-washing worries. Meals are prepared in the baggage cars, eaten by the men at their seats. Fresh Dixie Cups are ready instantly...are quickly disposed of. That makes for cleaner service, less waiting and much less work.

2 Dixie Cups are used in base hospitals for the care of the sick and wounded men of our Armed Forces. Dixies are used but once and destroyed, thus eliminating contagion hazard! And Dixies also save time and labor because they eliminate the work of sanitizing, washing and drying.



3 At USO's and other recreation centers, you'll find Dixie Cups simplifying the problem of entertaining the boys in uniform. The men like Dixies because they are clean and fresh. USO hostesses like them because Dixies save time and work...no washing and drying when Dixie Cups are on the job.



Dixie Cups, Vortex Cups, Pac-Kups—products of the Dixie Cup Company

And on the production front, too, Dixie Cups are proving a life saver to war plants faced with the gigantic problem of feeding thousands of men and women...quickly, but safely. So if you don't always see us on our familiar peace-time jobs, it's because Uncle Sam and his needs have had to come first. You'd want it that way.

DIXIE CUPS

ONE OF THE VITAL HEALTH DEFENSES OF AMERICA-AT-WAR

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BACTERIOLOGY

Sirs:

LIFE is sure having a tough time with its bacteriology. I refer to the correction attempted in Letters to the Editor (LIFE, Aug. 9). Dr. H. F. Meyer corrected LIFE for calling the malarial plasmodium a bacillus. You graciously accepted the correction and printed a picture of a typhoid bacillus as an example of a bacillus. Unhappily, you then compounded your error by referring to the typhoid bug as a typhus bacillus.

Now, to put things straight, typhoid is a bacillus disease. Typhus, along with Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever and others, is a Rickettsial disease, caused by small forms intermediate between virus and bacilli as to size. The typhus agent is Rickettsia Prowazeki.

Incidentally, your scientific articles have a large, if critical, group of readers here at Michigan. It has been known that we medical students use material from them in answer to examination questions—so let's have accurate information!

R. CRAIG BARLOW

Ann Arbor, Mich.



TYPHOID BACILLUS



TYPHUS-INFECTED CELLS

● Pictures of the typhoid bacillus and of Rickettsia Prowazeki herewith set LIFE's bacteriology straight.—ED.

NEGRO TROOPS

Sirs:

LIFE magazine is to be congratulated for its pictures of the colored soldiers in the 93rd Division at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. (LIFE, Aug. 9). Such pictures and items as these we hope will have a decided influence in creating a feeling of national goodwill and unity so badly needed during the present crisis.

DEOTIS HARDEMAN

Indianapolis, Ind.

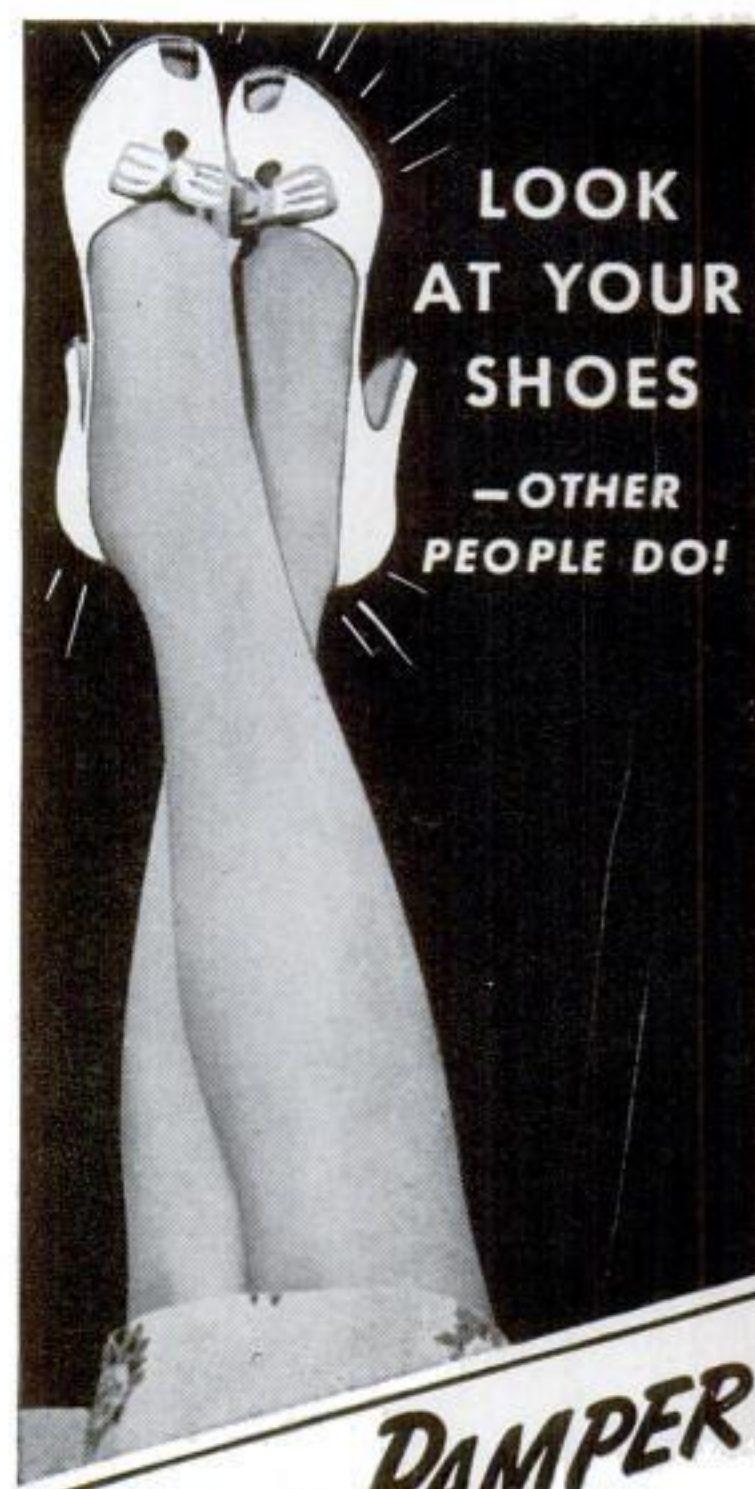
Sirs:

Your story on the Negro combat division is a "scoop." It will assist in building the sagging morale of our fellow Negro Americans.

Our national attitudes toward these citizens, in and out of uniform, are as smug and as biased as ever. Virtually no recognition is given colored draftees who have had training and experience in the sciences and professions—aviation, photography, navigation, electronics, radiology, meteorology, cartography, engineering, higher mathematics, law and foreign languages. Many a black driver of a U. S. Quartermaster truck has an I. Q. of 130 or above.

The half-free spirit of the Negro is too broken by physical and mental casualties at home for him to respond wholeheartedly to an all-out battle

(continued on p. 6)



LOOK AT YOUR SHOES —OTHER PEOPLE DO!

BETTER PAMPER THOSE SHOES

Help keep 'em "young and lively" with SHINOLA WHITE—stretch each precious shoe ration coupon!

● Your smart white shoes are rationed now! That means, whether they're old or whether they're new, they'll have to last—so keep them fresh with Shinola White.

Just think—Shinola White actually helps to "feed" the leather; to keep it young, limber! Whitens beautifully—cleans as it whitens. Safe, too—no harsh alkalis to cause cracking. Spreads on easily—smoothly—even a child can do it. A pleasure to use!

Think of your shoes—and ask especially for creamy-fresh Shinola White today!

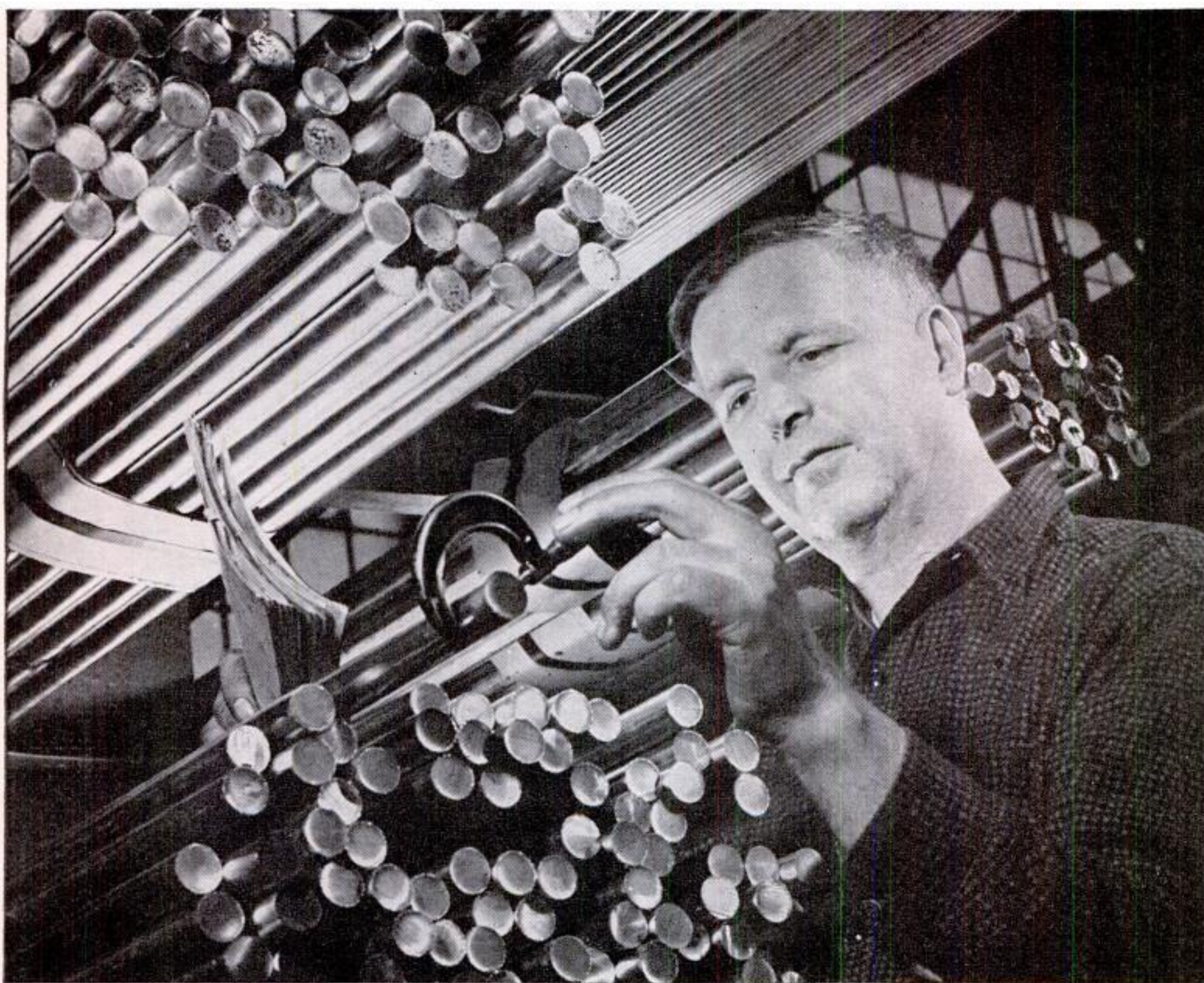
A Product of THE BEST FOODS, Inc.



SHINOLA WHITE

In the Big Blue-and-White Package 10¢





The Matusik farm is a boon these days. It supplies the family with most of its food, as well as producing the corn, wheat, rye, barley and vegetables that are so important to war economy

Paul is a supervisor in the Rod Shipping Department. He worked in the Rod Mill during the last war, and says that Revere's constant improvement of working conditions has accelerated production a great deal since then.

"Where a man can make his way"

"BACK IN POLAND, I was one of a family of sixteen. We all lived on what one acre of land could produce and, believe me, it was a tough fight to get enough to eat. I left home at 11, and saw most of Europe before I was 21. My first day in America, I had a hunch this was a country where a man can make his way. 30 years at Revere have proved my hunch was right. I just compare that little acre in Poland with the 80 acre farm my children are now growing up on. Without the American way of life, we might still be starving on one acre

of ground — to say nothing of what we'd be suffering under Hitler!"

Paul Matusik

In one month, while working at Revere, Paul Matusik bought a War Bond for each of his 12 children. That's how important Victory is to him. By making the most of his opportunities, he now owns a fine home and also a farm in Richmond, Michigan. The latter boasts the very latest in labor-saving machinery and is well stocked with cows, pigs, and chickens. He has four sons in Service. Their father's full, secure life has made them realize that Freedom

of Enterprise is a principle worth fighting for. Revere's contribution to the fight is the production of copper and brass in quantity and quality we would not have thought possible in peacetime. After Victory is won, your purchases of these materials will help keep America a place where a man can make his way.

REVERE
COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Founded by Paul Revere in 1801

Executive Offices: 230 Park Ave., New York



Free education in American schools will provide Theresa and Frances Matusik with a background for whatever they may choose to do later on. They claim homework isn't so bad if they do it together.



Mrs. Matusik is a fine seamstress and makes many of the children's clothes. She runs up slips and dresses for the girls on her modern electric sewing machine and also knits sweaters and socks for the boys.



Frank, one of the sons, is on Submarine Duty with the Navy. He's fighting for the way of life that has made his family such a happy, useful unit in society.



EYES UPSTAIRS!

On many fighting fronts of the world, our tank destroyers often count on the Piper L-4 "Grasshopper" to help spot enemy tanks. Serving as the "Eyes Upstairs," the Piper L-4 flashes instructions by radio to the tank destroyers, directing their courses and fire.

The plane's ability to fly low, land quickly almost anywhere and hide easily enables it to play an important part also in the Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry. It acts as a scout, directs troop movements, transports officer personnel and delivers messages.

The advantages of the Piper L-4 in wartime will prove invaluable also in peacetime. Then, in your

smart, new Piper Cub you'll hop around the country on vacation and business trips with the greatest of ease, pleasure, safety and economy.

FREE BOOKLET ON HOW TO FLY. Send today for your copy of "You, Too, Can Fly!" If you also want the full-color Piper catalog, enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department L83, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★



PIPER Cub
Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

cry for something he's heard about, seen, but will never fully experience.

DUTTON FERGUSON
Washington, D. C.

MORPHINE SYRETTES

Sirs:

The morphine syrettes carried by Photographer Bob Landry in his Sicilian landing (LIFE, Aug. 2) should be of great interest to U. S. civilians. These little collapsible tubes on which a needle is mounted (see picture herewith)



MORPHINE SYRETTE

make it possible for the wounded soldier to administer morphine to himself for relief of pain and to prevent shock. By the thousands they are distributed in emergency kits, parachute packs, life rafts and in the gear of soldiers who must fight alone. These syrettes are made of tin—rounded up by civilians in the form of tin cans.

A. E. CRISSEY

War Production Board
Washington, D. C.

JOBS FOR VETERANS

Sirs:

Your excellent editorial, "Jobs for Veterans" (LIFE, Aug. 9), impressed me very much, especially because it is about a matter which has been on my mind for some time. In his recent radio address, the President did not add to the solution of this most important matter by offering the returning soldier a dole. There is nothing original about that and bills have already been introduced in the Congress for that purpose.

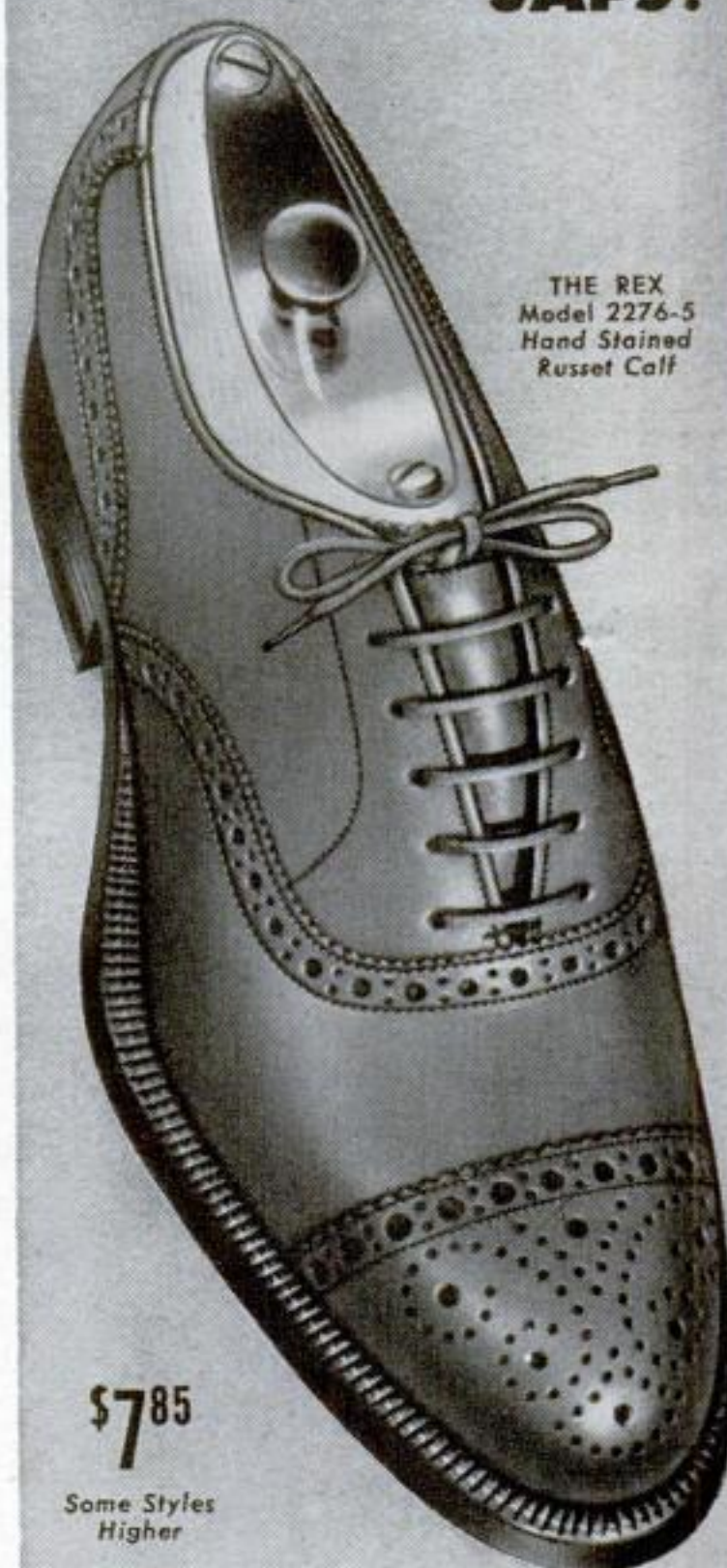
The returning soldier and sailor, as well as the many men and women now working who will be looking for jobs when the war is over, want one thing: Security—security found in a job with a future; security from governmental interference in the living of their personal lives; security from again facing the disruption of their homes by war; security of life as provided by our constitutional form of government. Cash payments of course will help in making readjustments and no one in this country will deny them that.

As your editorial points out, our country has prospered and grown strong under the so-called capitalistic system. We are the greatest industrial nation in the world and our citizens enjoy the highest standards of living of any people anywhere. This system, under the leadership of our industrialists, our manufacturers, our labor leaders and our bankers, can and must meet this problem and solve it if our American way of life is to be preserved. Enabling legislation may be needed to achieve results in which a Congress, determined to do away with bureaucracy and restore constitutional government, will willingly cooperate. But, these leaders must take courage to rejuvenate our capitalistic system and, mindful of the mistakes of the past, build patriotically and unselfishly for the future. Generations of Americans yet to come, once shown the way, will surely improve it and carry on with zeal and fidelity.

JAMES C. AUCHINCLOSS, M. C.
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.



**FEET THAT SOUND
"TAPS"
ARE HELPING THE
JAPS!**



\$7.85

Some Styles
Higher

If your weary feet quit on you when you're trying to get more work done—get Porto-Ped Shoes. You'll feel foot-fresh hours longer when you enjoy the extra comfort of the resilient air cushion — and the added support of the exclusive Arch Lift. See your Portage dealer, or write us for his name.

Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



PORTO-PED
Air Cushioned SHOES
by PORTAGE

Merion
Greenwood

In all our men everywhere there is yourself.

You are one with the sailor who scans the sea. You are part of the marine leaping into the rolling swells on some embattled shore. And part for part, you are with the soldier who, in strange bivouac, dreams of home.

You are there in moments of doubt, for you are the soldier's faith—the significance and purpose of his fight.

You are the bridge between yesterday and tomorrow. You are the door that is never closed.

From the well of your words our men drink comfort, sustaining them in their trials. After each day's battle, you repair the waste laid in their souls.

How shall they fight if the unseen clasp of your hands is not on theirs? How shall they fail you when you are with them as surely as they are ever with you?

But . . .

*What you would have your men become,
you alone can make them.*

It lies with you to bring them back undefiled and unchanged, by sending out to them messages of home.

Save them from scars of the spirit as surely as you would save them from wounds in their flesh. Save them abuse of their minds and hearts and souls as you would save them from defeat.

Space is no barrier. Like the wind quickening through the strings of some still instrument, your words call forth from afar the best portion of good men's lives—their phantom memories of kindred and of household things, the homely beauty of kindness and decency and self-esteem.

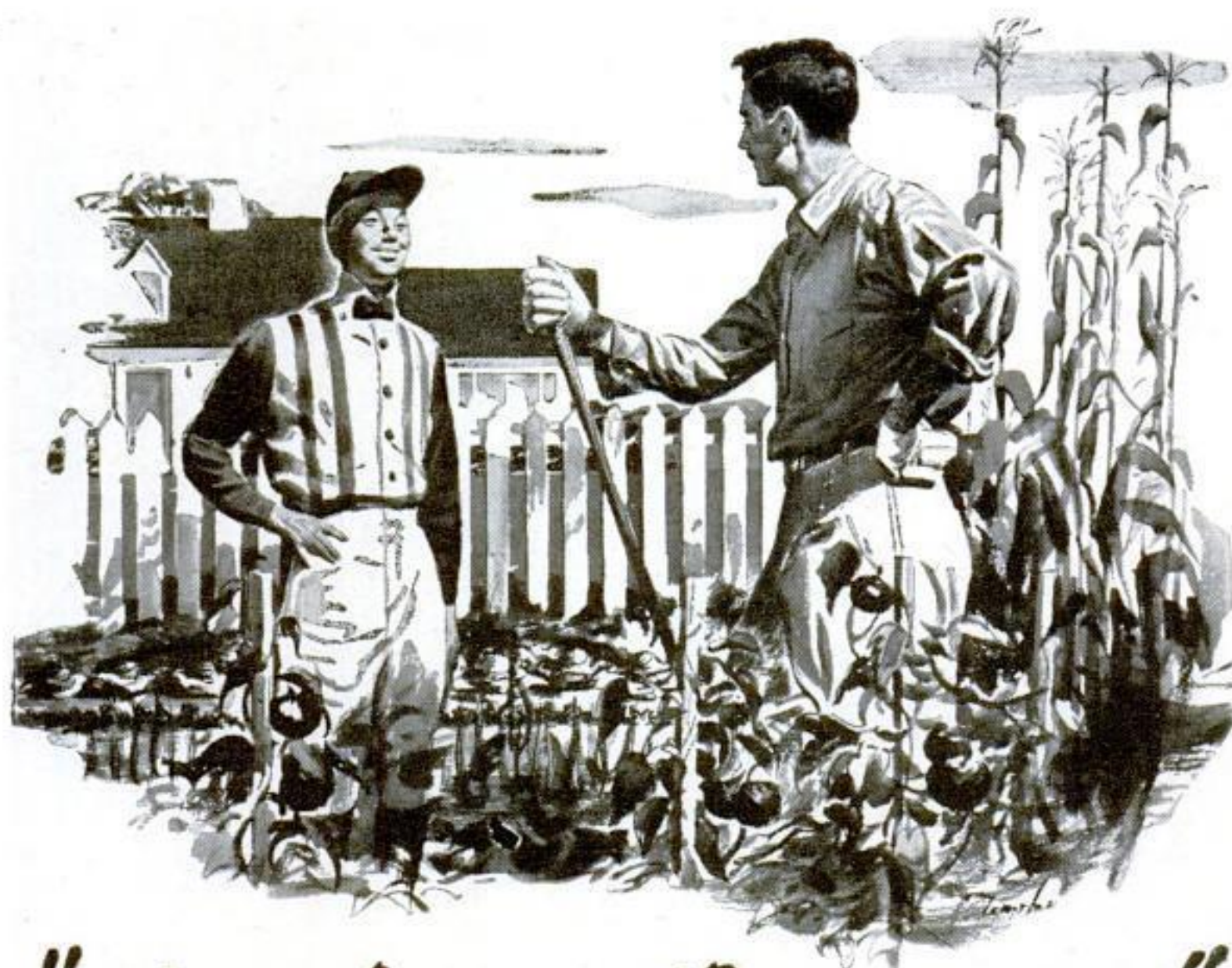
Mail from home will bring them back untouched spiritually to the brotherhood of man.

With your words as their battle-call, they shall emerge from darkness and travail, to be restored to you again, gentle men, to fill the needs of a world once more at peace.

GARTNER & BENDER, INC. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Publishers of Golden Bell Greeting Cards.
At your neighborhood Five and Dime Store.
At Department and Gift Shops everywhere.*

© Gartner & Bender



"How does your garden grow, Grady?"

GRADY: Okay, Jockey!—if my back holds up. Boy—remember when you could buy as much of any brand of beans, peas or tomatoes you wanted?

JOCKEY: It's hard to get almost every well-known, trade-marked article because the government naturally has first call on all raw materials and products. For instance, Jockey Underwear—is of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand than ever before. But we can't come *close* to supplying enough of them.

GRADY: Don't I know? Haven't I hunted everywhere for Jockey?

JOCKEY: So have many civilians. Like all popular brands it's worth shopping for. Do you buy *everything* by trade-mark?

GRADY: Yes, I guess I do. It's the surest way of getting your money's worth. How can I tell the flavor by the size of a tomato even though now I'm quite a gardener—I buy trade-marked products that I know and trust—and my system hasn't been proved wrong yet!

JOCKEY: It never will, Grady. Trade-marks like me are assurance that manufacturers will spare no expense to retain your good will. They use all their designing skill plus commodity research to be sure that any forced change still wins your approval as the best that can be made with available raw materials. That's why it pays to shop for trade-marked products!

GRADY: Right, Jockey! Every imitation I ever accepted only made me want the original more.



Jockey Short
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



Jockey Underwear

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



LIFE'S REPORTS

THE CAPITAL'S CABBIES

by A. B. C. WHIPPLE

"DON'T KILL AMERICANS BY CARELESS TALK. NEVER DISCUSS MILITARY OR NAVAL INFORMATION IN A PUBLIC VEHICLE. DON'T TALK!"

Anyone who has ridden in Washington taxicabs has seen this sticker pasted to the back of the driver's seat. But practically everyone knows that this "DON'T TALK" rule applies in practice only to the back seat. For Washington cabdrivers are the most lavish conversationalists in the U. S. From the time a visitor to Washington is jammed into a five-passenger cab with six other people, until the time he reaches his destination, he gets a fluent dissertation on politics and the war, bureaucrats and Negroes, military strategy and the cabby's domestic troubles.

Although each cabby has his own opinions, many of them are extraordinarily well informed on the most recent manipulations of Capitol Hill. Most of the cabbies' political information and rumors comes from talkative pairs of politicians, but a lot of it comes from separate Congressmen and Senators on their way home from the Hill. After a particularly stormy session on the floor of the House, a Congressman is only too glad to pour his post-mortems into the willing ears of a cabdriver.

Cabbies like to talk about military strategy too, and some of them have radical proposals to help win the war. Said one the other day: "Those U-Boats sure are a menace. You know, I've had an idea for beating those U-Boats. Americans have put across some pretty big draining projects. TVA, and all that stuff. Why not drain the Atlantic Ocean, see? Then there wouldn't be any more subs. Hell, we could drive all the stuff over in trucks. It'd be simple."

Few cabbies have such fantastic proposals. But most of them lay claim to having had a "job" (passengers are always called "jobs") who was a general or an admiral and who gave them the low-down on the best strategical move in any given situation. Apparently Washington is crammed with talkative generals and admirals who have any number of unorthodox plans for the attack on Europe. Send thousands of transport planes into Germany one night, and land a whole army in Berlin by parachute. Or, send WACs onto the Continent in the first assault wave on the theory that, for one reason or another, Nazi soldiers wouldn't drive them back into the sea.

The cabbies also like to talk about the bureaucrats, and some of them have their own names for the various alphabetical agencies. OPA means "Office of Piddling Around." WPB stands for "Why Production is Bad." And the ODT, which legislates wartime use of taxicabs as well as buses and trucks, has been affectionately dubbed "Office for Discouraging Taxicabs." To the cabbies the name "bureaucrat" has become a form of insult. When a pedestrian pays no attention to a light and crosses in front of traffic, he is a "damned bureaucrat."

"I don't want to show up in 'My Day'"

The cabbies have definite likes and dislikes. Most of them like beer and baseball, short hauls and funny papers; dislike cops and pedestrians, Negroes and Eleanor Roosevelt. A lot of them are Southerners who don't have any sympathy with the Administration's attitude in the Negro question. One cabby let out a yell one day when a Negro driver cut in front of him at a crossing, and added: "I'd have got out and climbed all over him, but I don't want to show up in 'My Day'."

But most of all, the cabbies like to talk about business. Business these days is good, better than anyone can remember. Washington is thronged with transients, people who need cabs to get anywhere, people who know nothing about the transit system and have no desire to learn because they will only be in town a few days. They make up a large part of the cabdrivers' business, and there are enough of them alone to keep all of Washington's 5,000-odd cabs busy. So the cabbies for the last year have been living the life of Riley. Cabbies in Washington have a freedom they would have in few other cities. Most of them have their own cabs. A lot of them have made enough money to buy even more cabs and have formed their own taxicab companies under such names as the Astor Cab Corp., Bison Cab As-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

"A" Card or "T" Card — That Ain't Hay!



TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast
10 P. M., E. W. T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

It's Like Extra Ration Coupons!—the fuel your Mobilgas Dealer saves you by reducing waste within your car! Just one simple service at his station may save up to 1 gallon out of every 10 . . . and others help prevent repairs as well! Let him check spark plugs, battery, oil filter, air cleaner, tires—put in clean Summer Mobiloil and Mobilgreases. See him now—and every 30 days—for extra miles of driving. SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC. and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.



THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

GET A Conservation Check-up EVERY 30 DAYS



Salt some away !

Now while fresh vegetables are available from garden and market, can some or put some away in salt brine with Morton's Salt.



FREE—"Salt some away" Brined beans, old fashioned salt corn, a special sauerkraut recipe—you'll find these and other new ideas in this interesting little booklet. Write, Morton Salt Company, Chicago for your copy.

★ How thankful you'll be this winter for the home canned vegetables you had the foresight to "put up" now.

All that good eating and good nutrition ready and waiting—and no ration points needed to get it!

Have no qualms about being able to do the canning. If you've been preparing meals you'll have no trouble at all putting up a healthy array of fine looking canned vegetables.

Morton's Salt has helped preserve the garden-fresh flavor of vegetables for some of

America's most famous brands. Now that thousands of home canners are going into action to win the fight on the vital food front, we'd like to help them too.

We've prepared an interesting little booklet on home canning and brining of vegetables. It may have some recipes and ideas that you haven't seen. We'd like to send you a copy.

Don't let this fresh vegetable season go by without doing something about your future food needs. Salt some away. See your grocer for home canning supplies.



When it rains it pours

sociation, We Cab Co., Harlem Cab Association, Diplomat Cab Association, Senator Cab Co., Lincoln Cab Co. There are few big companies, and most of them are independent drivers, joined together for conveniences of common telephones, repairs, and, of course, lawyers. So the Washington cabby's time is his own. He is his own boss. He can work from dawn to midnight if he wants, or he can work only a few hours a week. One cabby has a simple system of his own. Says he: "I used to have a white-collar job but I quit it for this. My wife doesn't like it much. She says it's degrading. But I figure it this way. I work until I've got sixty bucks, ten more than I got on my last job. Then I quit. It doesn't matter if I'm through for the week, or if I only worked two days. Sixty bucks, I quit. I usually only have to work three days. Then I got my sixty, and I go home. It's positively beautiful."

For the first time in a longer period than they can remember, the cabbies have their customers where they want them. No longer can anyone get a cab by the time-honored Washington method of calling the cab company. There's plenty of business cruising, and nothing has been done to stop cruising yet. The cabby knows that after a customer has stood in the heat for half an hour, he isn't going to complain about how he is taken to his destination. Washington cabs have no meters, and fares are computed by zones in the city. And the cocky cabbies always have an answer for the guy who takes the longest possible ride within one zone, pays his twenty cents and asks if that is correct. "It's correct, but it ain't right, Mac."

Although Washington cabbies are their own bosses, there is always the Public Utilities Commission. The PUC registers every cab, can set whatever rules it wants, and the cab drivers have to follow them or lose their licenses. Cabbies claim that the PUC has a lot of plain-clothes men lurking around the city, hopping into cabs all the time, trying their best to get the cabbies to break the rules. One of the latest rules is that a Washington cab is a common carrier, and PUC sleuths are supposed to take a cab to see if the driver will go by someone who is trying to get a ride in the same direction. This rule, logical as it sounds, makes a lot of cabbies mad. They like to make their own choice of "jobs" now that they are in a position to pick and choose, but arbitrary selection like this makes too many Washingtonians angry, so the rule sticks. One of the drivers has his own particular aversion to the rule: "Common carriers. Jeez, you'd think we all had athlete's foot or something."

The most complicated fare system in the world

The cabbies got a lot of public airing and some attacks in the local press a while ago when it was felt that they were making a little too much of a good thing. They were filling their cabs and charging every passenger full fare unless he was one of a party going from the same place to the same destination. So PUC stepped in and changed the rates. To replace the simple but vulnerable former rates, PUC came out with the most complicated fare system the U. S. has ever known, complete with intricate charts.

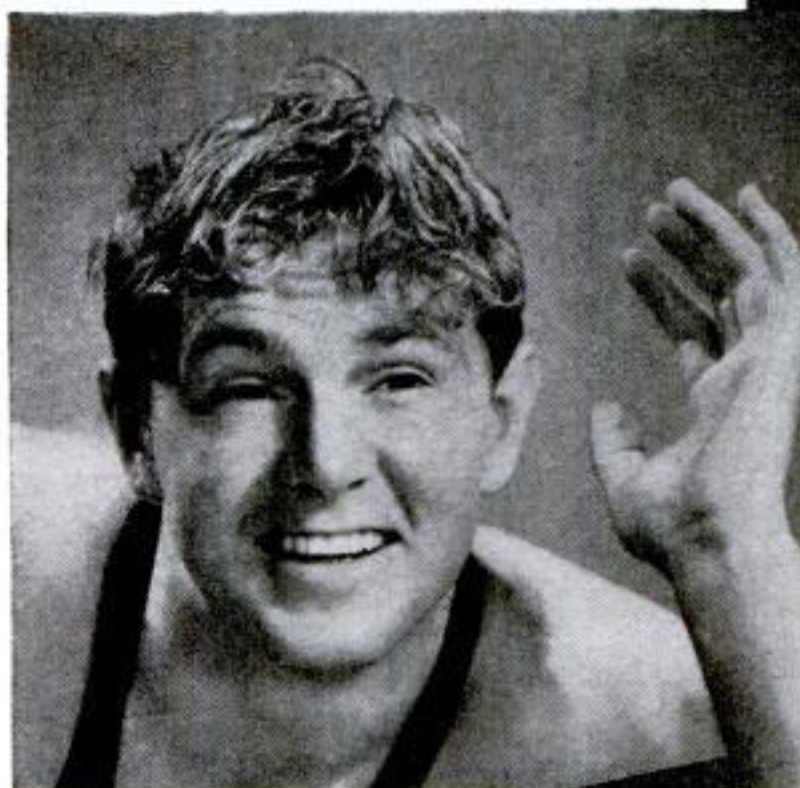
Charges are computed by zones, as before, but a cabby is supposed to pick up anyone flagging him, going in the same general direction. Whether the passengers are in one party or not, they have to pay the group-ride fares. The new system opened up a whole new field of conversation which runs something like this:

"Ain't it just like them long-haired bureaucrats to dream up a nice messy scheme that nobody can understand? The old system was plain and simple. You picked up a job at a place. You took him to a place. You charged him and he paid. If there was another guy they both paid the same fare. Sure, they squawked. They squawked and paid. But that was too easy for them bureaucrats. They didn't have anything to do, so they figured out something nice and complicated. Now I pick up a job down near the White House. So I go up Connecticut Avenue with him. A guy flags me. I gotta stop and pick him up. A little later, out near the Wardman Park Hotel, another guy flags me. So I gotta pick him up too. The law says I gotta. So now I got three guys in the cab. The second one wants to get out. He got in at Zone 2, and he's gettin' out at Zone 3. Before, it'd a' been easy to know what he owed. But now he's shared the ride with the guy who got in at Zone 1, down near the White House. To say nothing of the third guy, who got in at Zone 3. I try to figure his fare out, but it's absolutely impossible. Meanwhile the poor bastard's itchin' to get out of the cab. He didn't get in to stay all night, and he wants to get the hell out. It ends up with either him or me gettin' gypped plenty. And I got the same routine to go through with the next two guys. The old system, I knew just how much a job owed. Sure, they all argued about it, and I argued right back at 'em. But a couple more weeks of this and I'll start lookin' like my pitcher here. Jeez, I'd much rather argue."

Even an office worker can get

'HAYFIELD HAIR'

YOU DON'T HAVE to work on a farm to get "hayfield hair." On your days off if you play golf—well, the wind and sun may dry, whip and tangle your hair into a very difficult mess to comb. Use Kreml Hair Tonic to keep it in place.



GO FOR SWIMS—and water tends to wash away natural oils, drying out hair and scalp, leaving hair wilder than ever. A Kreml scalp rub after your swim—and your hair won't look like hay.



DON'T USE GREASE on "hayfield hair"—unless you like that shiny, plastered-down look which jitterbugs often prefer when they dress up for a rug-cutting session. Otherwise, try Kreml, to help your hair look its natural best.

KREML IS RIGHT—thousands declare—for better-groomed hair! *Right* because it's never drying like daily use of too much water. *Right* because it's never sticky or greasy. Kreml removes dandruff scales and helps hair look its natural best!

KREML HAIR TONIC

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive exposure to sun, wind or water. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!





TO A CARRIER PILOT
SIGNAL SHOWN HERE
MEANS "DO NOT LAND"



WAVING SIGNAL PADDLES DOWN AND THEN UP LIKE THIS MEANS PLANE IS COMING IN TOO LOW. SIGNAL OFFICER STANDS ON PLATFORM AT SIDE OF FLIGHT DECK TO DIRECT PLANES

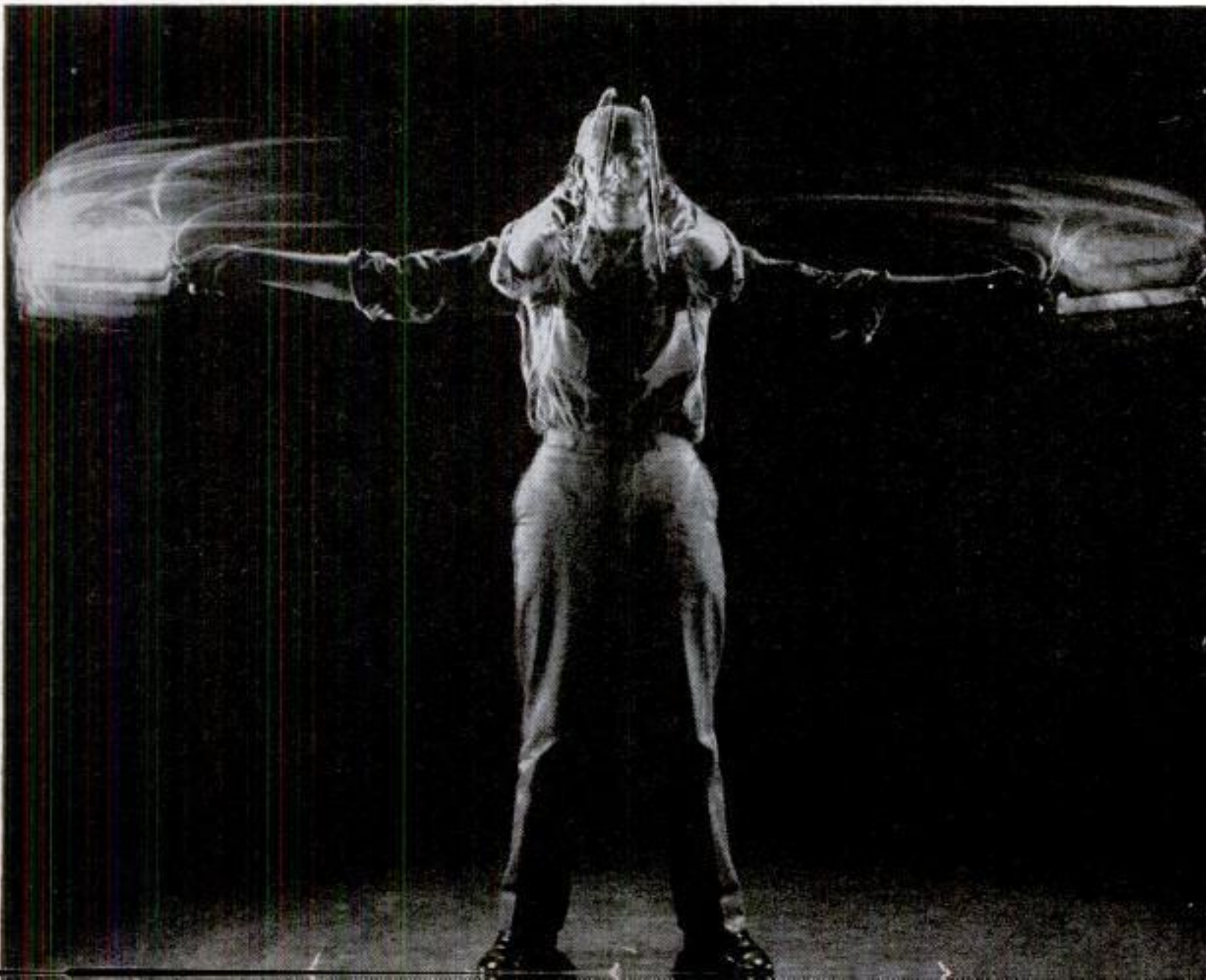
SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... THESE SIGNALS DIRECT PLANE CARRIER LANDINGS

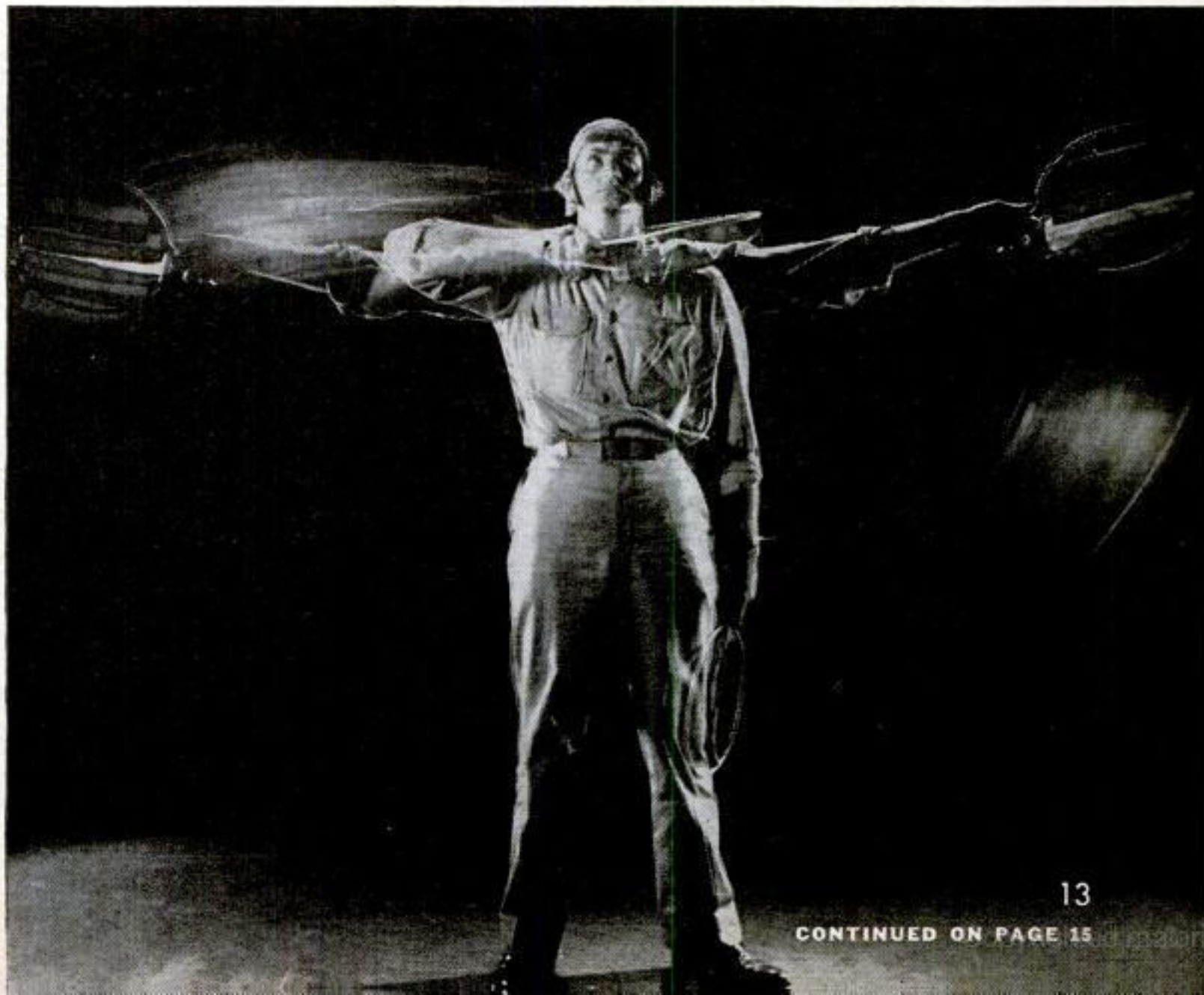
In five years of making pictures for LIFE, Photographer Gjon Mili has specialized largely in halting various whizzing bodies in mid-air. At the same time he has also worked in a multiple-exposure technique which does not freeze action at all, but rather articulates it with a continuous series of images. And because this latter method comes closer than anything else to conveying the idea of motion in a still photograph, Mili's pictures are today ideal for Army and Navy training manuals.

Shown here is a group of typical examples of the Mili treatment applied to the signals used between ship and plane in aircraft carrier landings. On carriers the signal officer is a man of great importance. The carrier landing is a nervous, finicky operation which pilots would find difficult to perform without his help. In fact, carrier pilots are deliberately trained to subordinate their own judgment in landings and to depend mostly on the directions of the two paddle-like flags of the signal officer instead.

WAVING THE PADDLES FORWARD AND BACK MEANS "COMING IN TOO SLOW, INCREASE SPEED"

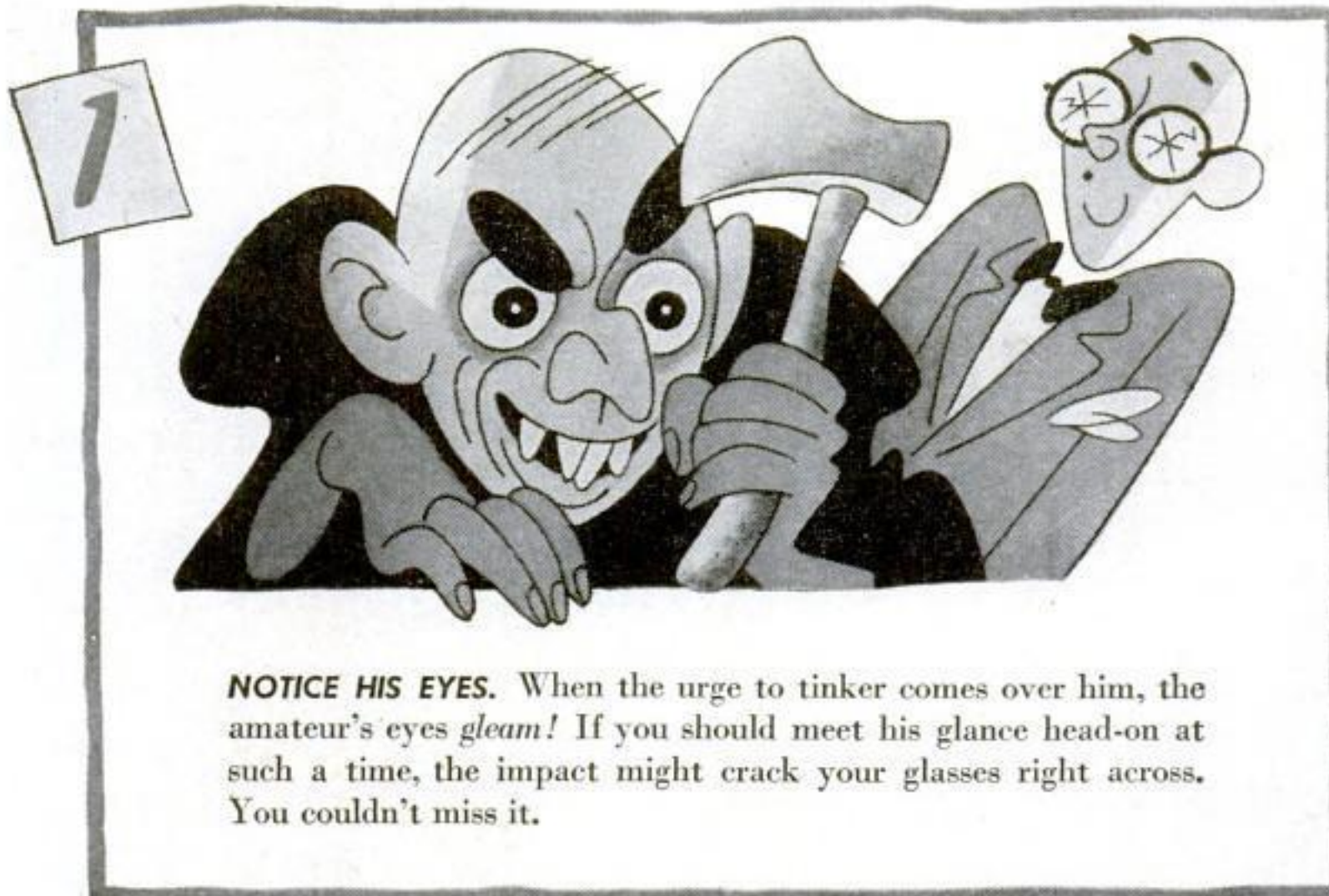


WHEN IN CORRECT POSITION, THE SIGNALMAN WAVES "CUT THROTTLE AND LAND"



HOW TO SPOT AN AMATEUR TINKER—

(AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT)



NOTICE HIS EYES. When the urge to tinker comes over him, the amateur's eyes gleam! If you should meet his glance head-on at such a time, the impact might crack your glasses right across. You couldn't miss it.



HE FIXES WATCHES. And *how* he fixes them. No tools handy? He'll use an ice-pick, a tooth-pick, or what have you. What defense is there against this man? Well, if it's *only* your watch, you might try slugging him. BUT—

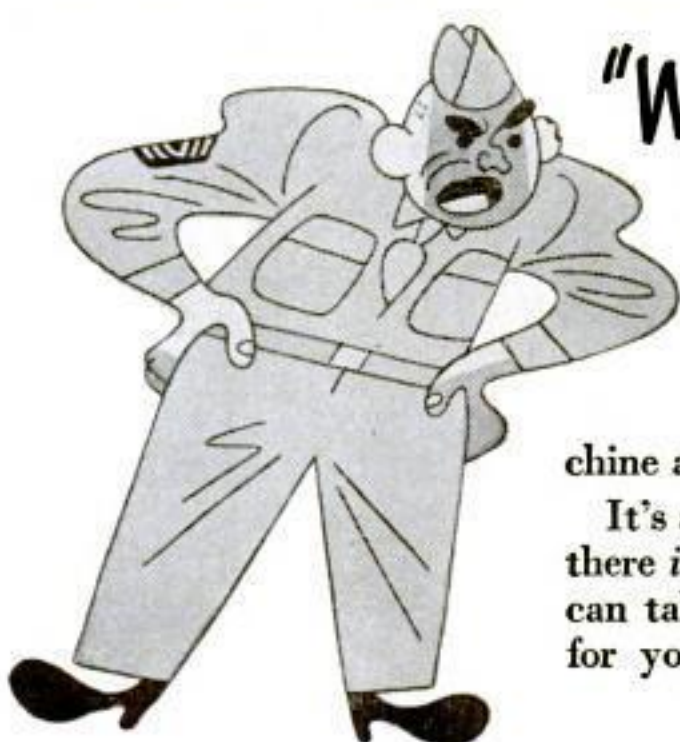
Maybe you think tinkering with typewriters isn't serious?

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS to your typewriter, you can't get a new one. Any kind of replacement would be difficult. That's why it's absolutely *urgent* for you to treat your machine with all the loving care that a soldier bestows upon his rifle.

BUT THERE'S A BIG difference. A soldier's life depends on his rifle, so he's taught how to take care of it and fix it in the field if necessary. He *has* to depend on himself. That's why he doesn't drop ashes down the barrel or squirt oil with his eyes shut on the off-chance of curing a little stiffness in the bolt action.

YOU ARE NOT trained in the care and feeding of typewriters. So don't ask if it's okay to "fix" a typewriter with a nail file and hairpin. You know the answer just as well as we do. That kind of "helpfulness" is plain sabotage these days. Typewriters are *essential* weapons of war. It is *your* duty—everybody's duty—to keep them in "fighting" trim until Victory.

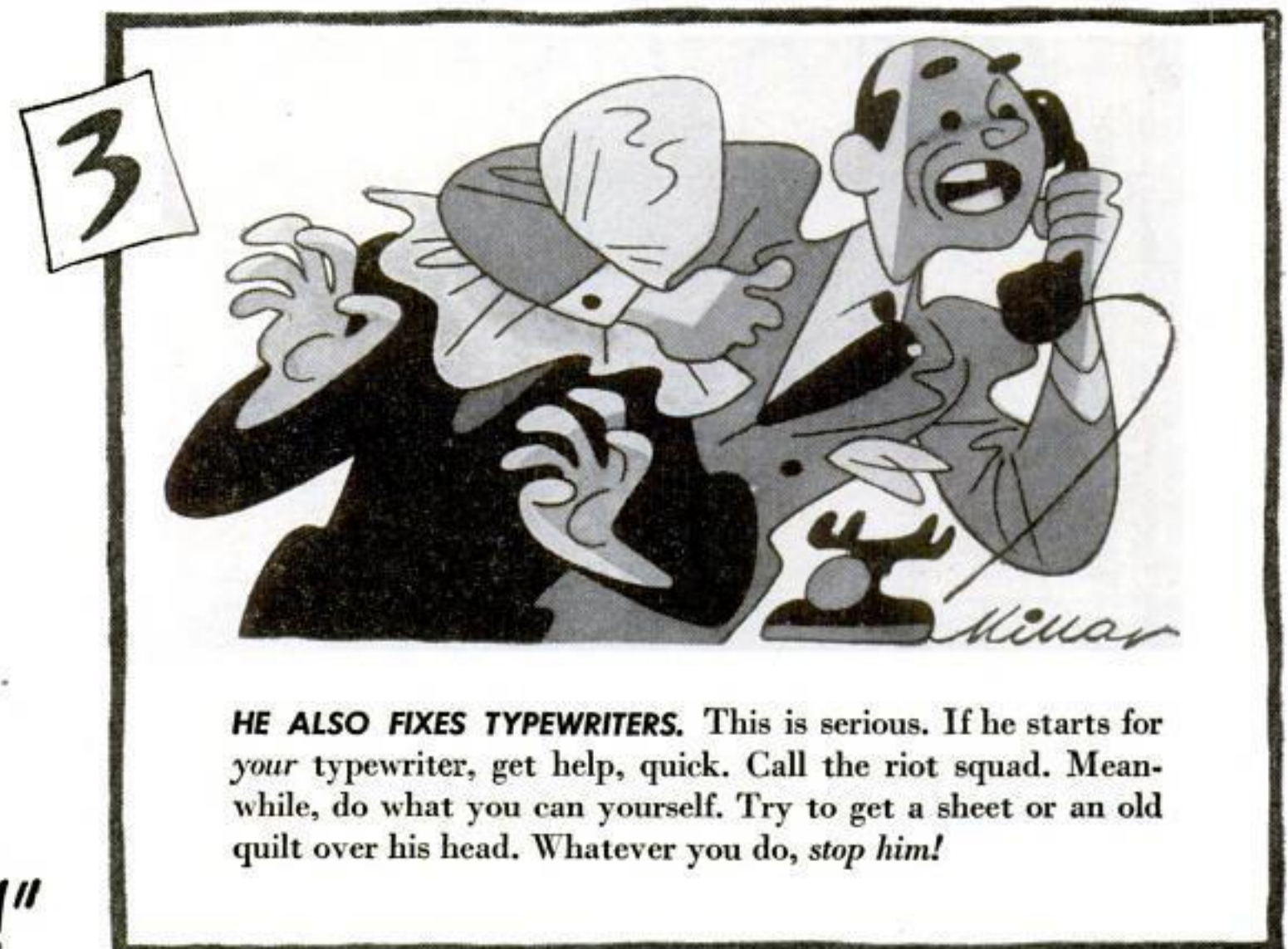
SO—whatever make of typewriter you own—call your Royal Service man today . . . now . . . and get a Royal Wartime Check-up. The cost is *peanuts*. The saving is *tremendous*!



"Wipe that smile off your face!"

HEY! YOU Royal owners, too! . . . yes, *you* with the grin. Pardon us for talking like a top sergeant, but just because you own the world's sturdiest typewriter does *not* mean that it is *not* a precision machine and does *not* need regular precision servicing.

It's a mighty good machine, friends, as you well know. But there is a limit to the amount of neglect which even a Royal can take. So be sure *you* take that suggestion about calling for your Royal Wartime Check-up and regular servicing.



HE ALSO FIXES TYPEWRITERS. This is serious. If he starts for *your* typewriter, get help, quick. Call the riot squad. Meanwhile, do what you can yourself. Try to get a sheet or an old quilt over his head. Whatever you do, *stop* him!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

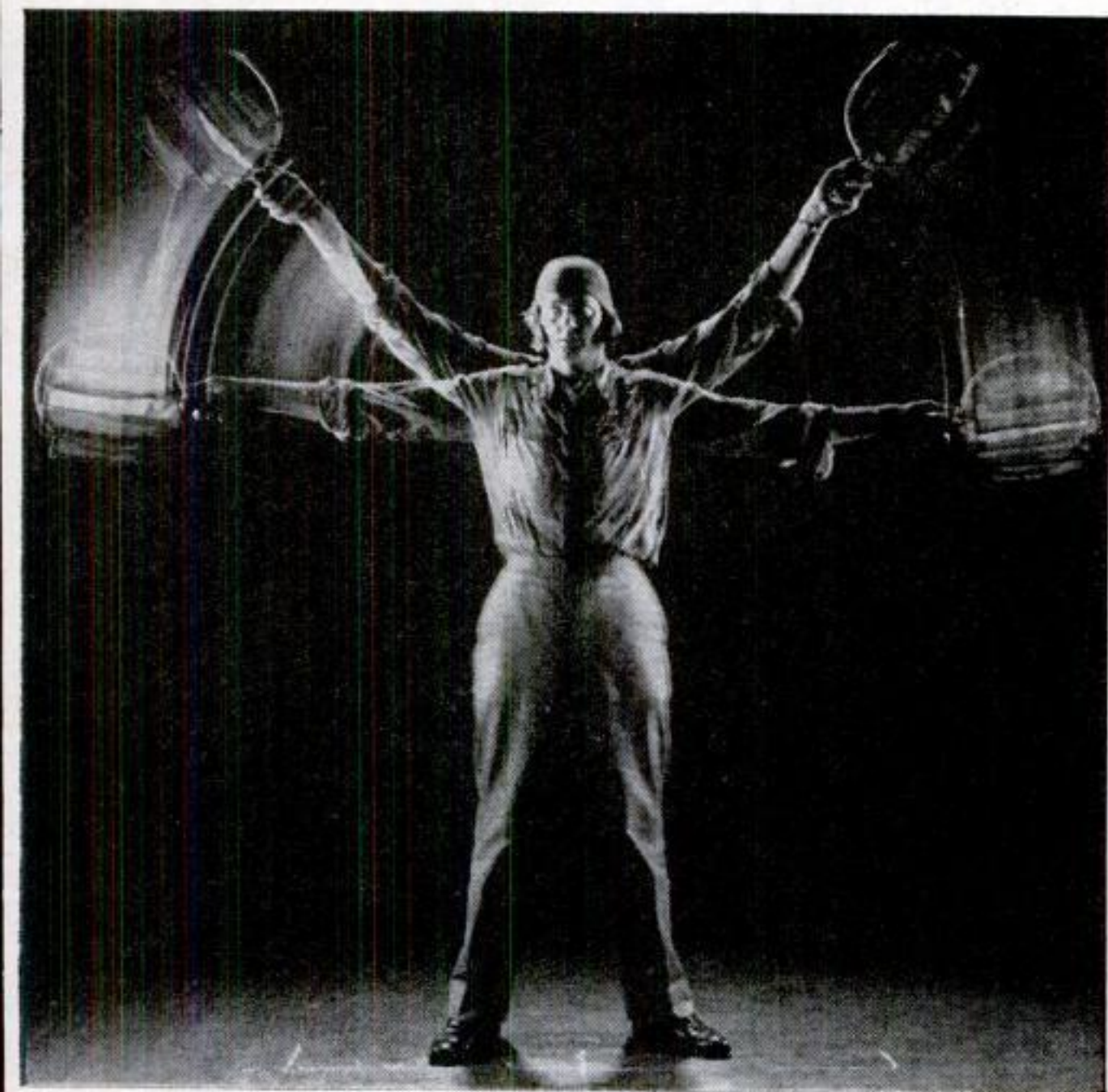
ROYAL World's No1 TYPEWRITER

Royal is making bullets, and parts for airplane engines, propellers, machine guns, rifles.

Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Other signals correct different approach errors. This one indicates to pilot plane is coming in too high. The signalman may repeat directions several times for emphasis.



Moving paddles with circular motion shown above means the pilot has forgotten to lower wheels before landing. Wave-off signal shown on page 12 would precede this.



When pilot forgets to lower landing hook, this signal is given. Navy pilots generally use a checkoff list for details like this, but might forget in the heat of battle.

What *Do* men want anyway?

THE GIRL: I'm easy to look at...my figure's certainly okay, but—why doesn't a man ever tell me I'm wonderful?

US: They *would*, my dear...if you'd only learn the real secret of personal daintiness...the secret of bathing body odor away, the *feminine* way!

THE GIRL: The *feminine* way? What *feminine* way? I always thought a soap that removes body odor effectively had to have that strong, "mannish" smell!

US: Not this one, darling...here's a truly gentle, truly *feminine* soap that leaves you alluringly scented...and daily use actually stops all body odor! Here, try it...



US: It's today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap, and its rich, fragrant lather will positively bathe away every last trace of body odor instantly.

THE GIRL: It's marvelous, it's true! Look at those creamy suds...and that perfume—mmm—smells like \$20-an-ounce!

US: That, you'll be happy to know, is the famous "fragrance men love"! And we repeat, not even the strongest "mannish" soap can get rid of perspiration better than complexion-gentle Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Hope I feel as full of oomph tomorrow as I do tonight...there's a certain Someone I'm going to "accidentally" meet on the beach!

THE GIRL: My goodness gracious, I never heard so many pretty speeches! Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee compliments like this all the time?

US: You attract the compliments, dear girl...Cashmere Bouquet just insures your perfection in the close-ups by guarding your daintiness!

THE GIRL: B-but, my feminine instinct tells me the next pretty speech I hear is going to be a proposal!

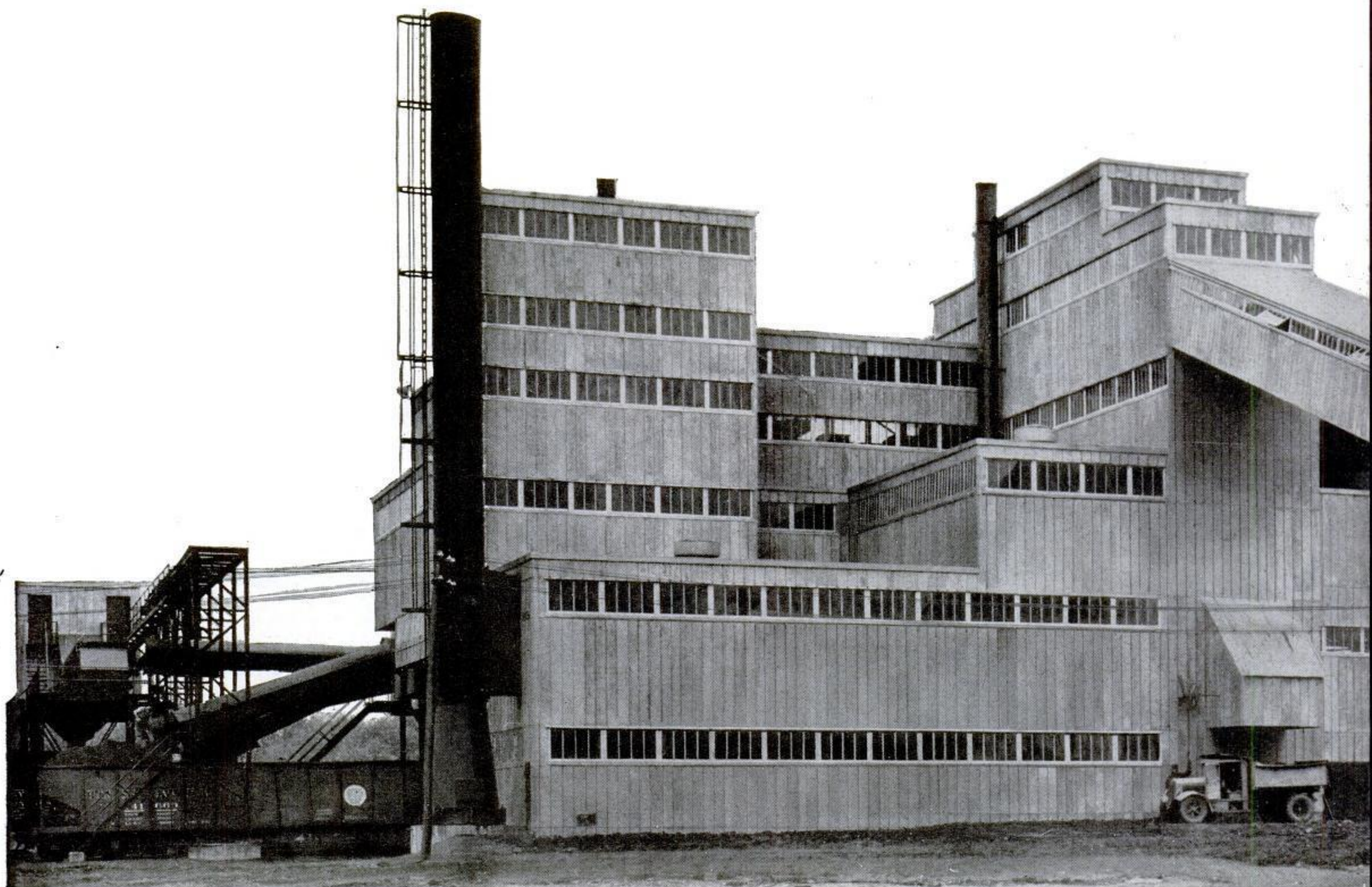
US: Well, good luck! You'll hear it if you remember the lucky secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!



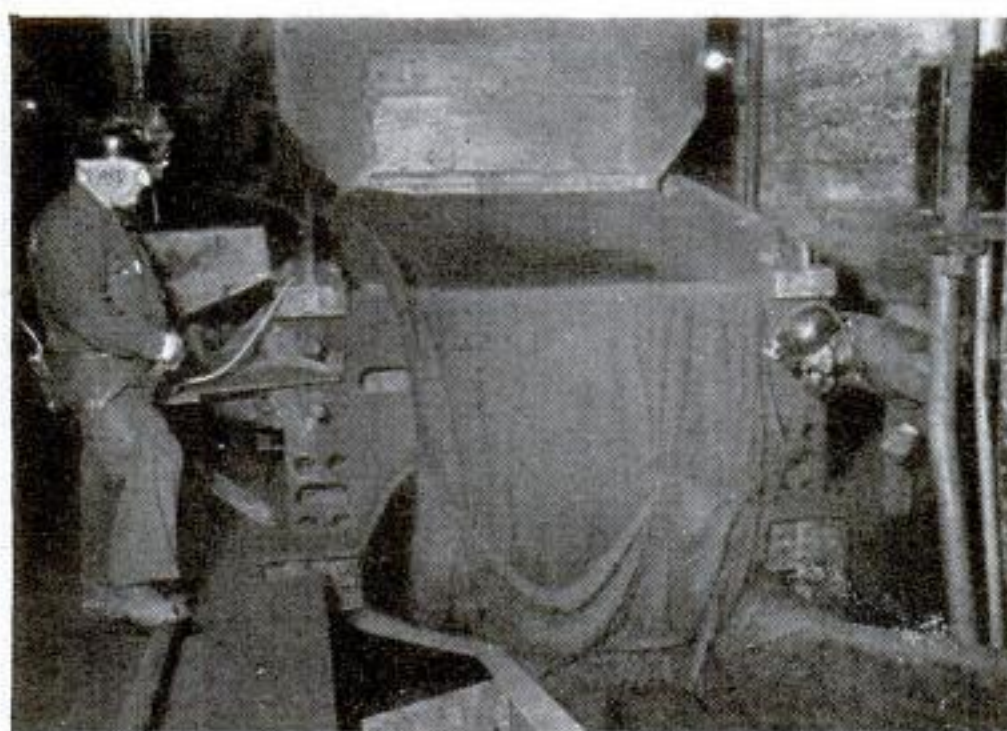
Stay dainty each day...
with Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

They darned a rip a quarter of a mile long to keep coal moving to war industries



1 Here is the slope belt that carries coal from underground operations to the top of the coal preparation plant. The belt is 4 ft. wide and 1450 ft. long... more than a quarter of a mile. The entire coal output of the mine is carried on this extra-strong belt.



2 The accident occurred just behind this dust screen. The firmly wedged, sharpened jack pipe acted as a perfect cutting tool... aided by the 250-h.p. drive of the belt motor. No belt is made strong enough to withstand such a combination of forces.



3 This is the spear-shaped head of the 8-foot, heavy steel jack pipe that fell into the rotary coal dump, and pierced the belt and the steel decking. Its flange became wedged so firmly that the jack pipe had to be cut free with acetylene torches.

UNITED STATES

This million dollar coal preparation plant is one of the units that is enabling the coal mining industry to increase its output approximately ten per cent this year. Here, coal is washed, graded and prepared for shipment.

It's a tremendous plant... but its uninterrupted operation depends on the smooth functioning of the conveyor belt that carries coal from far below the surface of the earth to the top of the plant itself where grading and cleaning processes start.

Not long ago an unusual accident occurred which ripped more than 1400 feet of this extra-strong belt. A newly sharpened steel jack pipe hurtled down with a load of coal. It pierced the belt and the steel decking beneath it... became firmly wedged between this sheet of steel and the coal-crushing rolls. But the 250-horsepower belt-drive motor droned on... drove the belt past this perfect cutting tool.

When the damage was discovered and the belt stopped, plant operations came to a standstill. Shipments of fuel, vital to America's war industries and railroads, were halted.

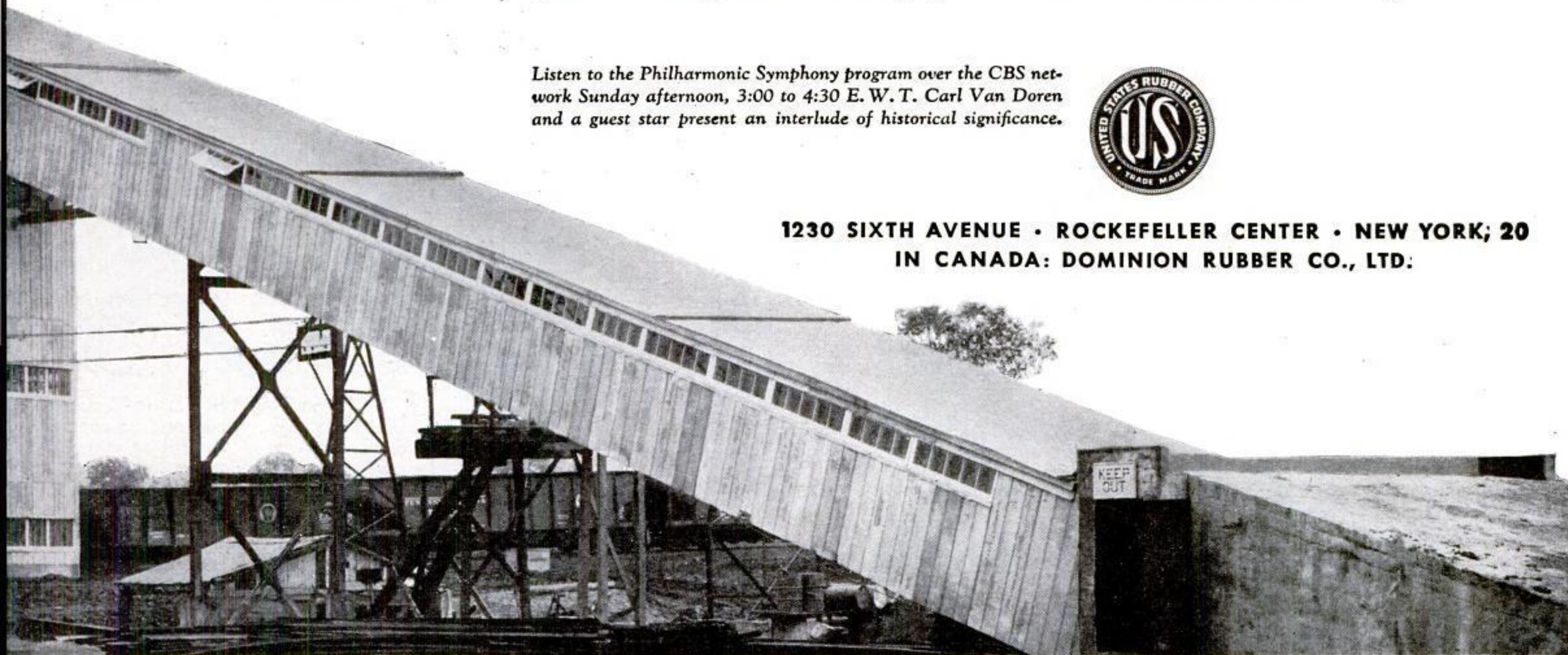
Immediately the plant superintendent telephoned United States Rubber Company. *Would the plant have to shut down until a new belt was built, shipped and installed? Or... could it be repaired?* They said it could...made suggestions which were promptly carried out...4600 rip plates required to do the job were rounded up by the local distributor of industrial supplies. The United States Rubber Company representative went to the plant... stayed on the job continuously until it was completed.

Twenty-five and one-half working hours later the plant was in full swing again. Coal flowed steadily from the mine. The quarter-mile rip had been darned... valuable rubber and equipment conserved... invaluable time gained.

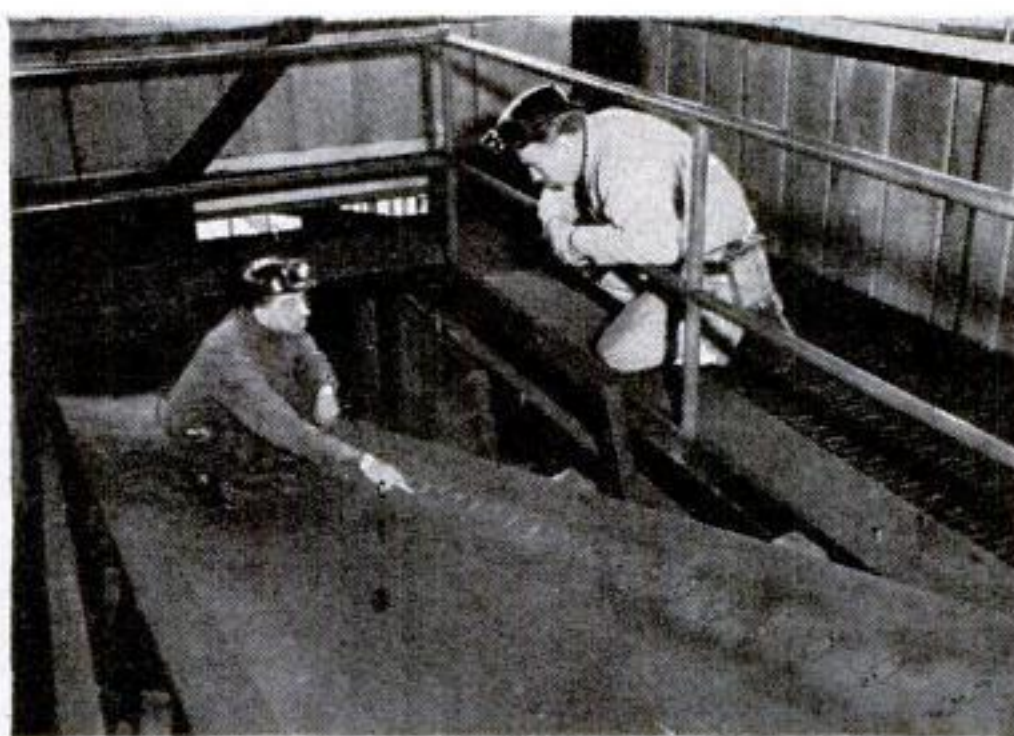
Listen to the Philharmonic Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E. W. T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.



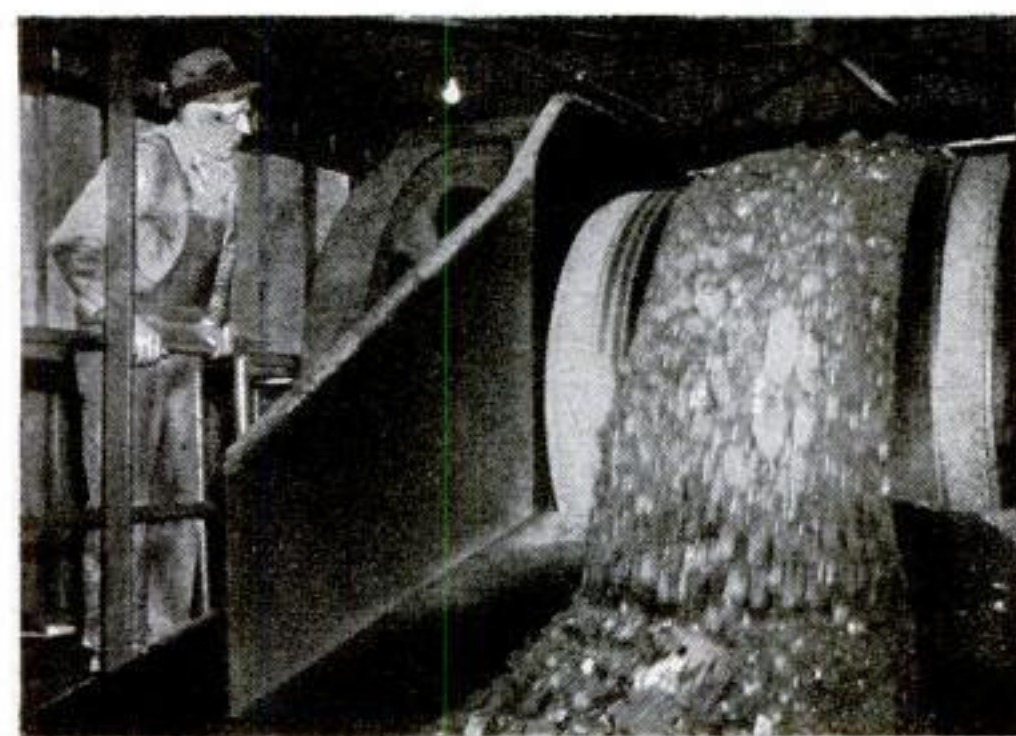
1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK; 20
IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.



4 The belt was repaired by bolting rip plates of thin steel through it. More than 4600 were used... approximately a ton of steel. The local distributor furnished the first supply; and arranged emergency shipments from factory stock.



5 After the belt was repaired, it looked like this. The long rip has been darned successfully. The picture was taken after a test run of the belt had been completed satisfactorily and operations were ready to go into full swing again.



6 The plant is now working at top speed. Valuable time was saved... and very valuable rubber and equipment conserved. United States Rubber Company representatives and engineers are always on call... always ready to step into the breach.

RUBBER COMPANY



*"Baumiller is making up for a wasted youth
—he's just discovered Mum!"*

WHY DO some men make time with the women while others just make three and a crowd? Freedom from underarm odor may be the big difference. There's no happy ending for the guy who's offending—socially or in business. But odor isn't compulsory. A

dab of Mum under each arm takes just 30 seconds and gives all-day or all-evening protection.

Remember—a bath takes care of past perspiration; Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come. Mum is a pleasant, soothing cream. Won't harm skin or shirts.

Product of Bristol-Myers



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

How to get

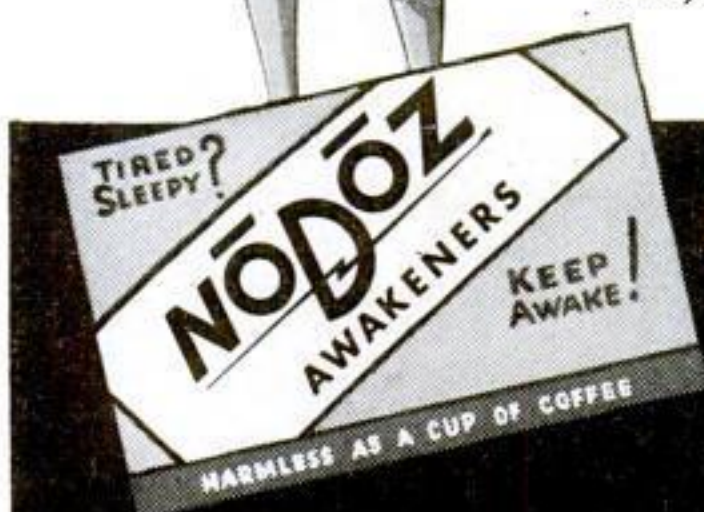
"Coffee Lift"

with **NODOZ AWAKENERS!**



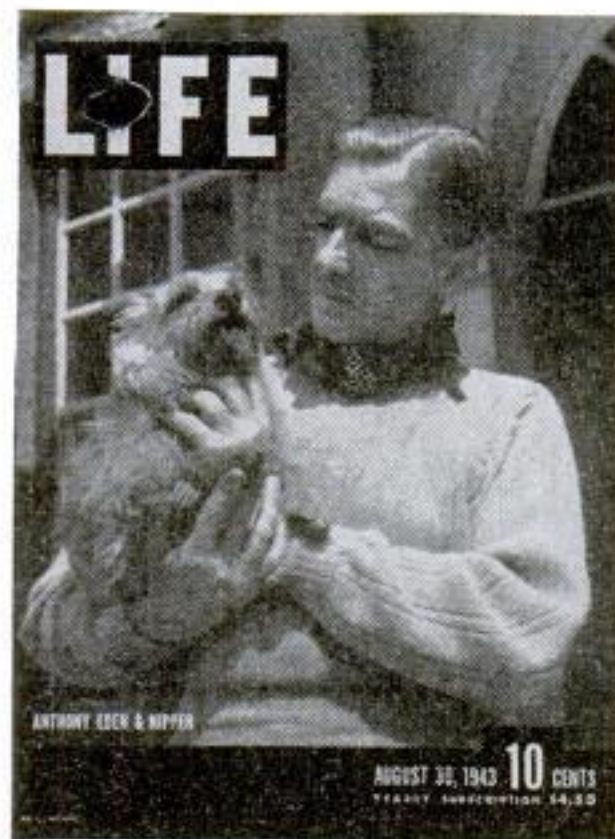
Carry a reserve supply of quick energy in your pocket or purse! Take a handy NoDoz Awakener tablet and keep awake and alert! Contains *cit-rated* caffeine—made from coffee and just as harmless. On the job or in the home—a NoDoz Awakener makes work go *faster... easier... smoother.*

For trial-size package, send 10 cents to NoDoz Awakeners, Dept. F-4, Tribune Tower, Oakland, Calif. Offer not valid after Sept. 30, 1943



**AT YOUR
DRUGGIST
25¢**

Over fifty million NoDoz Awakeners have been used since 1933



LIFE'S COVER. Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Rt. Hon. Robert Anthony Eden with Nipper, his Skye terrier, were photographed for LIFE last month standing in the doorway of the Eden country home in Sussex. Last week the much-traveled Foreign Secretary flew to Quebec to parley politically on foreign affairs with Roosevelt and Churchill. For close-up of Eden, see pp. 106-118.

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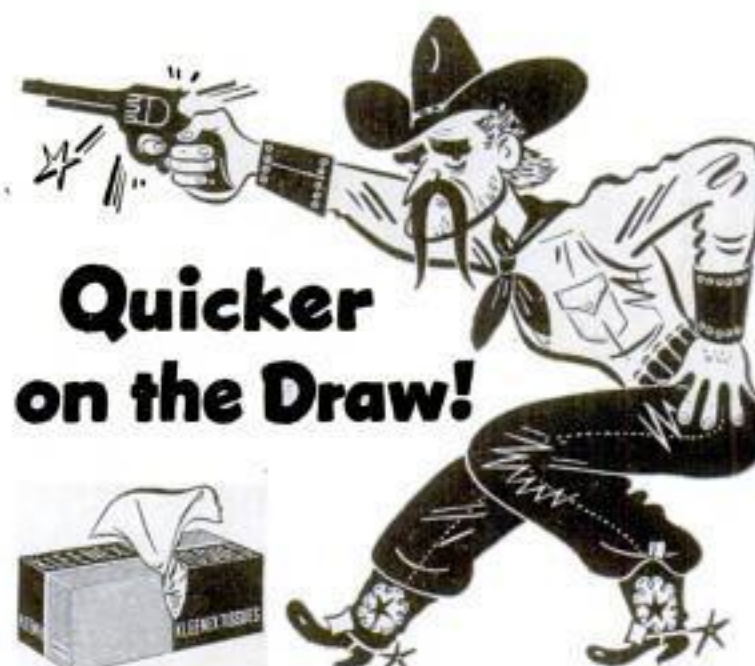
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change please give both the new and old address.

Absent^{ee}-minded



But **KLEENEX[®] TISSUES** help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (from a letter by P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!



**Quicker
on the Draw!**

With the **KLEENEX Serv-a-Tissue** Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues—saves money! (from letter by B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

**TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS Kleenex**

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois



**TEST
FOR
TISSUES!**

HOLD **KLEENEX** UP TO A LIGHT—YOU WON'T FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN **KLEENEX QUALITY** IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

An' I won't stop 'till I get Delsey* again—it's soft like Kleenex



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The United States Marine Band, Captain William F. Santelmann, leader, photographed on the Marine barracks parade ground, Washington, D. C.

ONLY A RADIO WITH FM BRINGS YOU "NATURAL COLOR" MUSIC

EVERY note of music from the U. S. Marine Band, or a piano, or a great entertainer — or any sound you hear—is composed of a fundamental tone plus a series of *overtones* which sound in harmony with it.

The overtones give color and realism to music. In a concert hall, you hear these tones, and the music is deep, rounded, and resonant. But over the conventional radio, because of inherent limitations in transmission, you hear less than half the range you ought to hear.

General Electric FM brings you the *full range of tone* — all the fundamentals plus the glorious "Natural Color" overtones. Instead of traveling over

a narrow "highway" of 5000 cycles, radio sounds travel over a broad "highway" of 15,000 cycles.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Flying with a camera for LIFE is old stuff to Dmitri Kessel, who went to the Army Orlando Air Base in Florida for the story on Precision Bombing (pages 97-105). With a solid background in industrial photography, he took to the air after such subjects as war gliders, a torpedoed tanker and the Corpus Christi Naval Training Station. But nothing if not versatile, Kessel has also caught in his lens corset girls, poisonous snakes and close-ups of cows, and is now at a fighting front.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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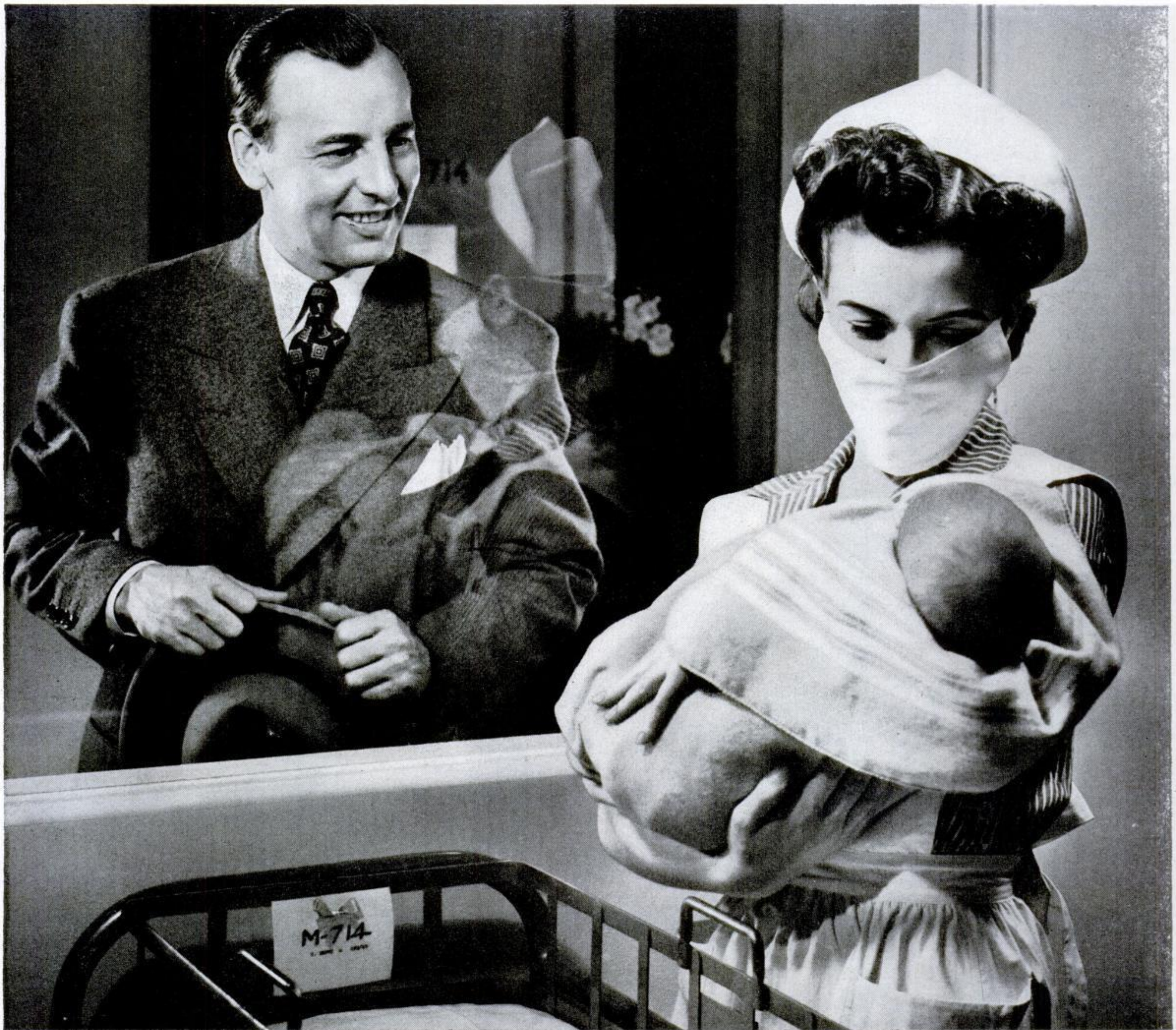
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PICTURE OF A MAN LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

ROW UPON ROW of tiny bassinets—and a nurse holding up a new baby. *The baby!*

But Dad sees much more than a newborn son. He sees a long future stretching ahead . . . a future of good companionship and fun . . . of kite flying . . . of camping trips . . . of electric trains . . . a thousand confidences to be shared.

Yes, being a father is a job—with a future. And that future is the most important thing in the world. In the years to come, that little tot in the nurse's arms will look toward you, depend on

you. Don't let him down, Dad—the future belongs to those who prepare for it.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



EDEN, ATHLONE, ROOSEVELT, KING, CADOGAN, PRINCESS ALICE, BRACKEN AND CHURCHILL (L. TO R.) POSE ON BATTLEMENTS OF THE CITADEL OVERLOOKING THE ST. LAWRENCE

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

CHURCHILL AND ROOSEVELT MEET IN QUEBEC TO WORK OUT SOME ANSWERS

By last week Anglo-American military successes had outrun Anglo-American military plans and so there was another Churchill-Roosevelt conference, this time at Quebec, to work out answers to the question: "Where do we go from here?"

Between parleys and picnics the President and the Prime Minister took time out to pose for the picture above at Quebec's Citadel overlooking the Plains of Abraham. This historic pile is summer home of the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone (*left, back row*) and his wife Princess Alice (*between Churchill and Roosevelt*). With Mr. Churchill were his Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden (*for Close-up, see pp. 106-118*) and his Minister of Information, Brendan Bracken (*right, back row*). Secretary of State

Hull joined the Quebec conference later. Obviously, political as well as military matters were up for discussion and settlement—the political situation being about as bad as the military situation was good.

After Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill held their "unconditional surrender" meeting at Casablanca last January, Anglo-American forces under General Eisenhower proceeded to sweep the Axis from North Africa and, in a 38-day campaign, conquer Sicily. It seemed certain that the Quebec meeting would sooner or later produce equally dramatic military results. Everybody, including Adolf Hitler, had his hunch as to what the next Allied moves would be. The favorite guess was that Roosevelt and Churchill were working out the Invasion of Europe.

Military decisions at Quebec were directed toward the future, toward the ultimate defeat of the Axis on its home grounds. Political decisions, unfortunately, had about them the smell of past mistakes: the matter of real cooperation with Russia and China; the problem of Italy under Badoglio; the question of the new French government in North Africa. If the Quebec conference could work out an Anglo-American political program for this war, it would be an achievement as welcome as the best military plan for finishing off the enemy in the field.

Most exciting speculation: a "Declaration of Quebec" would be forthcoming when the conference ends this week and Anthony Eden would personally carry it to Moscow and lay it before his friend Joseph Stalin.



Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, heartily shakes the President's hand. He has just come from his plane from which he slipped and fell in water to his knees while disembarking.

QUEBEC'S ANSWER MEN

Western World's military and political brains are pooled for final discussions

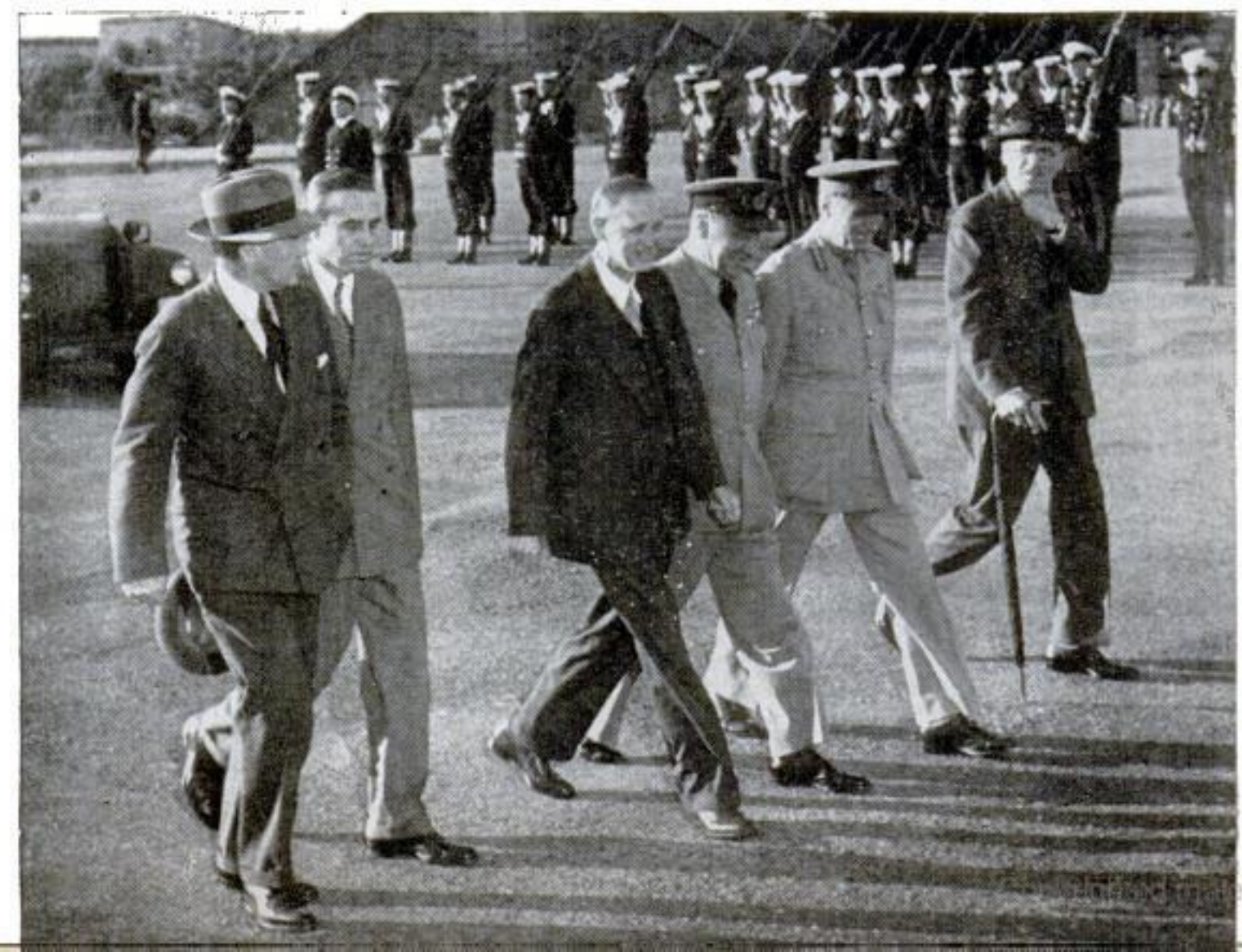
Though the world might not know the decisions made at Quebec for a long time to come, it certainly knew there were enough able men there to formulate all the answers. Backed by a staff of hundreds of anonymous experts, the top strategic leaders of America & Britain were undoubtedly planning a big blow at Axis Europe. The political leaders were debating what to do once that blow was successful. If the Pacific was being discussed at all, no newsman was the wiser. For typical of the whole attitude of the "oystermen" of Quebec was Churchill's bland "No comment" when questioned on his return from a visit to Hyde Park. Reporters fell back on rehashing rumors, painting the old-world glories of the city or photographing Fala, the President's Scotch terrier, who was as urbane and noncommittal as his master.

Churchill and Princess Alice, cousin of King George and wife of Canada's Governor-General, chat with the President. Unlike Mrs. Churchill, she dressed warmly for Canadian weather.



The leaders at Quebec pose for their picture. They are, in first row (*l. to r.*) the mysterious Empty Chair, Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada, Roosevelt and Churchill. In second row are (*l. to r.*): U. S. Air Chief, General Henry H. Arnold; British Air Chief Marshal

Roosevelt's friends arrive from the U.S. for Conference. Second civilian from left is Lend-Lease's W. Averell Harriman, usually stationed in London, and omnipresent Harry Hopkins.





Sir Charles Portal; British Chief of Army Staff, Sir Alan Brooke; U. S. Fleet Commander in Chief, Admiral Ernest J. King; British Field-Marshal Sir John Dill; U. S. Army Chief of Staff, George C. Marshall; British First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound and Presidential mili-

tary coordinator, Admiral William Leahy. This picture was taken on the grounds of the Citadel where all of the important plans for the future movements of the combined armies were made. Here, also, Roosevelt, Churchill, Eden and Hull discussed future political developments.

Fala and Mounties pose for cameramen. Before President Roosevelt's arrival, many members mistakenly patted and whistled at Frontenac manager's Scotty, thinking it was Fala.

Bevy of press photographers circle Fala who by this time is used to such goings on. Afterward some photographers affectionately posed with the dog who put up with this graciously.



Where Do We Go From Here? (continued)

WHAT FOLLOWS THE SICILIAN VICTORY?

The Allied military and political conference in Quebec was a direct aftermath of the Allied victory in Sicily. The campaign that led up to that victory is pictured on these and the following pages. What will come after that victory? Probably the Battle for Italy.

With Messina's fall the Axis was finished and Allied Commander in Chief Eisenhower could stop to count

the booty and the losses—135,000 prisoners, 260 tanks, 502 guns and 1,691 aircraft of the enemy captured or destroyed at a cost of some 20,000 Allied casualties. This was good going for a force that when it landed was only two-thirds the size of the combined Axis armies of 405,000 entrenched in Sicily—of which but 60,000 were Germans. The Americans were aided by fine fast



Electrical mine detector is used by a First Division engineer. Germans sowed mines wholesale on roads, bridges and fields.

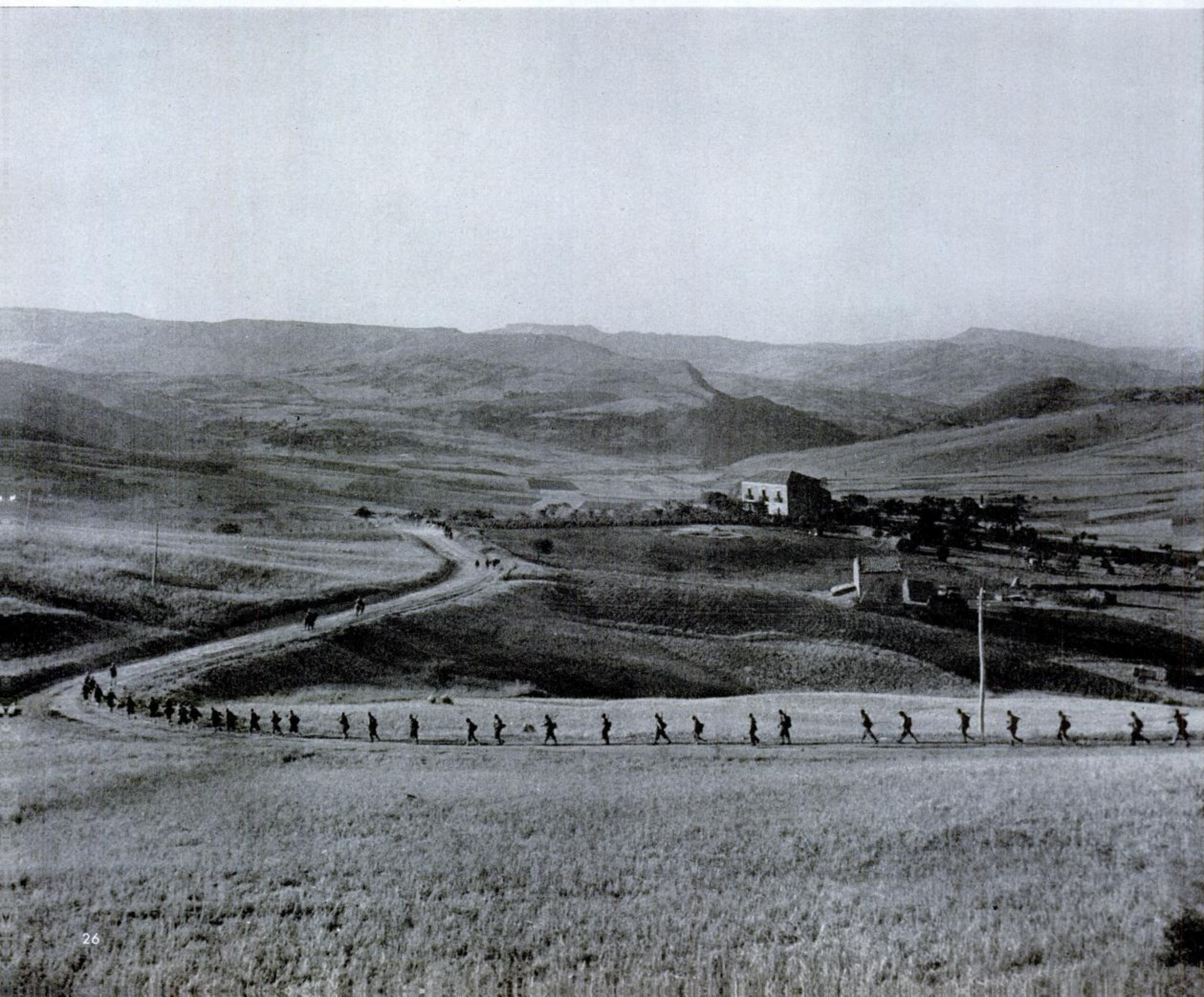


Mines are discovered along the soft shoulder of road, a good hiding place because freshly turned earth is not noticeable.



Mines are gingerly removed by engineers. These German box mines are set in layers to explode at 350 pounds of pressure.

INTO THE RIDGED HILLS OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF TROINA, MOVES A LONG COLUMN OF ALLIED INFANTRYMEN. THESE SOLDIERS STORMED THE FORTRESS FOR DAYS UNTIL IT FELL



water-borne transport which, with a fleet of 3,266 vessels, poured 600 tanks, 14,000 vehicles and 1,800 guns ashore on southern beaches of the island. They were also helped by the fine staff work of experienced and able generals—Terry Allen, Matthew Ridgway, Hugh Gaffey, Lucian Truscott Jr., Troy Middleton and Omar Bradley who commanded the major components of

the Seventh Army, the hard-hitting U. S. First, Third and Forty-Fifth Divisions.

Moving forward with the victorious First Division during its last bloody weeks was LIFE Photographer Robert Capa whose pictures of actual combat appear here. Fighting in mountainous country against the hazards of mines, machine guns, artillery fire and man-

made landslides, the First Division hammered at the Axis until it cracked. At week's end, with the terrible "Long Toms" cracking across the Strait of Messina and the Allied navies bombarding the toe of Italy, General "Ike" Eisenhower proudly exclaimed: "The two superb armies in Sicily—the American Seventh and the British Eighth—are ready to go at any minute."



"The Germans went that way" says a Sicilian peasant to First Division's Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt



Patrol leader examines terrain on which he is to advance from the cover of a farmhouse. Spotting a German position, he sends a runner back to give the U.S. artillery the proper range.



Patrol sets out from farmhouse into no man's land ready for anything. This patrol is led by Lieut. John Armellino and is famed in the First Division for its skill and success in the field.

THE BATTLE FOR TROINA

Infantrymen of First Division advance against Sicily's strongest-held fortress

At the brow of a hill the patrol halts and each man runs across a small open space. They go hunched over, at intervals, in slightly different paths to confuse the enemy's aim, while a rifleman (*foreground*) covers their advance. They are heading for the stone house in the hollow

The toughest battle in Sicily was that for the fortress of Troina, key to the road to Messina and the whole Mt. Etna line. Here the Germans, with their backs to the wall, put up their last stand which was finally broken by the crack U. S. First Division. Combining artillery and dive-bombing attacks with small, infantry flanking movements, the Americans advanced slowly and at last entered the town itself.

These pictures by LIFE Photographer Robert Capa show the workings of small teams in the field—which the Americans have developed to a fine art. This patrol is shown advancing in the foothills before Troina, directing its artillery on a German machine-gun position and finally working around until it outflanked its objective.

where they will regroup and the leader will direct them to set out once more. Their objective is a concealed machine-gun nest on the wooded hill in background on which the lieutenant has ordered artillery fire to be placed. While this is going on they will try to outflank the position.

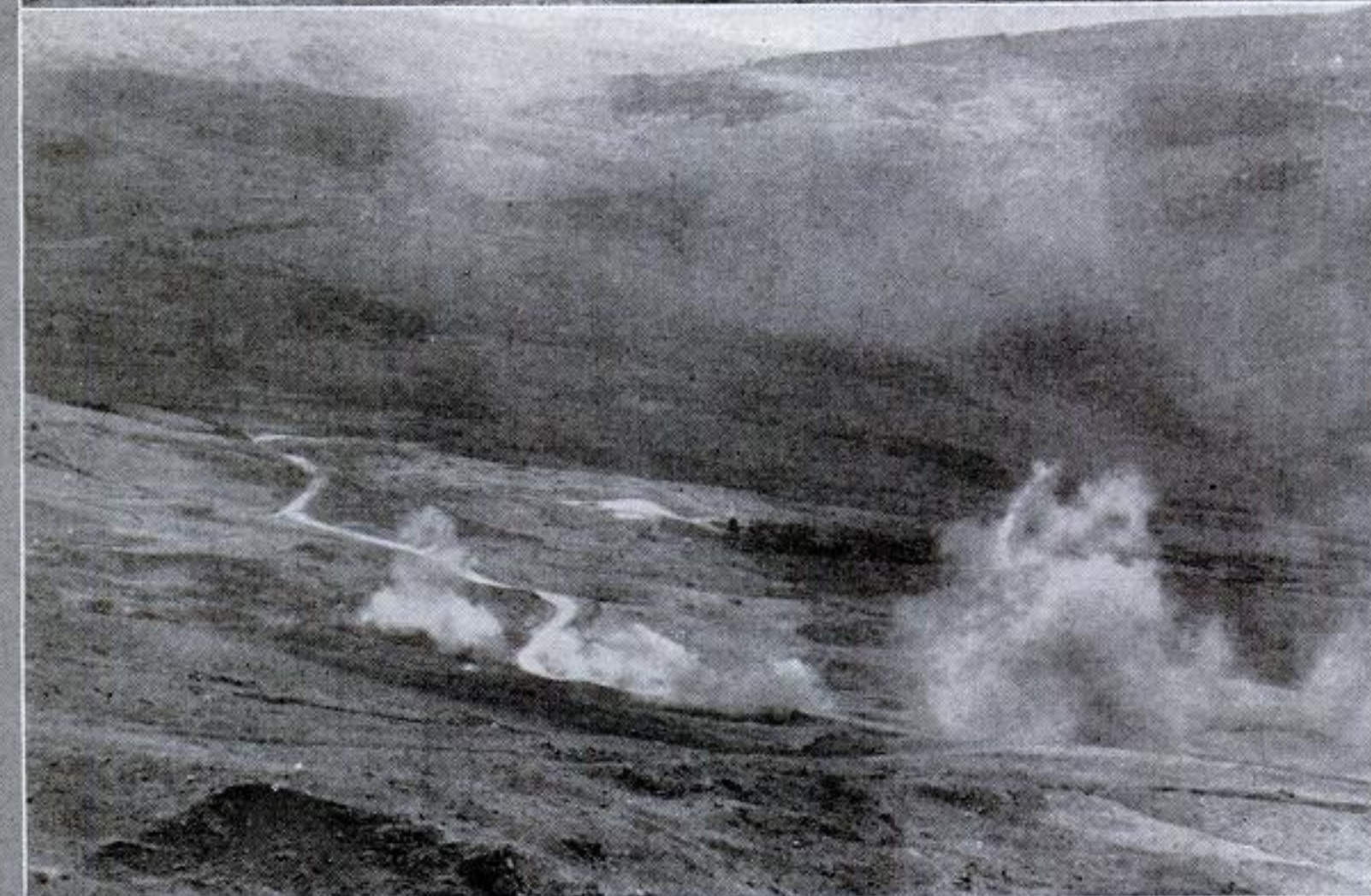
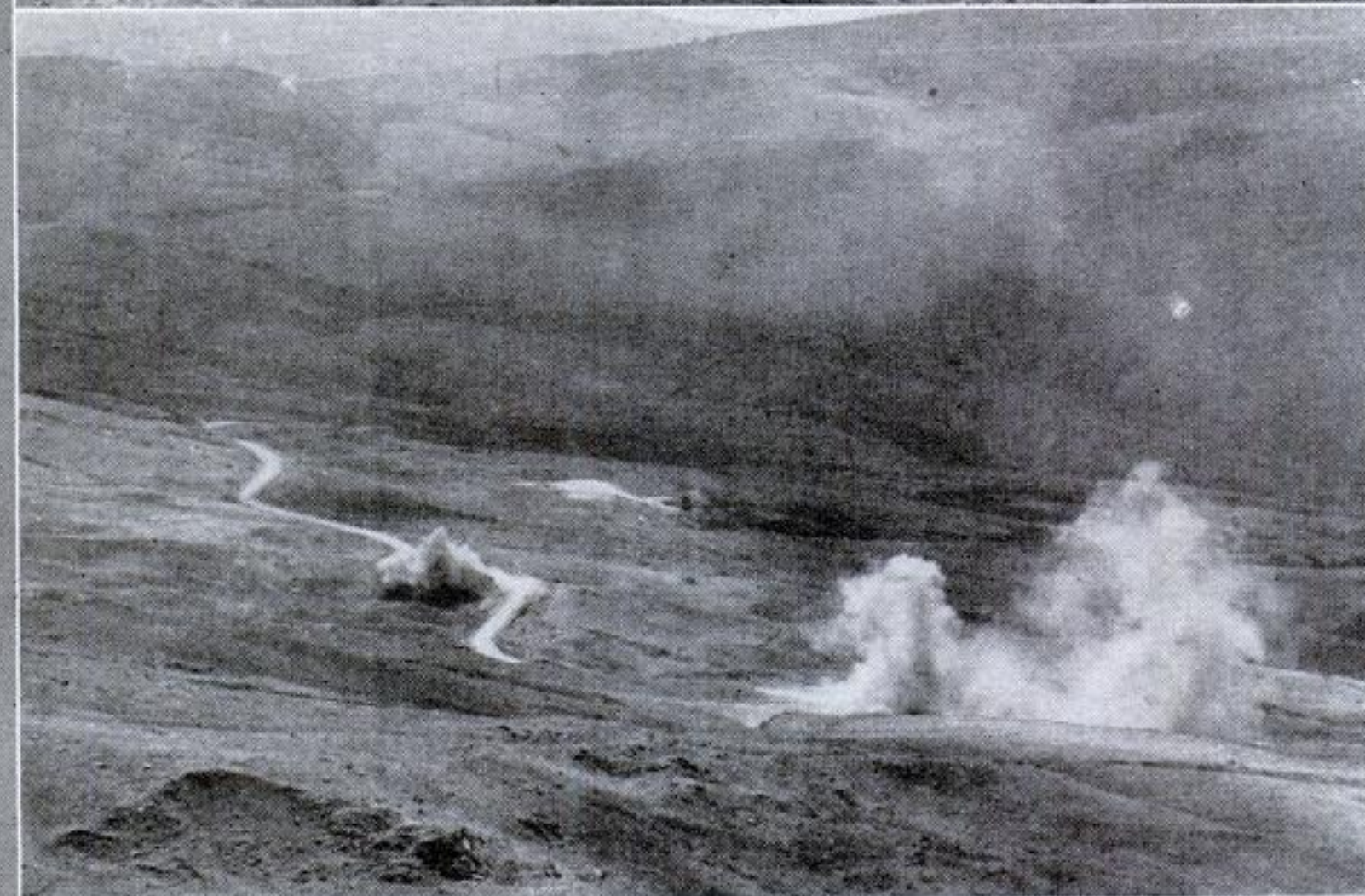
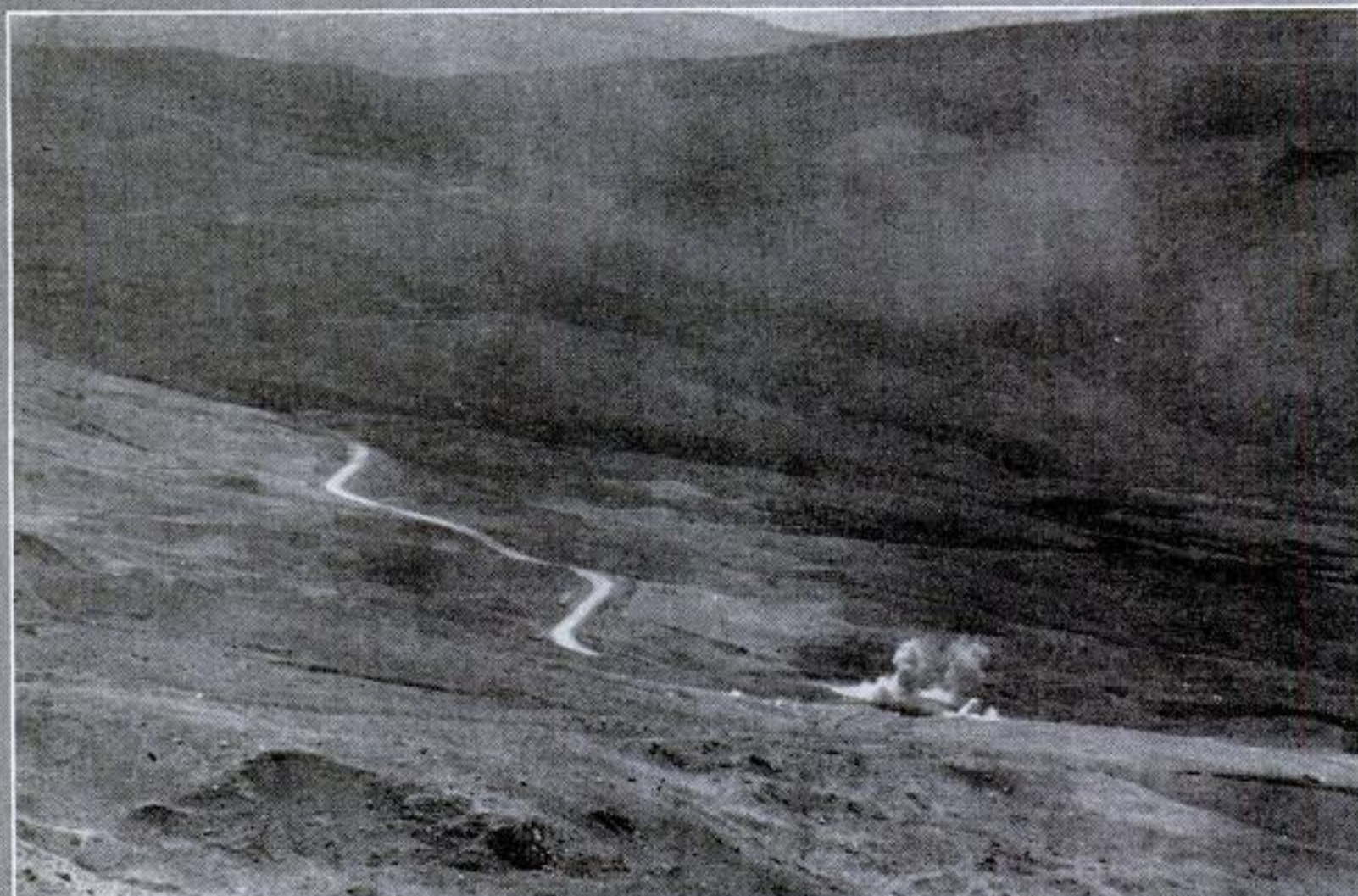




↑ **Smoke blossoms in the hills** and trees as artillery begins to get the range. First Division patrol is now moving down a road leading into Troina a few miles away. Its members are working around the machine-gun nest which has held up U. S. advance.

Patrol leaves the road and heads down a hill toward the enemy machine-gun position which is being severely battered by heavy artillery. Germans captured before Troina said the incessant American artillery fire was more than any human could stand.





German artillery finds range and shells the road leading into Troina, then begins to step its shells up toward an American forward position. Robert Capa, lying in foxhole near the German target, took these pictures as the shell bursts moved closer and closer up the hill.

Where Do We Go From Here? (continued)

BATTLE FOR TROINA:



American forward observation post, which has just been under fire (left), checks on U.S. fire falling in Troina. Note the jagged silhouette of town on ridge and peaks at right.

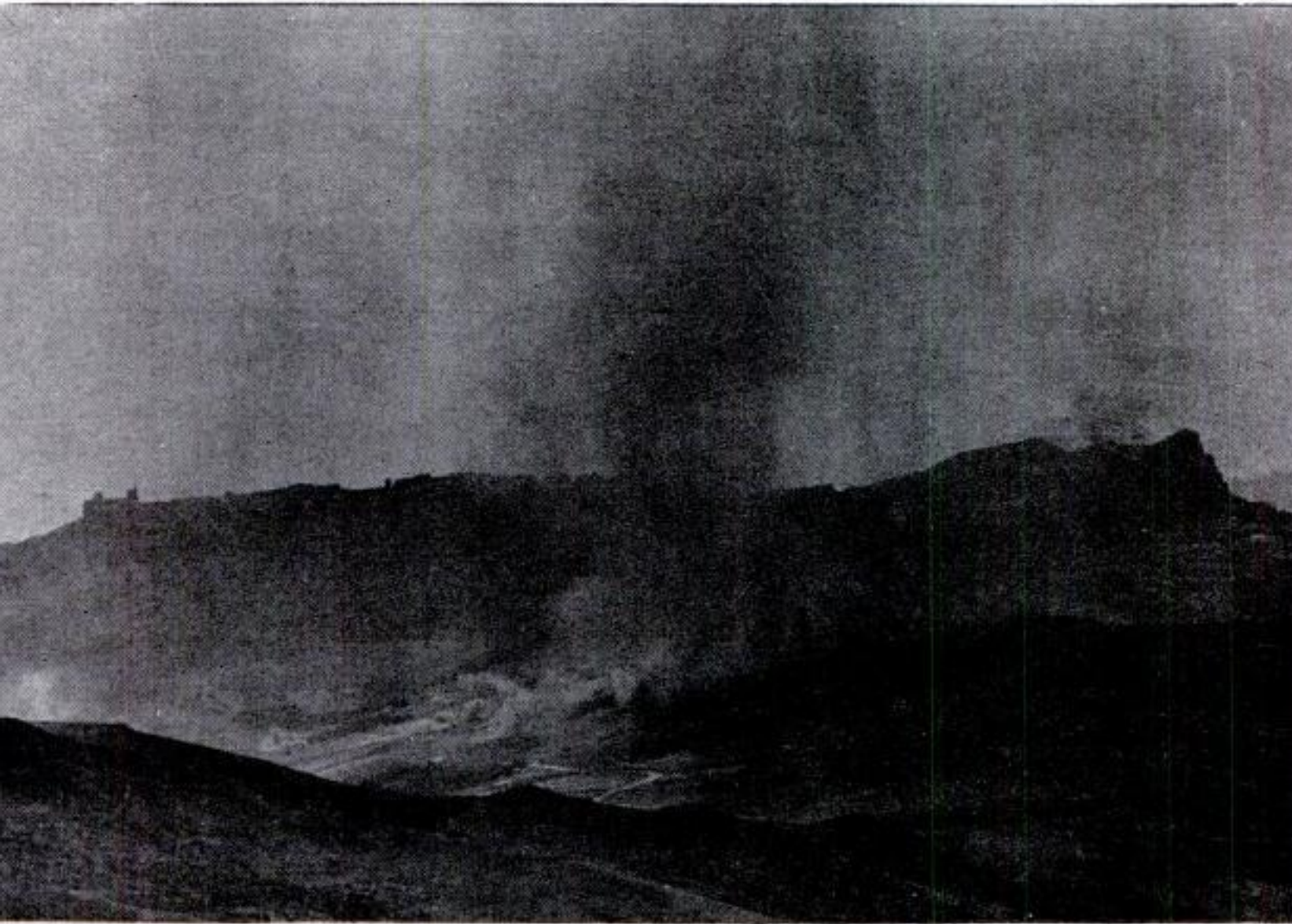


Americans rise from foxholes after the bombardment dies away. The last German resistance has now been effectively broken and the infantry can advance to capture Troina.

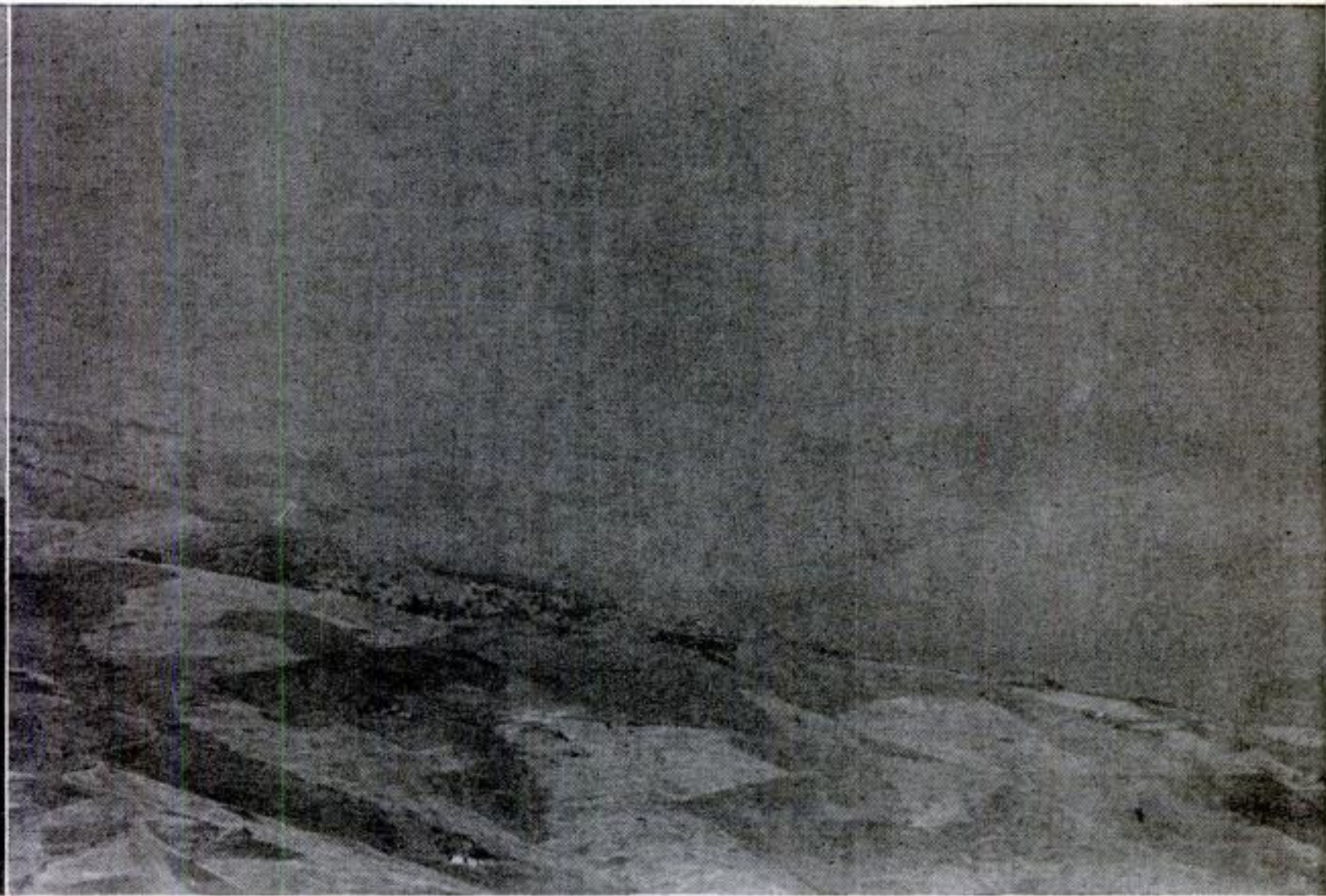


Men of First Division, including one with walkie-talkie, move toward Troina which has been hammered into submission. From here, the effects of bombardment are unnoticeable.

U. S. WINS ARTILLERY DUEL AND THE TOWN



Smoke fills the valley before Troina as a terrific concentration of American heavy artillery fire begins to blast the German positions. The house outline at left and the peak at right are landmarks.



From an artillery observation plane—a small, unarmed "Flying Jeep"—Capa took this picture revealing effect of U.S. dive bombers sent in to polish off Troina after shelling.



Shattered antitank gun on the road shows the terrible accuracy of American artillery, which knocked out hundreds of positions such as this before town could be taken by stalled foot soldiers.



The outskirts of Troina show how the town, which rises in rows of terraces on its hill, was strategically situated to block advance of the Americans on the road toward Messina.



Americans enter the town through piles of rubble to meet civilians who have been hiding beneath churches and in cellars waiting for the ordeal to be over. They were glad to see the American soldiers.



Troina is captured as a shaken townsman greets U.S. infantrymen. Now, with this point of resistance taken, Americans and British swept on through Randazzo to capture Messina.

Where Do We Go From Here? (continued)

"HITLER'S BEST"

New type of German soldier met his defeat in Sicily

In a statement issued after the conquest of Sicily, General Eisenhower pointed out that twice within three and a half months the Allies had thrashed an army that Hitler had boasted was so invincible that it would easily drive its enemies into the sea. Wherever U. S. troops encountered "Hitler's Best" they found that, though the Germans fought with determination and courage, they could be beaten just as the Axis armies in

Tunisia. But they also found these Germans a new type—raw, inexperienced and jumpy in battle. Said one U. S. infantryman to LIFE Correspondent Jack Belden outside of Troina: "These Heinies must be young soldiers. Our wounded wiggle a bit and they shoot at 'em. The old Germans in Tunisia would never do that." The faces on these pages are those of young German prisoners who did not have the know-how to win.



Two tired Axis soldiers walk back behind the Allied lines to turn themselves in at a war prisoners' cage. This was a common sight during the last days of the Sicilian campaign as the

German officers hurriedly fled across the Strait of Messina and left their troops and noncoms behind to face the U. S., British and Canadian forces. In Sicily 135,000 Axis soldiers gave up.



This 18-year-old boy had never shaved, was given eight weeks of training before combat.



In Sicily four days before his capture by the First Division, this German is 20 years old.



A corporal, this Sudeten German had served two years in the Czech Army before Munich.



"My rifle was too heavy so I threw it away," said this 19-year-old prisoner.



German prisoners line up to be questioned and have their effects searched by U. S. intelligence officers. When this is finished they will be given identification tags, sent to a port to be

ferried to North Africa and then put on ships which will bring them to American or Canadian prison camps. These youngsters are typical of German troops that fought and lost in Sicily.



This German fought in Africa and escaped across to Sicily. He is 20 years old.



One of four brothers in the German army, this boy said another had already been killed.

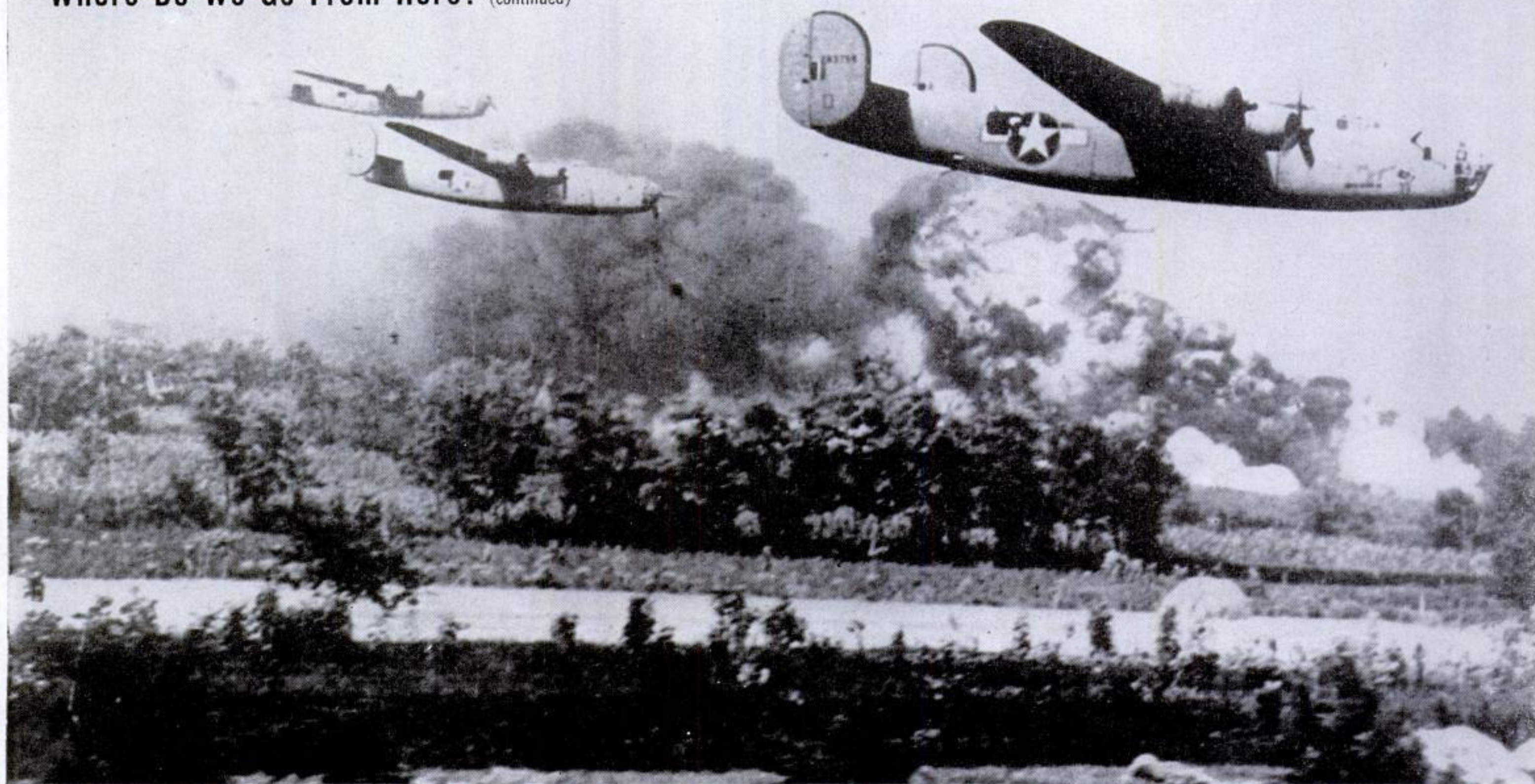


The oldest of the group, 32, this *Wehrmacht* member had helped to occupy France.



An Austrian farmer but three months in the army, this boy had no enthusiasm for war.

Where Do We Go From Here? (continued)



AGAINST A BACKDROP OF BILLLOWING OILY SMOKE, LIBERATORS OF THE 9TH AIR FORCE HEAD AWAY FROM THE HEAVY BLOW THEY HAVE JUST STRUCK AT THE AXIS WAR MACHINE

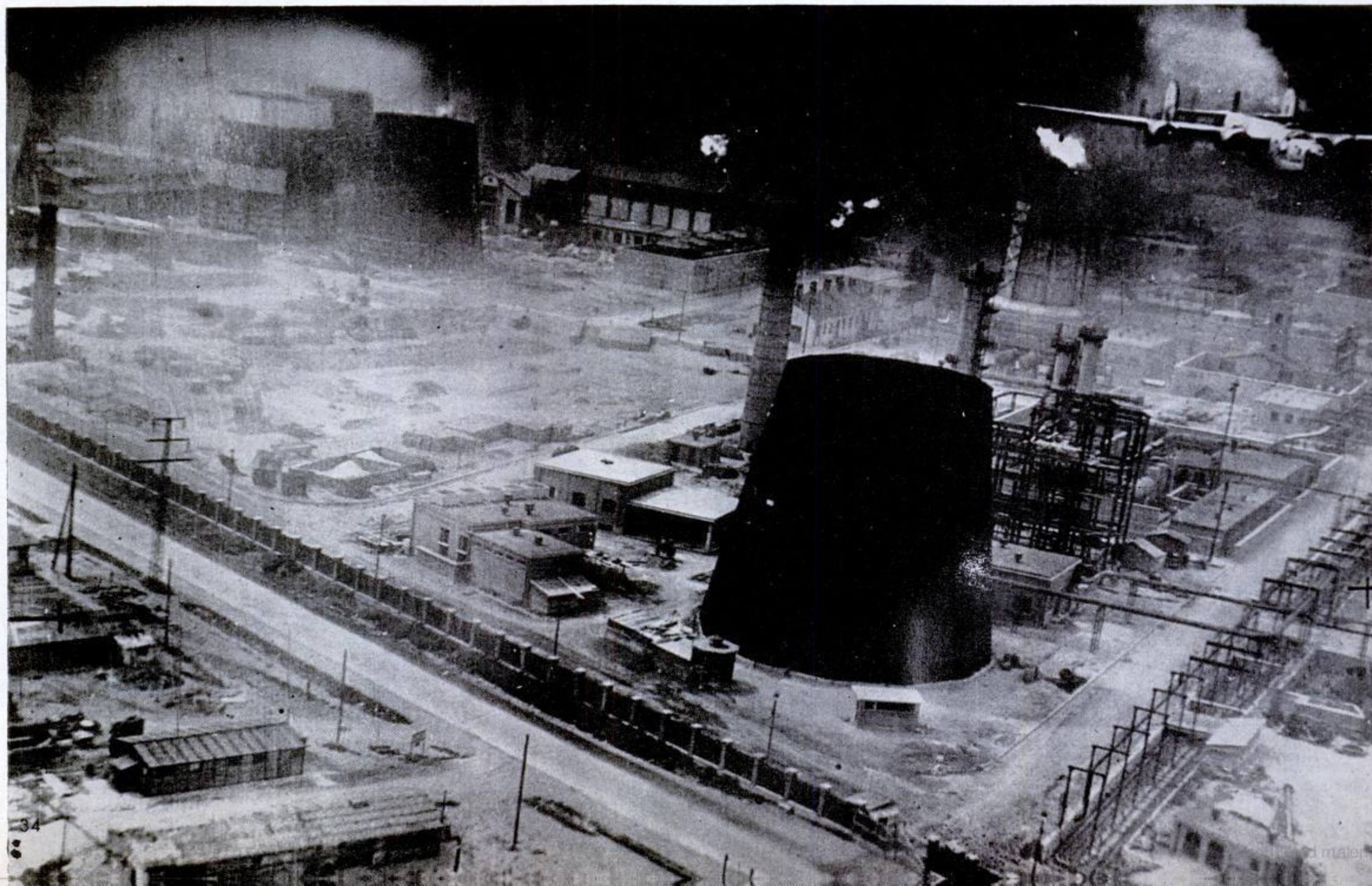
PLOESTI RAID

Balkans blaze as low-level attack hits oil refineries vital to Axis war machine

Winston Churchill has always been partial to the Balkans as a battleground. In World War I the Salonika campaign was all his doing. That he may have brought up the matter of opening a Balkan front in this war at the Quebec Conference is altogether possible in view of what happened there Aug. 1. On that day the greatest low-level attack in history was made by the U. S. Middle East Air Command on the refineries of Ploesti, Rumania—the major fuel supply for the oil-hungry German army and U-boat fleet. It cost the

U. S. Air Forces a staggering 20% of the 175 planes participating, but the results were well worth it. For the rumbling explosions and the billowing fires fed by the vast oil reserves (*opposite page*) knocked out 50% of the installations for a year and tied up 75% of normal production for at least two months. Skimming over the captive Balkans, the crews of the B-24's shot up anti-aircraft guns that spit at them from disguised haystacks, farmhouses. They roared in under a cloud of enemy fighters at heights as low as 10 ft.

B-24 FLIES OVER ASTRA ROMANA REFINERY. RAID WAS SO VITAL THAT TWO COLONELS WERE GIVEN CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL, FIRST SUCH AWARD TO TWO FOR A SINGLE AIR ACTION





FOUR YEARS

SINCE SEPT. 1, 1939 OUR "INFORMATION" HAS DECLINED BUT OUR "ENLIGHTENMENT" HAS INCREASED

The news came in the dead of night from Ambassador Bullitt in Paris. At the White House a telephone operator hesitated a split second, then pushed her switch-key forward, woke the President. Tensely Mr. Roosevelt called the senior members of his Cabinet; along the broad, empty avenues lights began to burn in the executive offices. All over the land, yellow tape was racing from the A. P. tickers. Night editors stared at it with unbelieving eyes, rushed off to stop the presses, rouse their sleeping chiefs. One, reading the news, picked up the telephone and awoke his wife. "I just got it over the wire," he shouted. "Hitler has invaded Poland."

"You mean—?"

"The Second World War."

"Oh my dear," she said. "But we mustn't get in it—"

"Hell," he said. "We're all in it."

That was just four years ago, come Sept. 1.

Happy-go-lucky Land

We were all in it. But next morning there were few who knew that the U. S. was in it, and probably that newsman didn't really know it himself. We were so deeply against war that the news was just incredible.

Not that we had lacked warning. There had been the war of nerves, the betrayal of the Czechs, the Russo-German pact. Hermann Rauschning's somber book, *The Revolution of Nihilism*, hung over our happy-go-lucky land, predicting the worst. In the nick of time Raymond Buell had published *Poland: Key to Europe*, showing that the democracies would have to guarantee Poland's independence. But we listened to none of this. It was all too remote from "reality."

"Reality" for the U. S. the week of Sept. 1, 1939, was the victory of Bromwich and Quist, the Australian tennis stars, at the Davis Cup matches at the Merion Cricket Club; on Philadelphia's "Main Line."

"Reality" was the Grape fiesta at Escondido, Calif., and the Twins Contest in Indiana, and the Twentieth Anniversary meeting of the Communist Party at Chicago, and the new, tight, wasp-waist corset from France.

"Reality" was Eleanor Holm, star of the Aquacade at the World's Fair in New York; and President Roosevelt's invitation to the European nations to send their exhibitions again next year; and "booms-a-daisy," the new dance step from England, requiring the partners to bump each other with their behinds.

"Reality" was the long Labor Day weekend, when 22,000,000 cars drove 550,000,000 miles; the 200 people killed, the 600 wounded in traffic accidents; the \$30,000,000 spent on picnics, hot dogs, gasoline. It was the big Japanese transport plane arriving in Seattle on a "goodwill" tour around the world.

"Reality" was Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and other churchmen telling us not to take sides; and the National Council of Methodist Youth vowing its refusal to participate in "any war in which the U. S. may engage."

The American idea of "reality" was re-

flected in the press, disclaiming war: the *Boston Traveller* denying that Great Britain and France were fighting for democracy; the *Atlanta Constitution* declaring that we had no stake in Europe; the *New York World-Telegram* affirming that we could make our greatest contribution by staying out; the *Detroit News* asserting that we could "best serve civilization" by refusing to fight.

It was measured in the *Fortune* Survey showing 83% of the nation in support of the Allies, but only 3% willing to take up arms, only 13% willing to fight even "if they are losing"; showing that 25% wanted to send aid to neither side, and 29% wanted to send aid to either side, cash-and-carry.

And it was expressed by President Roosevelt when the burning question was shot at him (Mr. President . . . can we stay out of it?), saying, "I not only sincerely hope so, but I believe we can"; and saying a few days later over an international hookup, "Let no man or woman thoughtlessly or falsely talk of America sending its armies to European fields. . . . I hope the United States will keep out of this war. I believe that it will."

On Sept. 1, 1939, "reality" in America coincided not at all with reality among the affairs of men.

Enlightened and Informed

On that same international hookup Mr. Roosevelt said a curious thing. "You are, I believe," he said to the American people, "the most enlightened and the best-informed people in all the world at this moment."

Well, the U. S. did have more newswires and newspapers, more pictures and radios, fewer restrictions, than any other country in the world. In that narrow sense you could say that we were the "best-informed" people on earth.

But "enlightenment" is different from "information." "Enlightenment" implies an ability to use information, to marshal facts, see through difficulties, face necessities. And few Americans, very few Americans, can now boast of "enlightenment" in 1939. Lindbergh's isolationists, who told us there was no danger, certainly can't boast of enlightenment. But on the other hand, the interventionists who said that there *was* danger, but that we could meet it *short of war*, weren't so darned smart, either.

Not even the State Department has much of a claim to enlightenment; for by its own confession it received the most alarming reports from Japan during the next couple of years, and yet it withheld that information from the American people. And the only humane interpretation that can be put on that fact is that the Department didn't really think there was much danger from Japan—wasn't really very enlightened.

If the American people had been fully enlightened they would have acted 'way back in 1931, when Japan seized Manchuria; or in 1935 when Mussolini fell upon Ethiopia; or at least in 1936, when Hitler took the Rhineland; or at the very latest, in 1937, when Japan began the vicious raping of China.

Or if the American people had been just a little bit enlightened they might have prevented their worst enemy from setting up a fascist government in Spain; or at least, like Winston Churchill, they might have declaimed against the long appeasement of Hitler, and threatened to act; or at the very least indeed, they might have risen up in the name of freedom to save Czechoslovakia. But never did we move, never in any one of these crises did we even begin to get ready; so that as each crisis came we were always unprepared, and always had the excuse, which the State Department apologists now use, that we were too weak to act.

And yet after all this had been left undone, after all these warnings had been raised, after Hitler had invaded Poland and the British King had declared war in the name of the sanctity of treaties, the only shred of enlightenment we could summon up in 1939 was the transparent hokum that "civilization" would be better off if we refused to fight.

Between Right and Wrong

But here is a curious fact. Now that we are in the war, stringently censored, we are not nearly so well-informed as we were, or might have been, in 1939. And yet, somehow, we can see more clearly, and see farther, than we could in 1939, and somehow we are better able to face the things that we see. Somehow we are more enlightened.

We know now, at the beginning of the fifth year of our war, that had we stepped forward in any one of those crises, had we been able to fight and had we stood up to fight in the name of humanity, then we would have saved the lives of thousands of our own American boys—no, hundreds of thousands—perhaps, in the long run, a million.

We can see this now. We saw it by the light of the lurid fires in Sicily, with boys from New York and California deploying through the shell-torn lemon orchards, never to return. We can see it by the light of the gun flashes in the New Guinea jungle, where a Wisconsin boy runs forward and suddenly falls. And we shall see it again.

We know now that, however enlightened we were in 1939, we were not enlightened enough; however honest, not honest enough; however brave, not brave enough.

Yes, we are now learning the greatest lessons that a nation can learn: that knowledge must seek a higher purpose than "information"; that statesmanship must know a higher purpose than vote-getting; that human life itself must serve a higher purpose than human life.

We are learning that nations, to survive, must discover such purposes; that policies, to succeed, must aim for them.

We are learning once more—that our forefathers knew—that there is no safety nor any salvation in the world for us, short of a righteous stand for the greatest earthly good we know, which we call freedom; and that, as Theodore Roosevelt said, "It is a wicked thing to be neutral between right and wrong."

WORKING HARDER?...HERE'S YOUR DISH

It's chicken noodle soup... made with plenty of chicken

WITH SO MUCH for everyone to do these days, it's good, hungry-family nourishment that's needed...meals that build our energy.

Many such meals in many a home are being planned with the help of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. This hearty soup is rich with the taste of fine, plump chickens. In the golden, slowly simmered broth

are tempting, tender pieces of chicken, along with plenty of good egg noodles for every bowl.

Why not have Campbell's hearty Chicken Noodle Soup at your table? Enjoy its old-fashioned nourishing richness and its delicious taste. Here is a soup to build a meal around. Ask your grocer for several cans today. Your family will love it.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Bean with bacon • Beef • Bouillon • Chicken • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Clam Chowder • Consommé • Green Pea • Mock Turtle • Cream of Mushroom • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



Busy folks
Need hearty food,
So our meals
Good soup include.



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



CARRYING HOME THE THINGS YOU BUY?



PINCH-HITTING FOR YOUR HUSBAND?



KEEPING UP THE VICTORY GARDEN?



PUTTING UP FRUITS AND VEGETABLES?



HELPING IN THE WAR EFFORT?

LOOKIT WHAT A WARTIME BUY !

Swan's 4 swell soaps in 1



1

Swan's ideal for baby!

Purer, by test, than finest castiles.

Mild as May for your complexion too!



2

Swan's grand for bath!

Clean-smelling, quick-lathering, long-lasting.

Lathers like sixty even in the hardest water!



3

Swan's a whiz for dishes!

Whshst!—Swan suds foam up like magic.

Swan pampers your hands too—helps keep them lovely.

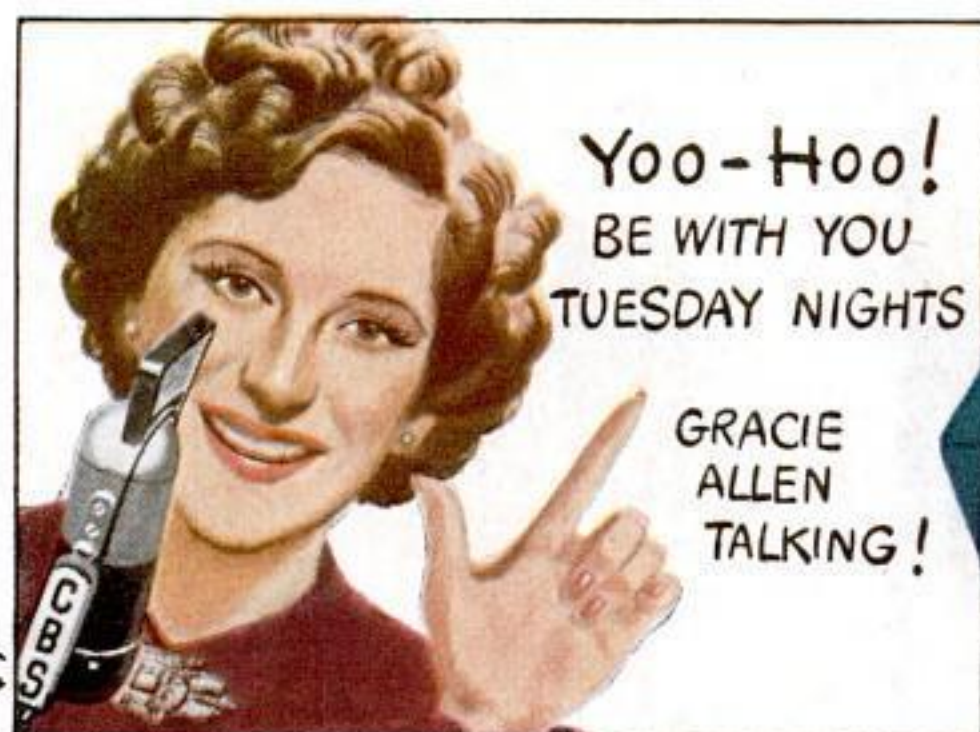


4

Swan's a wonder for fine things!

Helps keep your precious silks like new.

And Swan's so firm, it lasts and lasts!



Yoo-Hoo!
BE WITH YOU
TUESDAY NIGHTS

GRACIE
ALLEN
TALKING!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN 1



Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular



IT'S PATRIOTIC TO SAVE SOAP

FOLLOW THESE HINTS:

1. Don't leave soap in water. Whip up lather—then take cake out.
2. Don't make more lather than you need.
3. Beware of a wet soap dish. Keep it dry.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make a soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

THE VICTORIA CROSS

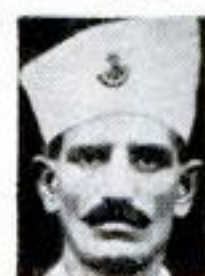
Britain's highest military honor is not easily won



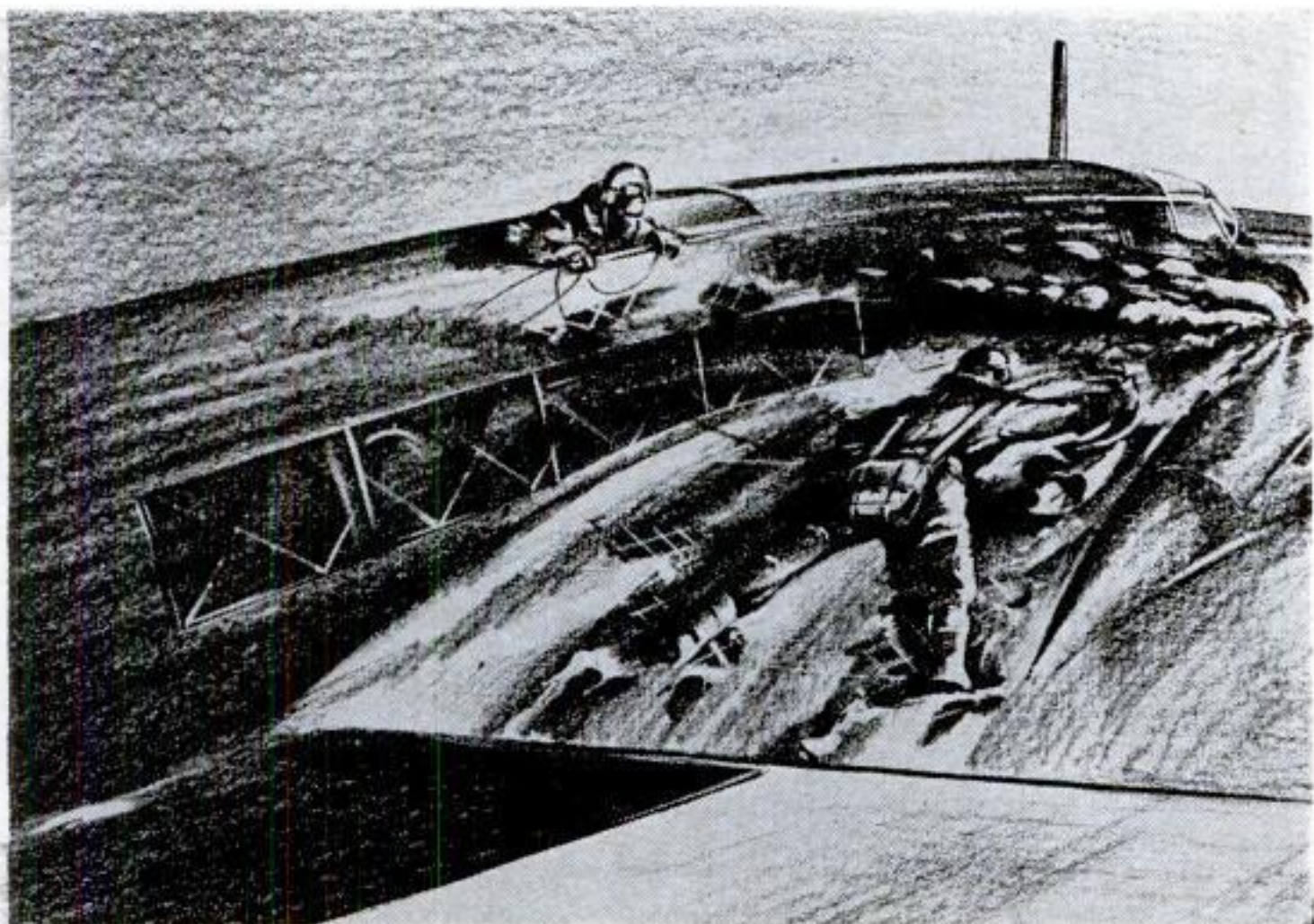
VICTORIA CROSS

The most exclusive military decoration in the world is the Victoria Cross, awarded to those members of the British forces who have performed some conspicuous act of bravery, above and beyond the call of duty, in the presence of the enemy. Established in 1856 by order of Queen Victoria, about 1,200 have been bestowed since that time. In four years of the present war, only 71 men have won the medal. (In a year and a half of U. S. participation, 52 Americans have won the Congressional Medal of Honor.)

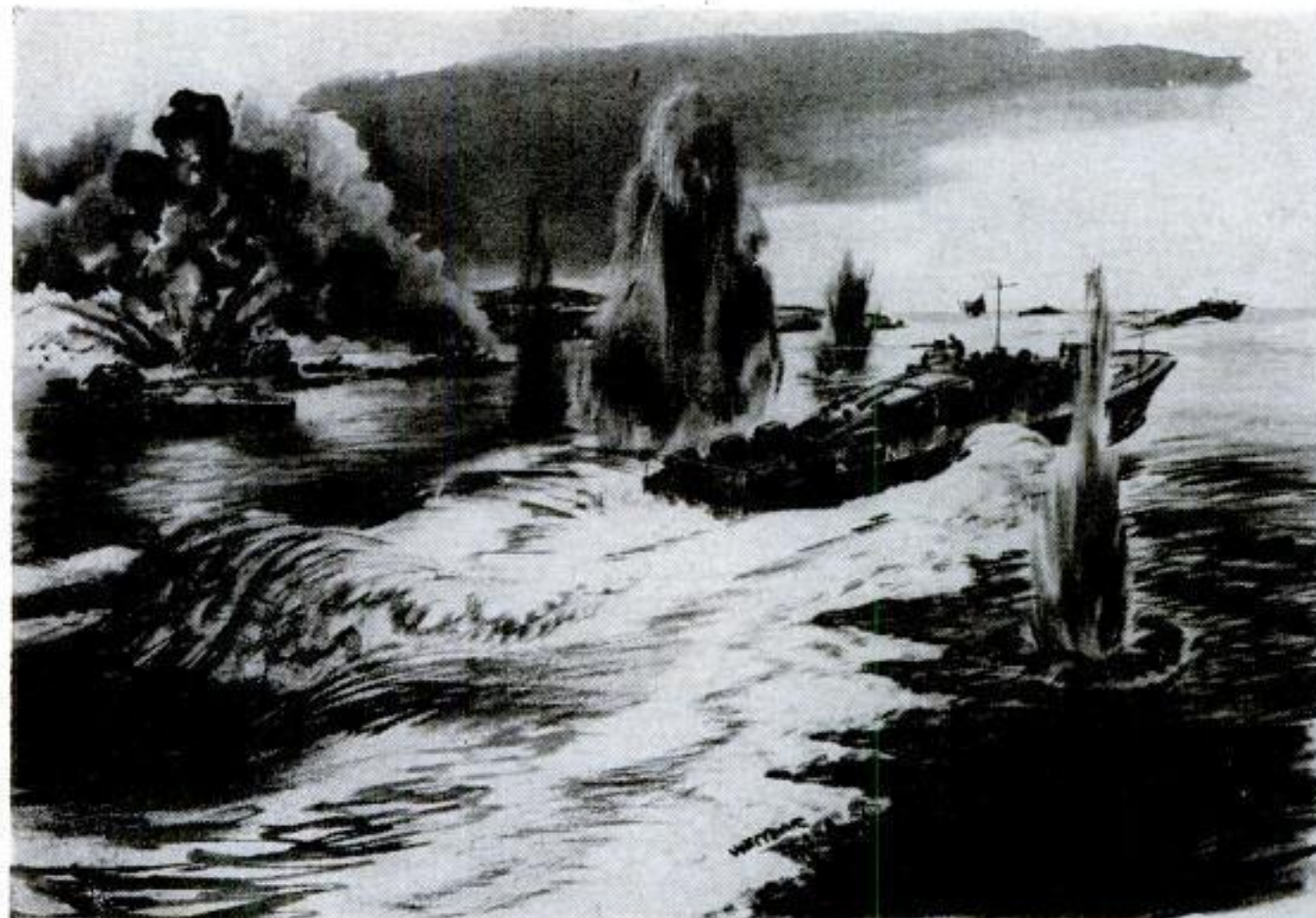
Those men who wear the claret-colored ribbon on their uniform belong to the small fraternity of the brave. Despite their rank they are entitled to a salute from all officers of the British Army and, if below commissioned rank, an annuity of £10 a year from the Crown. A good proportion of those who win the award never wear it, for many are awarded posthumously. But all to whom it is given have accomplished deeds of valor that most men would hesitate to attempt. Drawings on this and following pages chronicle the achievements of a few who by their courage, have been honored with the highest of all decorations in World War II.



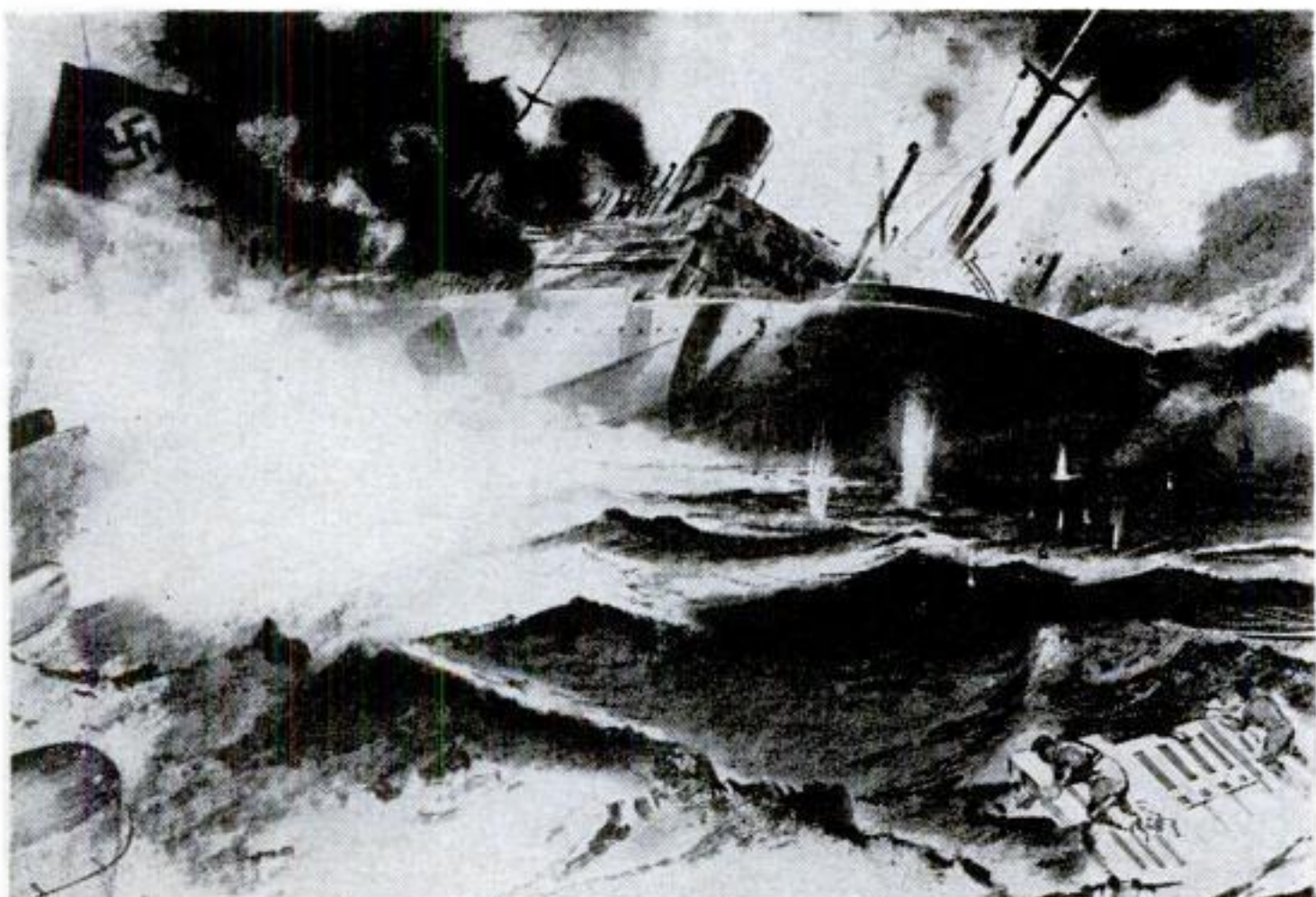
In desperate fighting near Cheren, during the Ethiopian Campaign, Subadar Richpal Ram of the 6th Rajputana Rifles took charge of his company when its commander was wounded and captured a position under heavy fire. He and his men were isolated from their forces but beat off six severe counter-attacks before retiring to safety. A few nights later he led another attack on the same position and, with his right foot blown off, died as it succeeded.



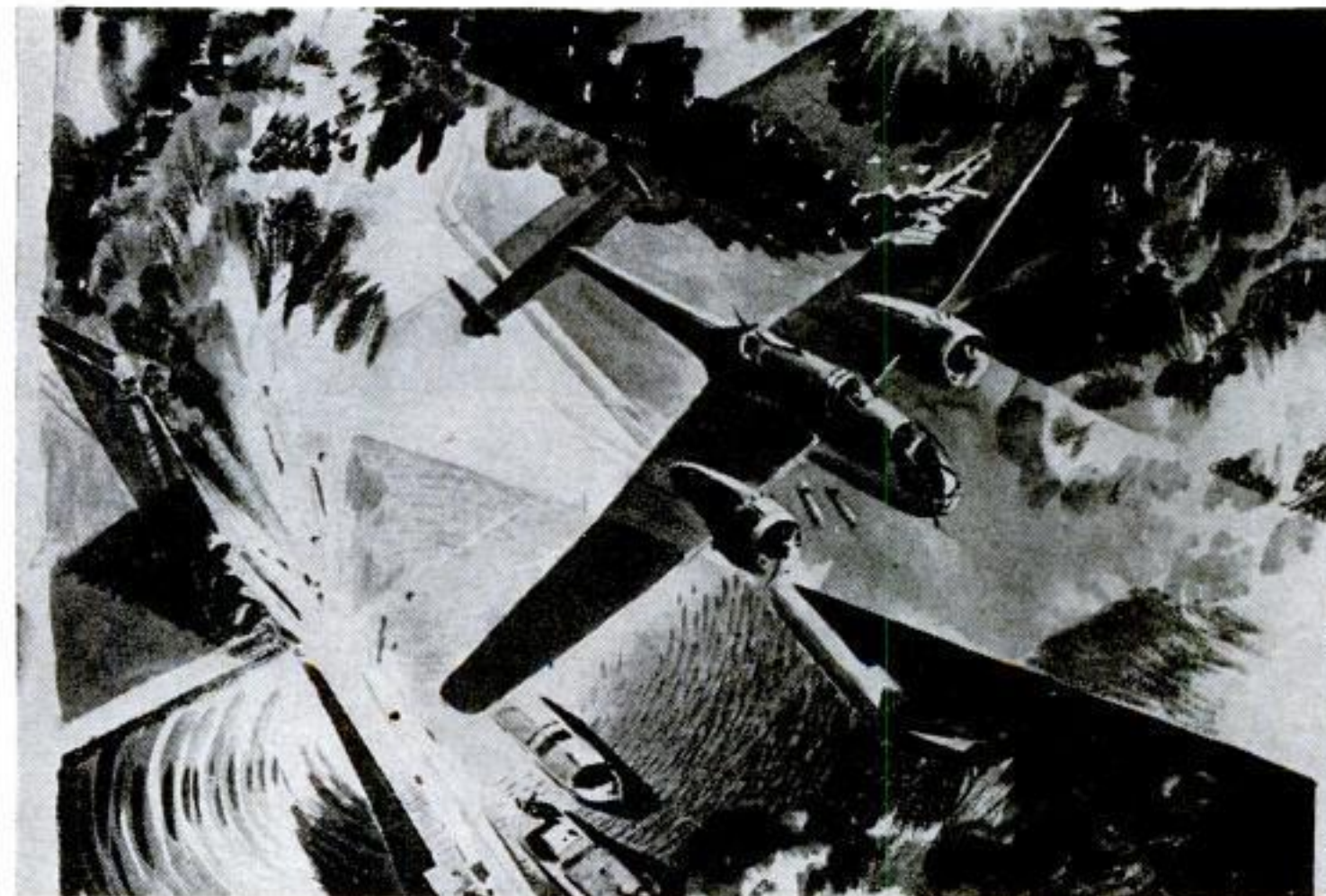
When a German fighter's cannon shells set fire to the wing of the Wellington bomber of which Sergeant J. A. Ward, Royal New Zealand Air Force, was the co-pilot, he climbed out of the navigator's hatch, kicked and clawed hand- and footholds in the wing fabric and, bracing himself against the terrible force of the slip stream, smothered the flames with an engine cover. Then he clambered back into the hatch and helped land the plane safely.



At St. Nazaire, during the raid on the German U-boat base, Able Seaman William Savage, as gunlayer of the pom-pom in a motor gunboat, kept up a steady and devastating fire on gun positions ashore. Standing fully exposed on the forward deck of his boat, he continued to engage machine guns and the deck guns of enemy ships as the British force left the harbor. While running the gauntlet of the last ships, Able Seaman Savage was killed at his gun.



H. M. S. "Jervis Bay," a lightly armed merchant cruiser, sighted a German pocket battleship while in company with a convoy it was escorting in the Atlantic. Against hopeless odds, knowing his ship was outranged and out-gunned, Commander E. S. Fogarty Fegen, R. N., made directly for the battleship, giving the convoy time to scatter. After an hour of heavy salvos, the *Jervis Bay* finally sank but in the action saved 33 merchant ships.



Attacking a special objective in the Dortmund-Ems Canal, Flight Lieutenant R. A. B. Learoyd, R. A. F., brought his Hampden bomber through a long lane of anti-aircraft fire, against intense point-blank fire from other guns of ace calibers and, though blinded by the glare of searchlights, dropped his bombs from a height of 150 ft. Then, with his plane shot to pieces and his landing gear useless, Learoyd returned to circle his field until dawn before landing safely.

**A fighting man can't
baby his billfold!**

A STITCHLESS BUXTON
is guaranteed to last as
long as the leather itself
—or a new one FREE!



Buxton "3-Way"
Stitchless model in Pin
Morocco (above), \$7.50.
In Levant Goat (right),
\$3.50.

Three billfolds for price of one!



1. A REGULAR 'POCKET FILE'

3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones. Plenty of room for a man who "lives" in his billfold.



2. A SECOND FOLD!

Lift it out. It's a complete, stream-lined billfold to tuck away in an inside pocket . . . or leave in hotel safe.



3. A SECRET POCKET!

A third billfold! Simply reverse inner fold. It becomes a hidden pocket—a swell hideout for large bills or personal papers, snapshots, etc.

Buxton "3-Way"

Victoria Cross (continued)



In an action at Miteiriya Ridge in Libya, Pvt. P. E. Gratwick, Australian Military Forces, charged an enemy post alone after his commander and most of his platoon had been killed by close-range fire. He wiped this one out with grenades, then turned to charge another post from which the heaviest fire was coming. After inflicting casualties, he was himself killed, but had turned the tide of battle.



In the face of tremendous concentrated fire at Dieppe, Lieut. Col. Charles C. I. Merritt, South Saskatchewan Regiment, leading four landing parties across a bridge, waved his helmet, shouting, "Come on over! There's nothing to worry about here." He then headed them against pillboxes and fortified positions and, though twice wounded, organized and protected the withdrawal of men from the beach.



At the defense of Dunkirk, Captain H. M. Ervine-Andrews was in charge of a line along the Canal de Bergues. For ten hours he held an almost untenable position, during which he personally killed 17 of the enemy with his rifle and many more with a Bren gun. In the face of enemy reinforcements, he swam for a mile towards his own lines, guiding eight survivors of his force to a new defensive position.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



1. See down there? That's the Smith house. Mr. and Mrs. are sleeping like baby doves. At night they don't give a hoot about taxes, rationing 'n' such...But over here are—



2. The Joneses. Gosh, Jones is in the kitchen again on a scavenger hunt. Can't sleep, poor guy, and it's making him a wreck...Hey, Jones, training to be an owl?



3. "Who me? Oh, if only I could get a good night's sleep! I've got so much on my mind these days that I'm as jittery as a witch with a Hallowe'en hangover."



4. Well, we happen to know why you can't sleep and why there are scenes in your bedroom every night. You're one of those people who are upset by the caffein in coffee.

Even in small amounts caffein can get hold of your nerves and raise hob with 'em. It can jangle 'em, mangle 'em, and rob you of precious sleep. Can and does!



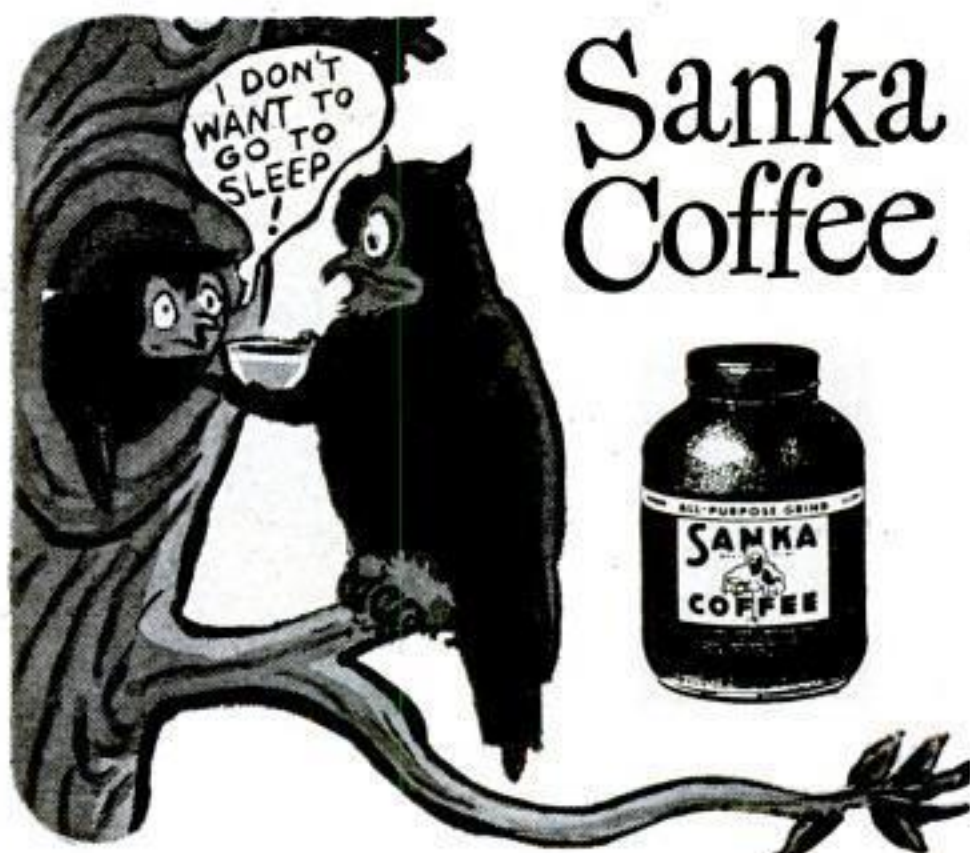
5. Ah, but there's a coffee made just for coffee-lovers like you. It's called Sanka Coffee. Sanka's delicious and—97% caffein-free! It can't affect your nerves.



6. Tomorrow sit down to a cup of Sanka Coffee, enjoy its swell flavor, and catch up on a little sleep. Sanka is all coffee...real coffee...only the caffein is removed.



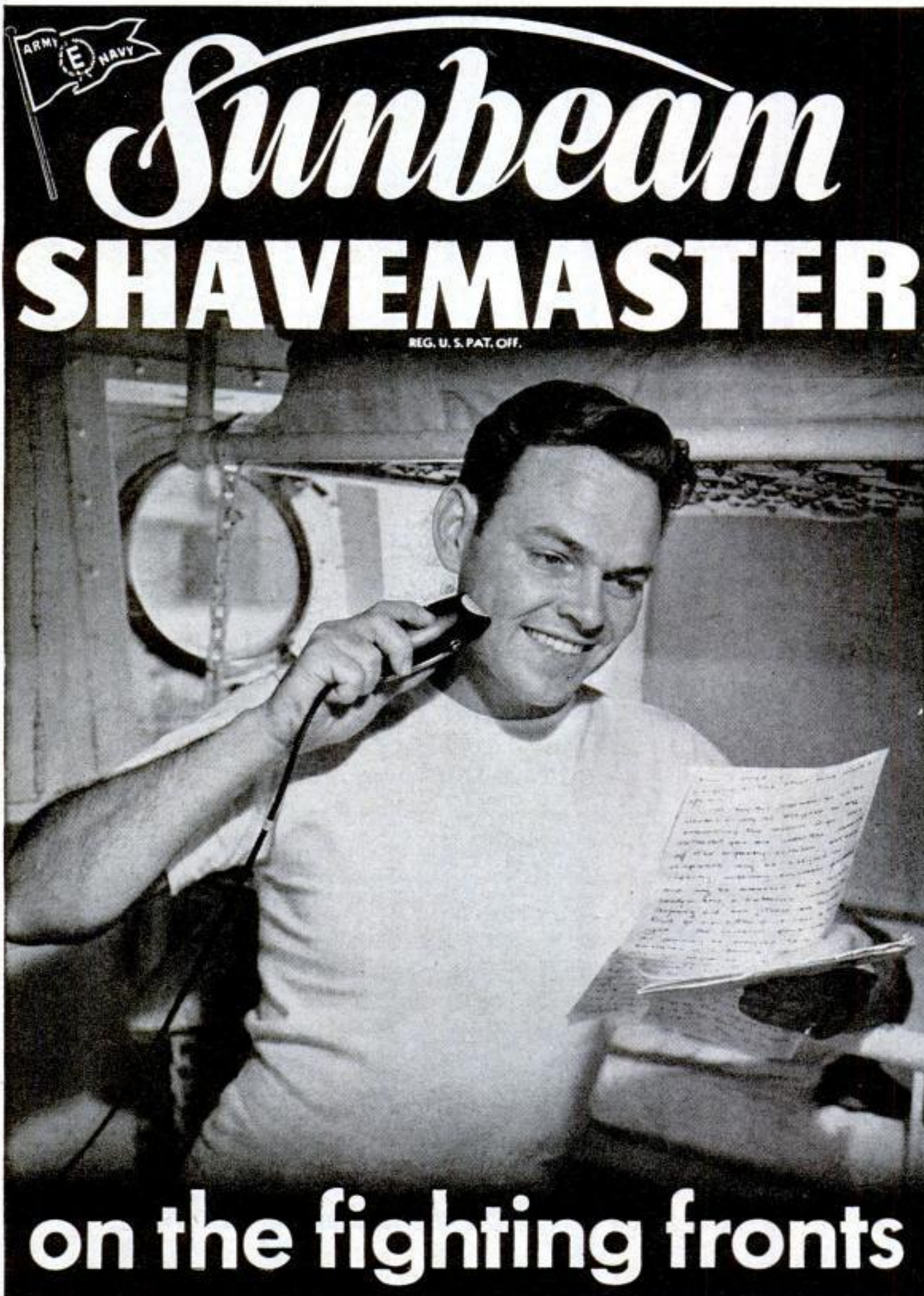
7. Ask your wife to get Sanka Coffee. Sanka's new "all-purpose" grind is vacuum-packed! It's easy on the palate—easy on the nerves. You'll love it from the first sip!



**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY.
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

SWELL WAY TO MAKE ICED SANKA! Make Sanka full strength, freeze in ice-cube tray. Fill glass with cubes and pour on warm milk. It's a treat!

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



on the fighting fronts

(Excerpt from one of the many unsolicited letters from Navy men)

"I would like to say a few words about your Shavemaster. It can't be beat. No water, no brush—and when the ship is rolling and tossing you can hold on with one hand and shave with the other.

"In my mess on the **CENSORED** there were 16 men and 2 Shavemasters. On seeing the performance of a Shavemaster, the number of Shavemasters jumped from 2 to 12, and the other four are using razors only until they are able to purchase a Shavemaster."

Note: We at Sunbeam don't know whether or not the "other four" Navy men mentioned in the above letter managed to secure Shavemasters. If not, they, like countless civilians who also want Shavemasters, will be able to get them after Victory, when Sunbeam is again turning out its peacetime products.

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS:—Keep your SHAVEMASTER fast and keen as the day it left the Factory

Men prefer Shavemaster because its patented construction makes possible a quick, efficient method of self-sharpening. Ask your dealer about the exclusive Sunbeam Compound that sharpens in a jiffy. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once. Also, if you need a new Comb and Cut-

ter set (New Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send \$1.00. Although no Shavemasters are being made for the duration, we are permitted to make most repair parts.

If you haven't a Shavemaster, buy a War Bond now for your Shavemaster later.



1 Put ½ inch of Compound on comb and run motor for a minute, rubbing in compound.



2 Rub comb and cutter in hot soapy water on the palm of your hand and rinse under faucet.



3 Dry and replace on Shavemaster, ready for use. Done in a jiffy—once every 2 or 3 months.



4 Then a fast, smooth, close shave—keen as a new shaver every time. New! Exclusive! Proved!

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago 50, Ill. • Canada: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

Victoria Cross (continued)



An attack on Rommel's headquarters was led by Major Geoffrey C. T. Keyes, M. C., Royal Scots Greys. Knowing it meant certain death, he led his men without guides at night through unknown country to the building. With but two other men, he crept past the guards and beat boldly on the headquarters' door. He was forced to shoot a sentry and aroused the guard. He was killed in the resulting fight.



Taking command at Alem Hamza, after his officer was disabled, Sergeant Quentin G. M. Smythe, South African Forces, destroyed a machine-gun nest, attacked an antitank-gun position singlehanded, consolidated his position, then—after defeating an attempt at encirclement—successfully withdrew his forces. During the whole action he was bleeding severely from a shrapnel wound in his forehead.



Advancing alone at Milne Bay, Corporal John A. French, Australian Military Forces, wiped out a Jap machine-gun post with grenades. He returned for more grenades and destroyed a second post. Then, armed with a submachine gun, he advanced against a third post which ceased to fire. On advancing, his section found the enemy gunners dead. French's body was found in front of the third gun pit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

GOT A HOLY TERROR AT YOUR HOUSE?

(CONFIDENTIALLY... MOST OF US HAVE)

DOOR SLAMMERS

MUD TRACKERS

PANTS RIPPERS

LUNG BUSTERS

NOW... OF ALL TIMES
Restless Young American Feet Need
Shoes that Wear and WEAR*

NEVER was it more important for mothers to know how to judge real values in children's shoes. Two pairs that look alike can be vastly different! It is the hidden values that give children's shoes lasting fit and longer "mileage"—hidden values such as better fitting lasts... expert workmanship... plus extra reinforcements in the hidden parts as well as in parts you can see.

No one can see the hidden values in any shoe. But you are sure of getting them when you buy children's shoes with the name WEATHER-BIRD or PETERS DIAMOND BRAND stamped in the shoe. Either name guarantees that the hidden values are there in every pair. Peters, Branch of International Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.

*What the Weather-Bird Standard Means to You Under Wartime Restrictions

1. LONGER WEAR — quality materials and workmanship... extra reinforcements in hidden parts. 2. LASTING FIT — Weather-Birds hold their shape. 3. FOOT-FORMED LASTS — help growing feet develop normally. 4. COMFORTABLE FLEXIBILITY. 5. AUTHENTIC STYLES — prices for every purse.



TOWEL DROPPERS

CRUMB SPREADERS

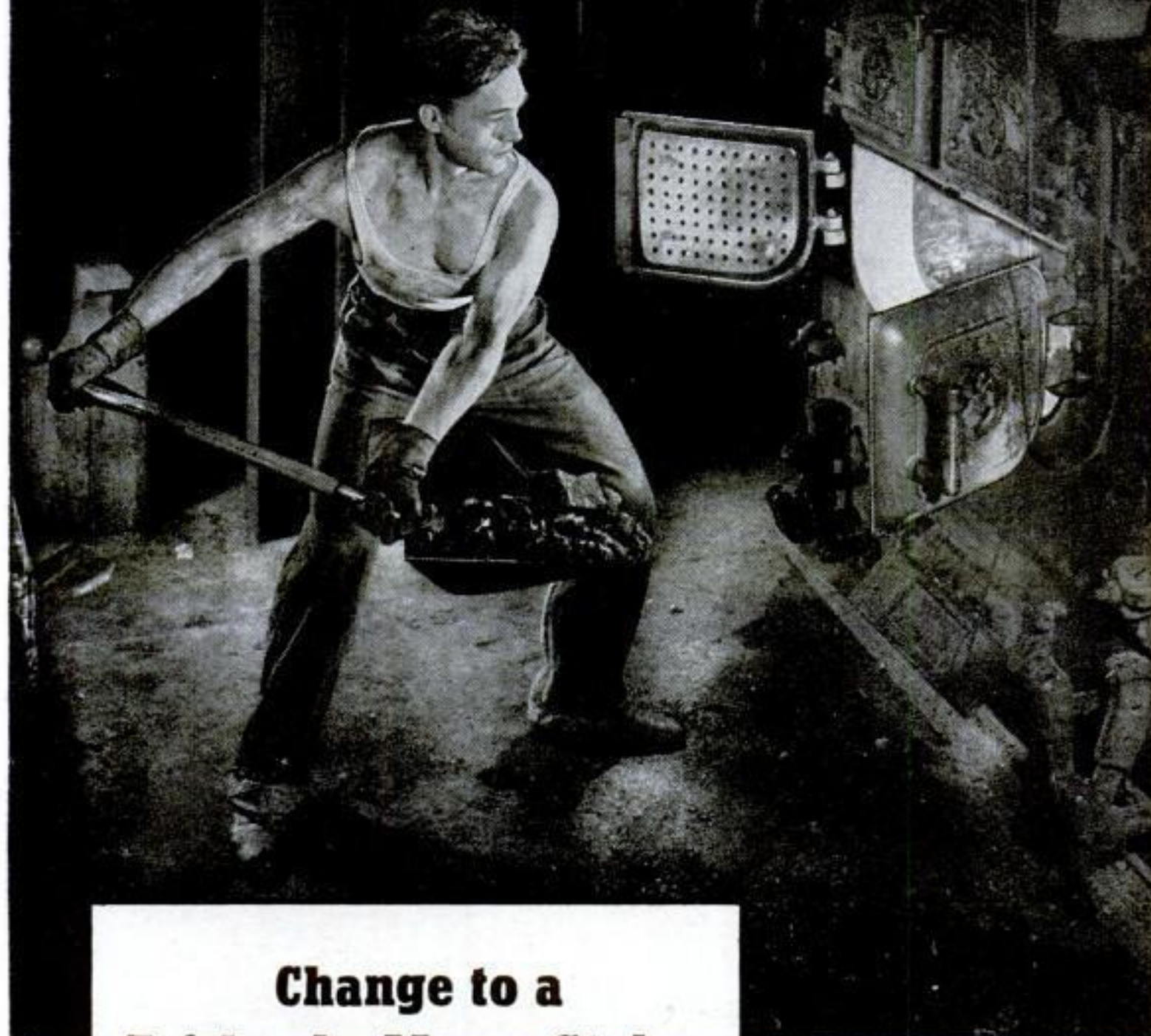
WEATHER-BIRD
and Peters Diamond Brand
SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Help Uncle Sam!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

MEN ARE TOO VALUABLE for This Job!

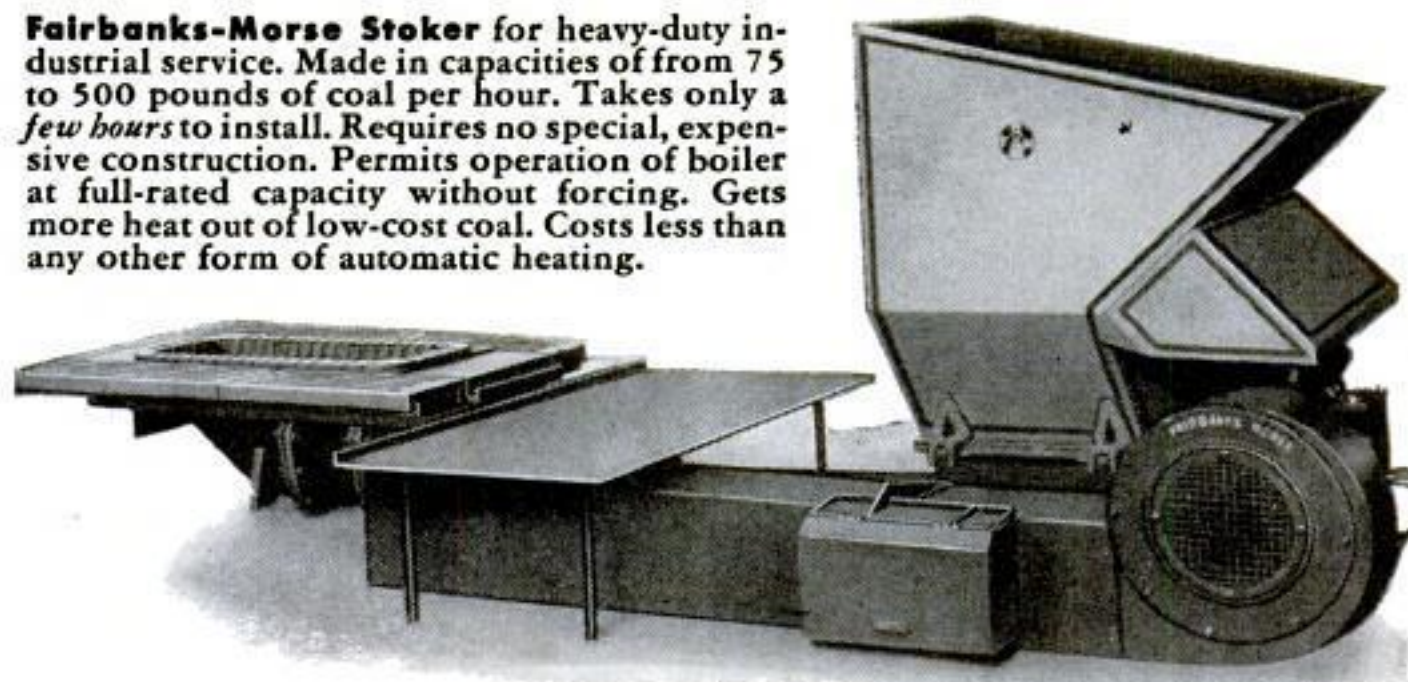


Change to a Fairbanks-Morse Stoker

- Release manpower for productive jobs.
- Avoid the use of rationed fuel.
- Use coal economically.
- Make big savings on fuel bills.
- See your nearest Fairbanks-Morse Stoker Dealer.

Or Write **FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.**
600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Fairbanks-Morse Stoker for heavy-duty industrial service. Made in capacities of from 75 to 500 pounds of coal per hour. Takes only a few hours to install. Requires no special, expensive construction. Permits operation of boiler at full-rated capacity without forcing. Gets more heat out of low-cost coal. Costs less than any other form of automatic heating.



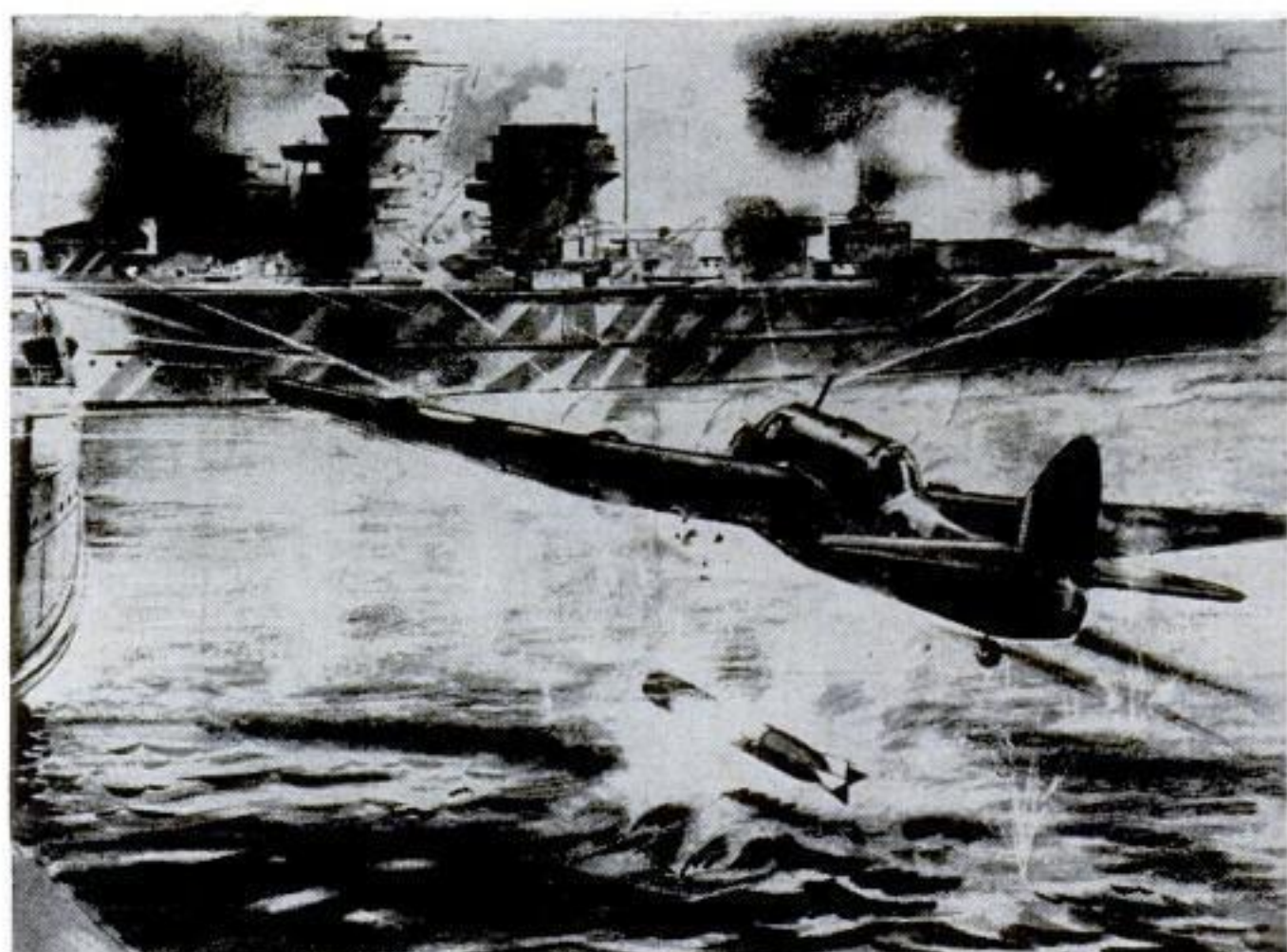
FAIRBANKS MORSE

Automatic Coal Burners

Victoria Cross (continued)



Escorting a convoy to Russia, Captain R. St. V. Sherbrooke, D.S.O., discovered an immensely superior enemy force off the North Cape. Four times it withdrew under the cover of smoke to avoid the torpedo attacks which Sherbrooke pressed home despite the fact that he was blinded in one eye. He did not relinquish command or accept medical attention until he was sure the convoy was out of danger.



In Brest Harbor, Flying Officer K. Campbell, R.A.F.V.R., attacked and damaged the German battleship *Scharnhorst*. Flying at almost sea level, he passed three anti-aircraft ships and headed his plane into direct fire from the ship itself and batteries on the hill beyond, knowing that even if he was not hit he could not hope to lift the plane above the hill. Campbell and his crew did not return from the raid.



Behind Japanese lines in Malaya, Lieutenant Colonel C. G. W. Anderson, Australian Military Forces, fought heroically for four days with his men. He was attacked by planes, tanks and infantry and his small force suffered severe casualties. He destroyed ten tanks, enemy guns and installations before blowing up his equipment and disbanding his men so they might slip back through the enemy lines.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Tobacco Expert." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Joe Jones



... YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw



YOUR battles, too!

Service men wear these decorations of honor and campaign ribbons proudly. Each colored ribbon tells its own story of sacrifices . . . of brave deeds . . . of battles fought.

But don't forget, the battles they stand for were your battles, too. Perhaps you helped win them.

Perhaps that pint of blood you donated to the Red Cross saved a boy's life at dawn in a New Guinea swamp. That rubber you saved may have fought at Jebel Tahent or Mateur. That gasoline *you* didn't use may be helping our armies drive on to Berlin.

There'll be many more battles for us civilians to take part in. It's more important than ever to buy that extra bond . . . a few more war stamps. Conserve all the food, and rubber, and gasoline we can.

We men and women of The Texas Company are helping to win battles, too, by producing millions of gallons of 100-octane gasoline . . . toluene for explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for our fighting forces.

The proven valor of our fighting men deserves the best that we at home can give.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS





BLACK WIDOW SPIDER AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, QUARTERMASTER DEPOT KILLS FLY WITH VENOMOUS BITE. AT LEFT IS CAST-OFF MOLT. INSECTS ARE SIX TIMES MAGNIFIED



Black widow's webbing is evenly spun and is the right color for use as cross hairs of instruments. Thread can be seen emerging from spinnerets at tip of tail. Spider deftly handles thread with legs.

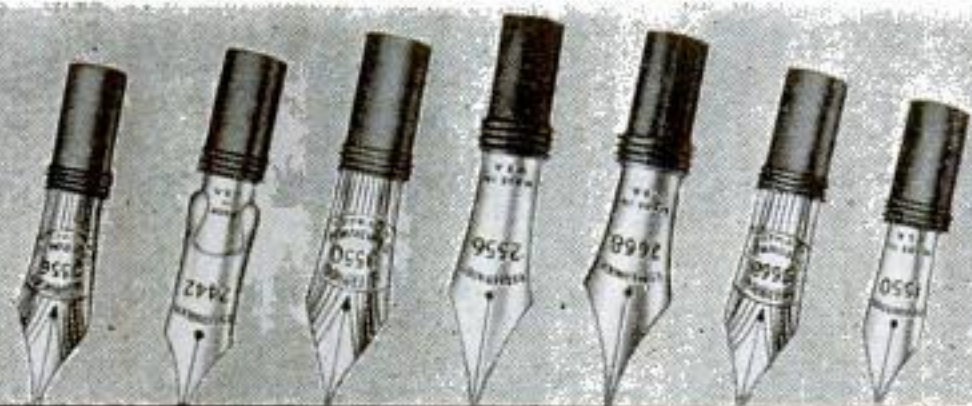
BLACK WIDOW

Spiders spin thread for gunsight cross hairs

The fine, strong, elastic thread which she extrudes from her spinnerets makes the spider a formidable member in the society of insects. About one-fifth the diameter of a human hair, the spider's silk weaves into delicate and often nearly invisible snares. Tougher than steel or platinum wire of the same diameter, it can outlast the writhings of victims many times the spider's size. These same qualities make spider webbing the ideal material for the cross hairs that frame the objectives of telescopes, microscopes, surveyor's transits, bombsights, range finders and other precision instruments. Once pulled taut, its elasticity and strength keep it strung in a precise and finely drawn approximation of Euclid's imaginary, single-dimensioned, perfect straight line.

In the past, for the normal requirements of precision optics, webbing has been extracted from the various garden species of spider. To meet the quantity demands of war production, however, the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps has had to take on the big and venomous black widow.

The Quartermaster Corps rounds up its black widows at Fort Knox, Ky. where they are a notorious nuisance to soldiers engaged in field exercises, and dispatches them to its depot at Columbus, Ohio. There the spiders are stabled in glass coffee jars, fed two live flies per week and put on a strict routine of production. Every two days, each spider is lured out of her lair for de-webbing. The thread, spun by the spider as she hangs in the air or crawls on the floor, is wound on a spindle bent from a wire coat hanger. Production varies between 100 and 180 feet of usable thread per spider per week. None of the handlers has yet been bitten and the black widow has proved more manageable than smaller and flightier spiders. Under this regimen, the black widow's life is shortened to four months, in which time she yields more footage than she would in her normal life span of a full year.



THE RIGHT POINT
for the way you write
is worth waiting for



RENEW-POINTS RATIONED. In order that your stationer may receive his fair share of our limited production, new Esterbrook Fountain Pens, and Renew-Points for replacements are being rationed. You may find your favorite point style out of stock today, but it may be waiting for you tomorrow. Be patient—and persistent.

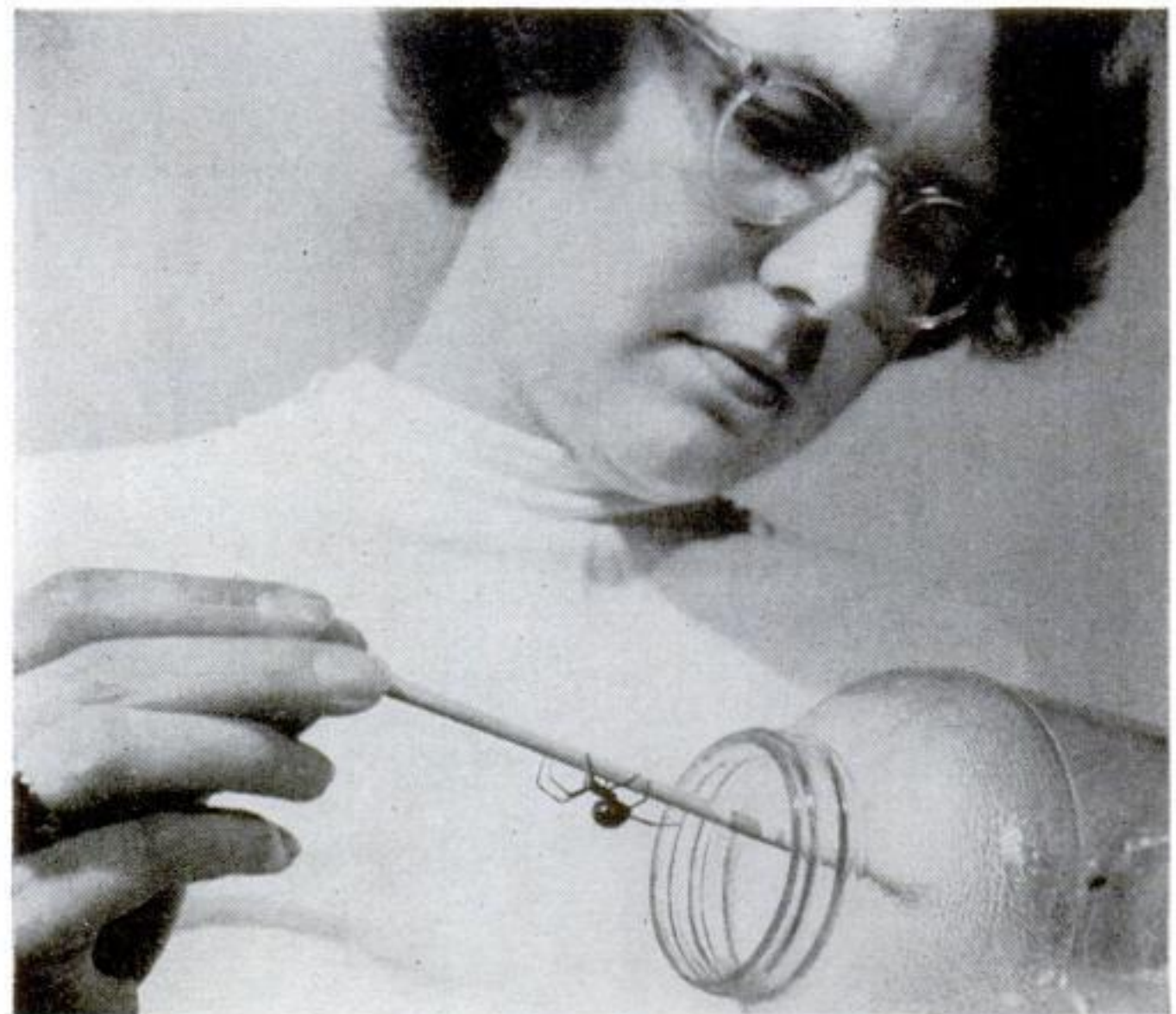
YOUR PEN IS PRECIOUS—TAKE CARE OF IT. New Esterbrook Fountain Pens are being made today under War Production Board restrictions. But there won't be enough of them to go around. So, give your pen the care that will make it last... a new Esterbrook may be hard to get.

Ask your stationer for our free folder
 "How to Make Your Fountain Pen Last Longer"

Esterbrook

WAR
THE BUSINESS PEN

Black Widow (continued)



Spider is lured out of her coffee-jar lair by Miss Armada Ruffner, who directs U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps' spider web production shop at Columbus, Ohio depot.



Black widow's spinnerets can be seen as white dots near tip of tail. Eating of mate is not peculiar to black widow. Most spiders are cannibalistic, often devour young.



Web is wound on coat-hanger frame as spider dangles in air. To prevent injury through fall, Miss Ruffner tries to persuade spiders to spin as they crawl on floor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

Put your Smile on a Seven-Day Week!

Wartime is no time for grumps and jitters. Women, especially, have to keep things going at home with a cheerful high hand—no matter what!

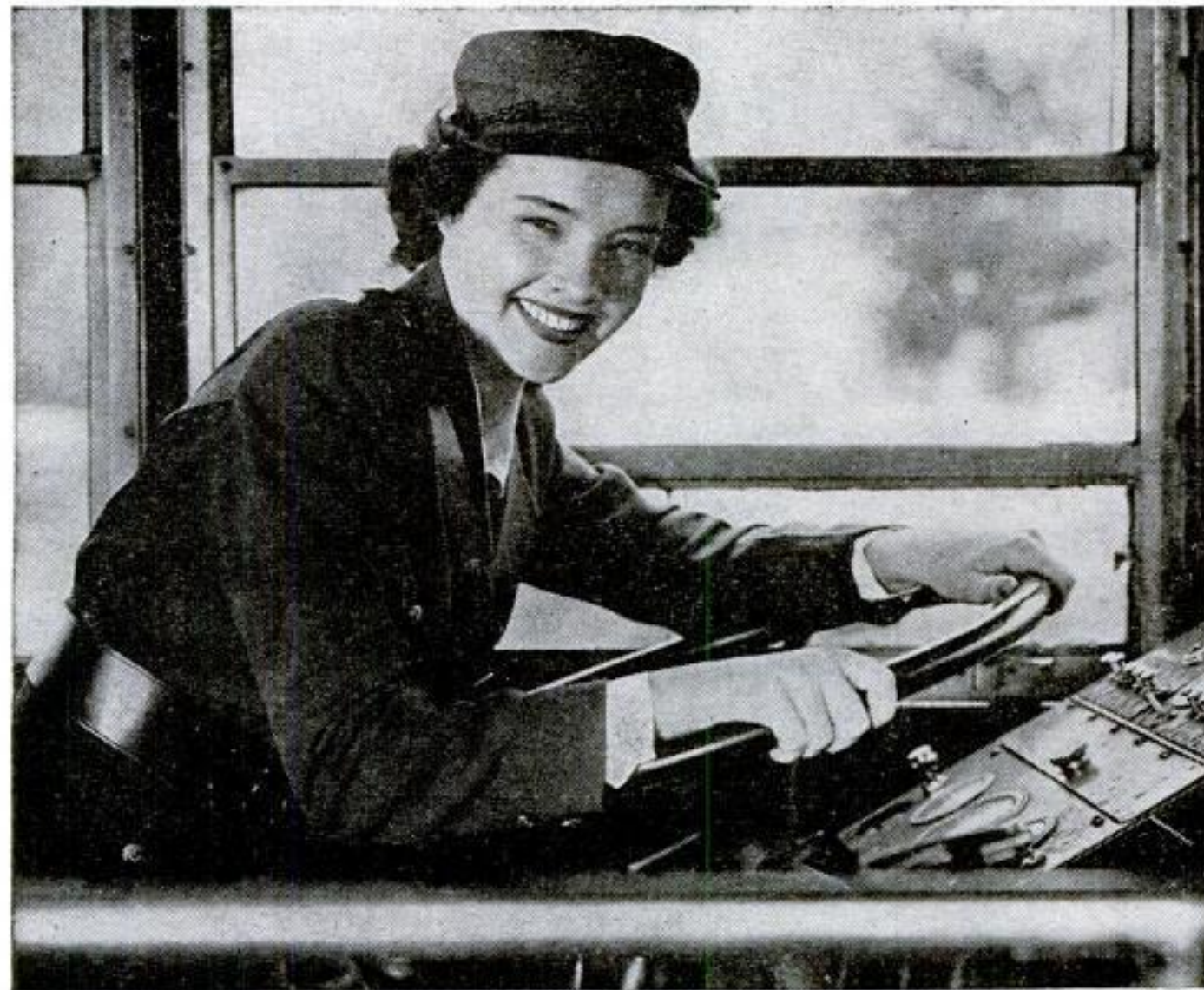
So use every little trick you know. Keep busy. Keep beautiful. And above all, keep *comfortable* and serene—whatever the time of the month.

That's easy—as busy wartimers by the millions are finding out. They're switching to Modess, the sanitary napkin that's first for wonderful softness and hours of safety. Read what some of them say about it.



"I'm fighting the food shortage! Gardening, canning, storing food—it all keeps me on my feet lots more, but what of it? Someone put me wise to Modess' extra *softness*, and I switched. What blessed comfort! Now I breeze through the toughest days with a smile!"

¶ **MODESS** costs no more than other napkins, but it's made with a special softspun filler that's fleecy as down. Entirely different from layer-type pads. 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test!



"I'm taking over a man's job—working hard to help keep America going while our men fight. No time to baby myself on *this* job. But I did want more monthly protection, and thank heaven I switched to Modess! It's *safer*. Gives me extra 'accident insurance' I need!"

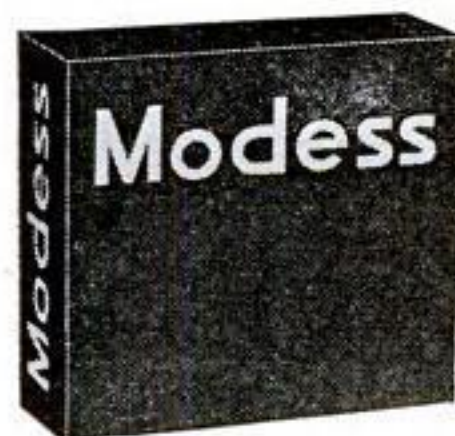
¶ **MODESS** has a triple full-length safety shield at the *back*. This guards the *entire* napkin. It is your assurance of greater protection.



"I'm doing K. P. at the canteen! And now, more than ever, I'm depending on Modess to keep me sunshiny. I've always liked it for the super way it fits. Modess shapes itself so smoothly to body lines. Seems as if it's really made for *me*."

¶ Because **MODESS** is softer, it's bound to fit as though specially made for you. Its softspun filler *conforms* to your body. And where some pads have hard tab ends, **MODESS** has softest gauze. No telltale outlines.

Hustle with a Smile! Switch to



Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. Available in boxes of 12, or bargain box of 56 pads.

Let's Start the School Year Right!

Back to books with a crisp new Prince Gardner — and a firm resolve to invest part of every week's allowance in War Bonds and Stamps! The privilege of helping our country makes paying out from these impressive billfolds a pleasure! *In Hand-Boarded India Goatskin* — Black, Brown, Gabna Mission Brown

PRINCE GARDNER

Billfolds



REGISTRAR (above) — Windowed Pass Case for credentials and snapshots is easily removable, leaving a water-slim billfold for dress . . . \$5.00

BANKER (above) — Many-purpose billfold! Double bill compartment, window, secret pocket . . . \$3.50

THIN MAN (right) — Not an exposed stitch to rip or mar its smooth surface! Watch-slim! . . . \$3.00

At leading stores everywhere. Because of the scarcity of fine leathers, your dealer may be temporarily out of the model you want. If so, try again later! **PRINCE GARDNER**, 2025 S. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Made in Canada at 468 King St., West, Toronto.

Always the Perfect Gift!

CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

This 100% All-Wool Sweater

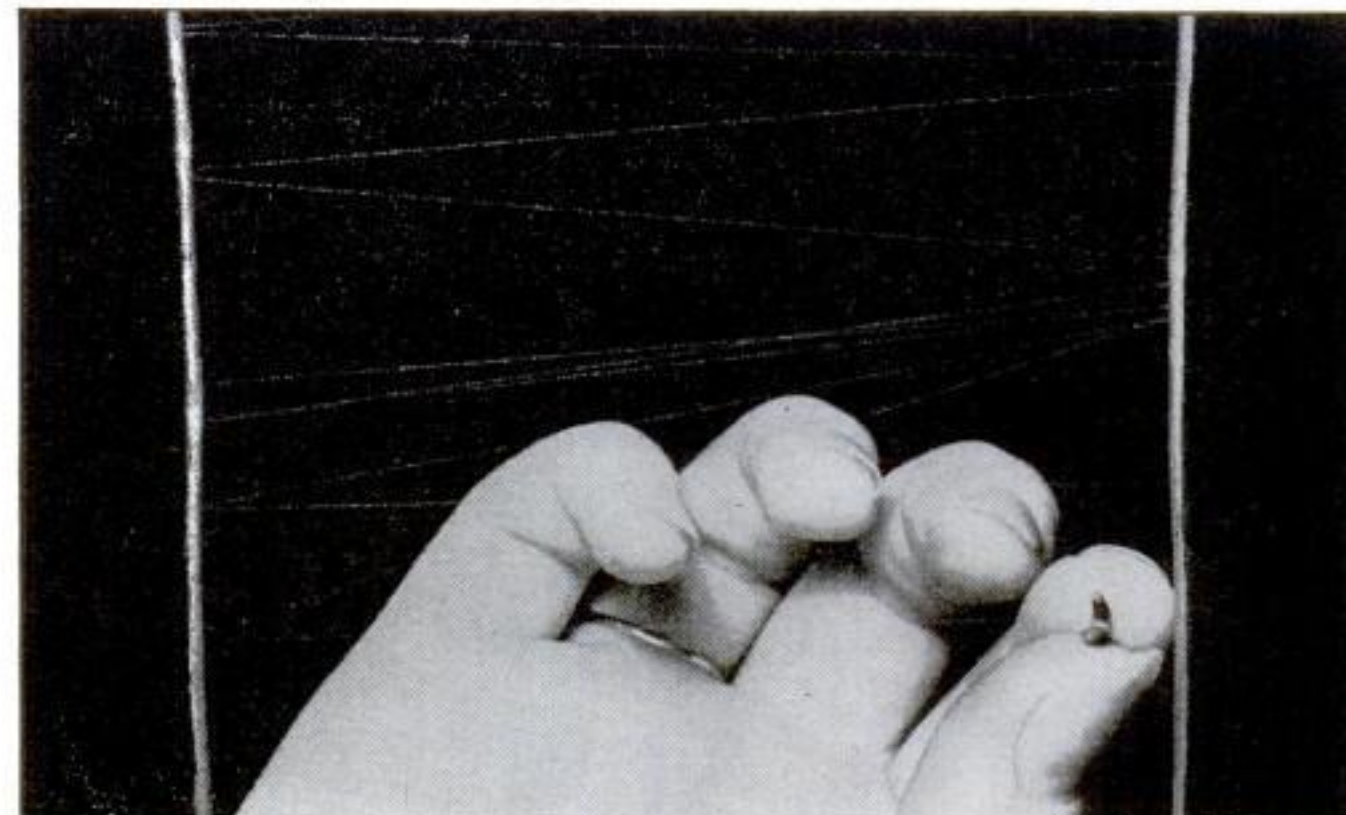
smart for NOW
warm for winter, too!

A sweater to be "lived in" all day long . . . an inseparable companion for you who like to combine smartness with such solid virtues as warmth and wearability! Popular boxy pullover with long sleeves and round neck. Soft 100% wool in pink, light blue, bright red, light green, brown, yellow. Sizes 34 to 40. A marvelous value at . . . \$5.95

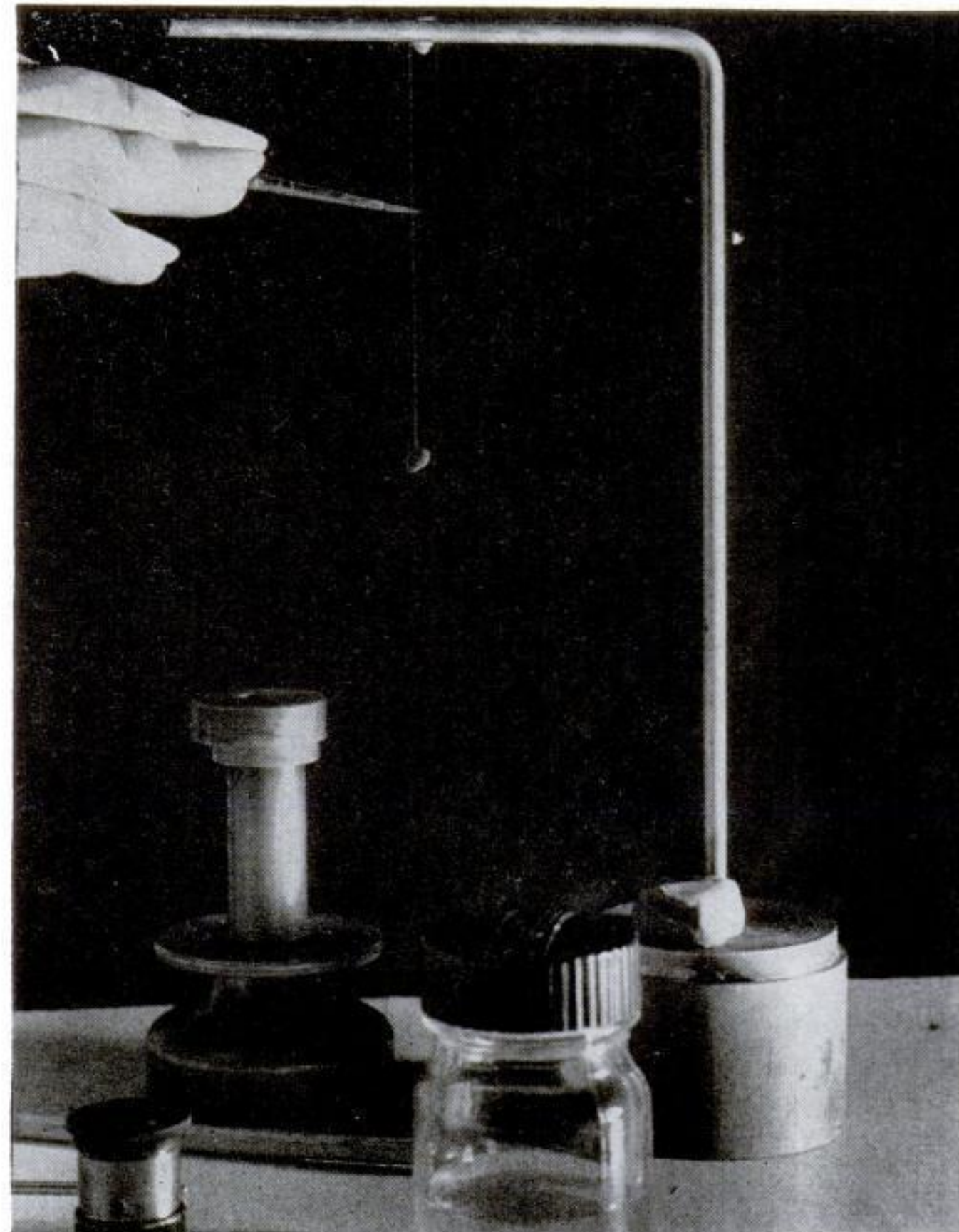
America's Loveliest Sweaters
GEMS
by *Regina*
OF CHICAGO

At better stores from coast to coast. If you cannot find it at your favorite store, write
REGINA KNIT SPORTSWEAR CO.
310 W. Adams St., Chicago

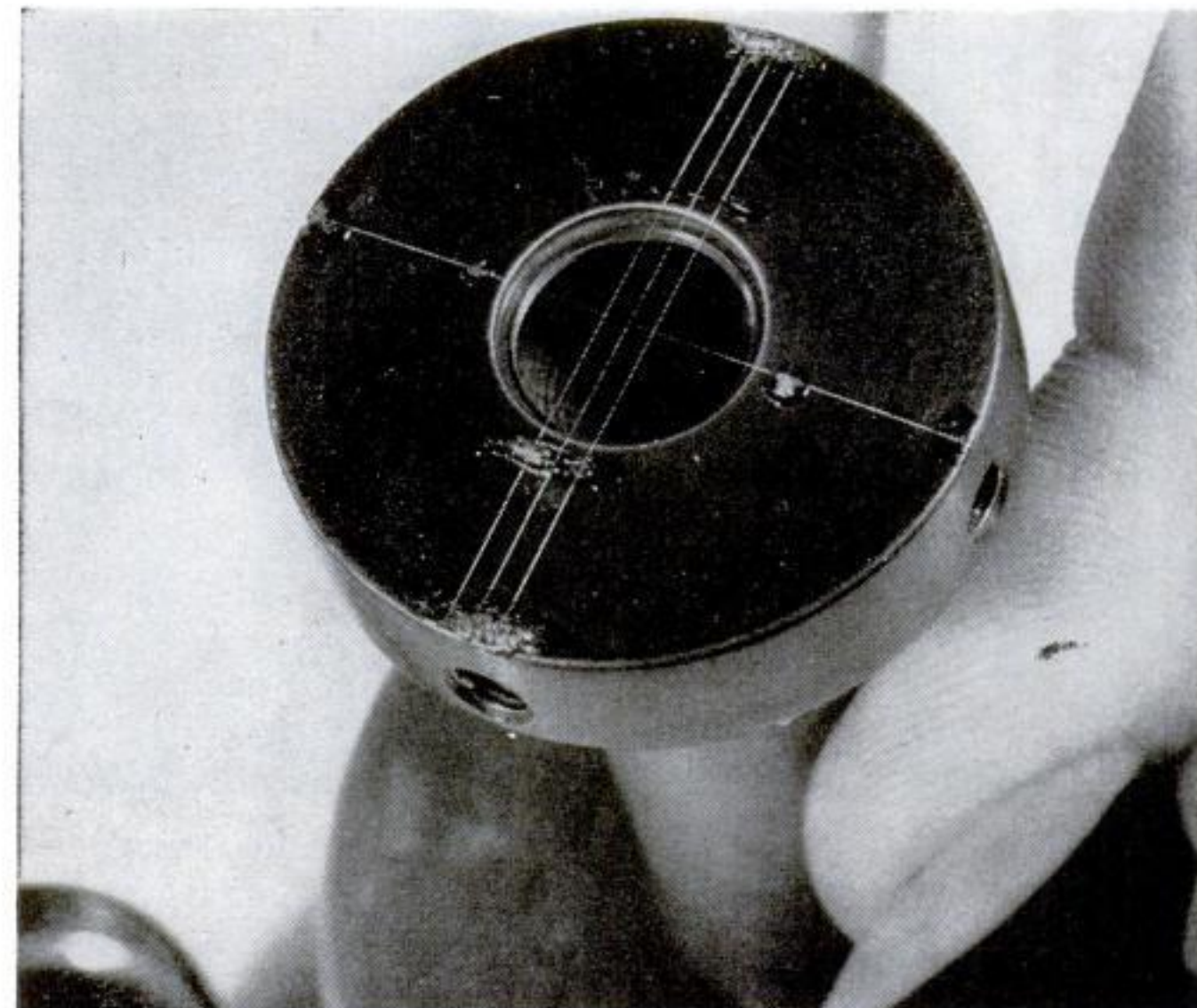
Black Widow (continued)



Web is unwound from wire spindle, with free end pinched in small lump of plasticine. Spider's thread is a fluid inside body, which hardens as it is extruded into air.



Thread is cleaned of dust particles with fine brush dipped in acetone. The spider's production of thread is mechanically similar to extrusion of nylon and rayon fibers.



Cross hairs are here shown mounted on diaphragm which is ready for fitting in a surveyor's transit. Alignment of hairs in parallel and at right angles is precision job.

Freedom Fashions

CHOSEN BY DOROTHY LAMOUR, FAVORITE
"PIN-UP" GIRL, NOW APPEARING IN THE
NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "DIXIE"
IN TECHNICOLOR



Bragg...This smart beau-catcher beret is a "must" in any wardrobe. Worn tipped forward over one eye, it is especially designed for town wear.

Pravda's...high, wide and handsome grosgrain-bound Stetson suburban casual, with free-handed lines and softly sculptured crown, American as the Golden Gate. In luxury felt.



Monmouth...Stetson pencil-roll brim, padre-shaped, with Yankee-Doodle-Dandy feathers stuck through the crown. Perfect with your new Fall suit for luncheon in town.

BY
STETSON

Hats illustrated, 8.95 to 10.95

Other Stetsons from 5.95 to 22.50...light colors additional.

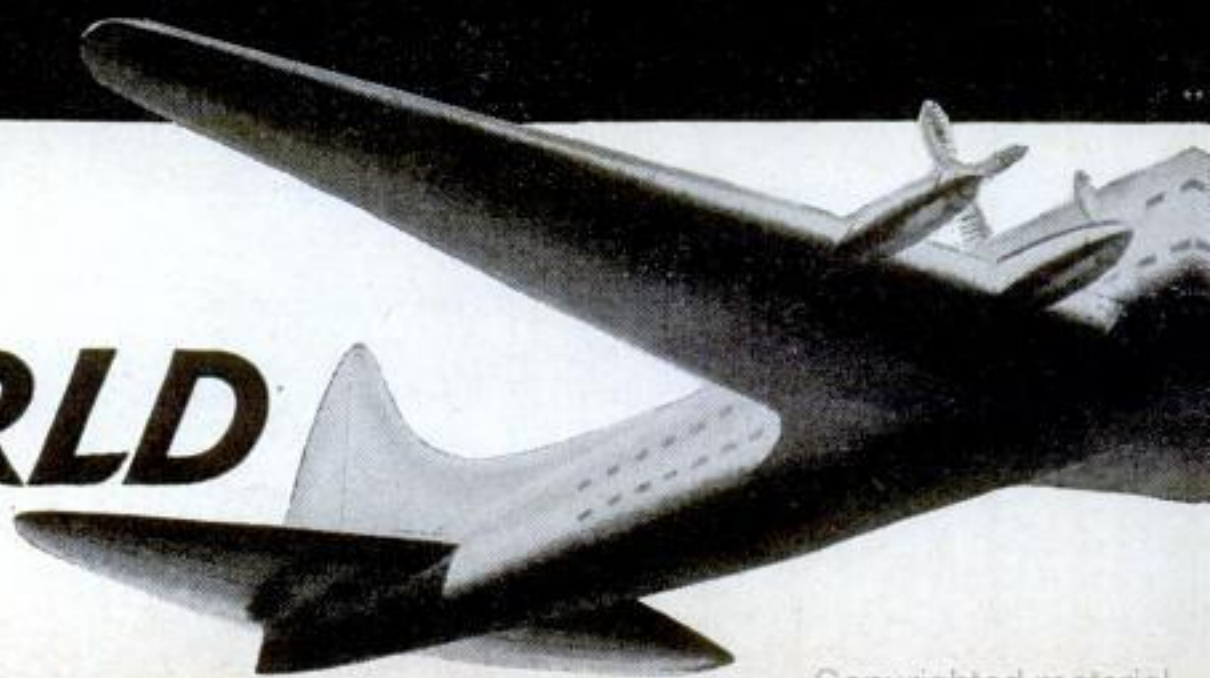


AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE...WRITE STETSON HATS, INC., 475 FIFTH AVE., (17) N. Y....ALSO MADE IN CANADA



"The fundamental principle of all nations will be that of co-operation"

Wings over the WORLD



Copyrighted material

What kind of post-war world are we fighting to create? Pan American's "Forum of the Future" has previously presented answers to this question by such leaders of world thought as John Dewey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Jan Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and Ezequiel Padilla, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Mexico. Here we present a view of the future from a distinguished statesman of another of our Latin American "Good Neighbors"—BRAZIL.

"Respect for human personality... Co-operation between nations... these are the fundamentals of a lasting peace"

—says OSWALDO ARANHA
Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Brazil

ONE THING IS CERTAIN: exactly what the world of tomorrow will be, no one can say. On the other hand, we do know at this time what the world of tomorrow will *not* be.

It will not be, for example, a kingdom of brute force.

It will not be a world where nations are reduced to slavery by a so-called "superior race," and, finally . . . it will not be a world where self-centered peoples will be able to live in isolation.

The fundamental principle of all nations will be that of *co-operation*. Within these nations there may be varying forms of government. But, as far as the common man is concerned, there is no denying that the democratic system offers him all the means for—

1. *voluntary organization;*
2. *organization in keeping with the main trend of history;*
3. *organization which safeguards his traditions and his economic interests.*

When it comes to isolationists, they must be recognized frankly for what they are—sufferers from the delusion that liberty can exist in *one* country at the expense of other countries. That is why collective societies will be so vital to world order because only *such* groups will accord to *other* collective societies the same right to Liberty which they themselves possess.

* * *

We are approaching an era without precedent in all history. The practical application of innumerable inventions in Physics, Chemistry and Biology is transforming our life. Each new invention makes it easier for humanity to use Nature's resources and therefore to progress.

In the future, the good things which God has scattered through the mystery of Nature will no longer be

the privilege only of *some*; they will become the privilege of *all*.

However, in order that the nations shall benefit from these possibilities, *it will be necessary to wipe out wars.*

Thus it comes about that our generation's task and its duty is to conquer the anti-human and anti-social totalitarian tyrants. In addition, we must organize and guarantee a lasting peace, in keeping with the will of the people.

Only the democracies, since they are founded upon "respect for human personality," will be able to establish such a peace, based on respect for the world's collective societies.

* * *

FREE MEN AND FREE PEOPLES. Within these five short words are encompassed all our ideals of a "better world." This is the world we of the Americas dream about—the democratic world which will, without doubt, be.

(Signed)



In the era we are approaching—the era which Senhor Aranha predicts will be "*without precedent in all history*"—much of the earth's culture, science and goods will be distributed by global air transport.

It is a fact that as airplanes grow in size, something very important happens . . . More "payload" (passengers and cargo) can be carried in relation to the plane's *total weight*. This will materially help to bring passenger and cargo rates on the new, much larger Clippers within reach of average men and women in many lands.

Today, of course, every Pan American facility—including the scientific data built up by more than 215,000,000 miles of over-ocean flight—is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM



PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

SUMMERTIME ON BROADWAY

The theater is doing handsomely

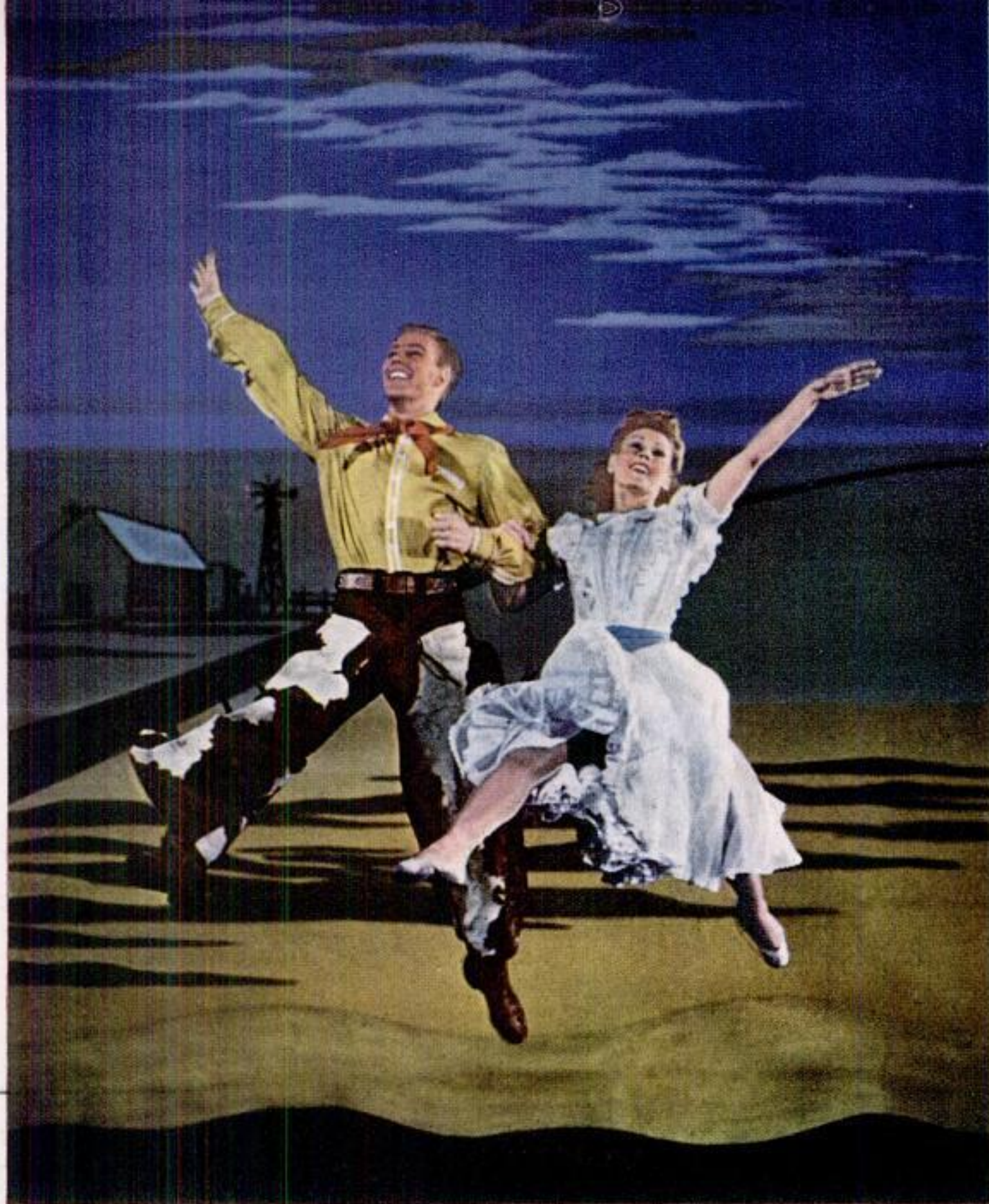
No matter how one views it, this has been an extraordinary summer in the Broadway theater. Where formerly there have been only a handful of plays venturing to compete with the stifling New York weather, this summer there have been 20. Shows that in other years would have closed in May have been playing straight through the dog days to capacity houses. Add to this the fact that the new theatrical season, which usually begins in mid-September, opened Aug. 2 (with a play called *Try and Get It*, which ran for but eight performances) and one has an idea of the activity along Broadway. The holdovers from the regular season were *Life With Father*, *Dark Eyes* (see page 56), which begins a national tour this week, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Kiss and Tell*, *Junior*

Miss, Angel Street, *Three's a Family*, *Tomorrow the World*, *Doughgirls* and *Janie*. *Life With Father* is now in its 197th week, has grossed \$2,884,050 thus far and is averaging \$10,000 a week. *Arsenic and Old Lace* is in its 137th week, has grossed \$1,627,045.75 thus far and is doing \$9,000 a week. Seven actors have already played the part of irascible Father Clarence Day in *Life With Father*; three have portrayed Jonathan in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

The top musicals on Broadway this summer have been the wonderful *Oklahoma!* (see opposite page), for which the ticket demand is greater than for any show in years; *The Ziegfeld Follies*, which grosses some \$36,000 weekly; *Early to Bed* (below), *Star and Garter*, *Rosalinda* and *The Merry Widow* (see p. 57).

SCENE OF "EARLY TO BED" IS A BORDELLO MISTAKEN FOR A GIRLS' SCHOOL. SHOW, WHICH HAS BROADWAY'S PRETTIEST CHORUS, FEATURES MURIEL ANGELUS (ON BALCONY)





MARC PLATT AND KATHARINE SERGAVA DO RUN AND JETE IN "OKLAHOMA!" BALLET SCENE

AGNES DE MILLE WROTE, DIRECTED BALLET INTERPRETING HEROINE'S DREAM

THE VILLAIN (DANCED BY VLADIMIR KOSTENKO, THIRD FROM RIGHT) HAS LURED LAUREY, THE HEROINE, AWAY. HERE HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HER FOR THE CANCAN DANCERS





"Dark Eyes" is the story of what happens when three Russian refugees descend upon a normal American household. Here the refugees (left to right on stairs), Tamara Geva, Elena

Miramova and Ludmilla Toretzka, are bringing birthday presents for mother of the family. Anne Burr and Carl Gose play brother and sister. Geza Corvin plays Miss Burr's fiancé.

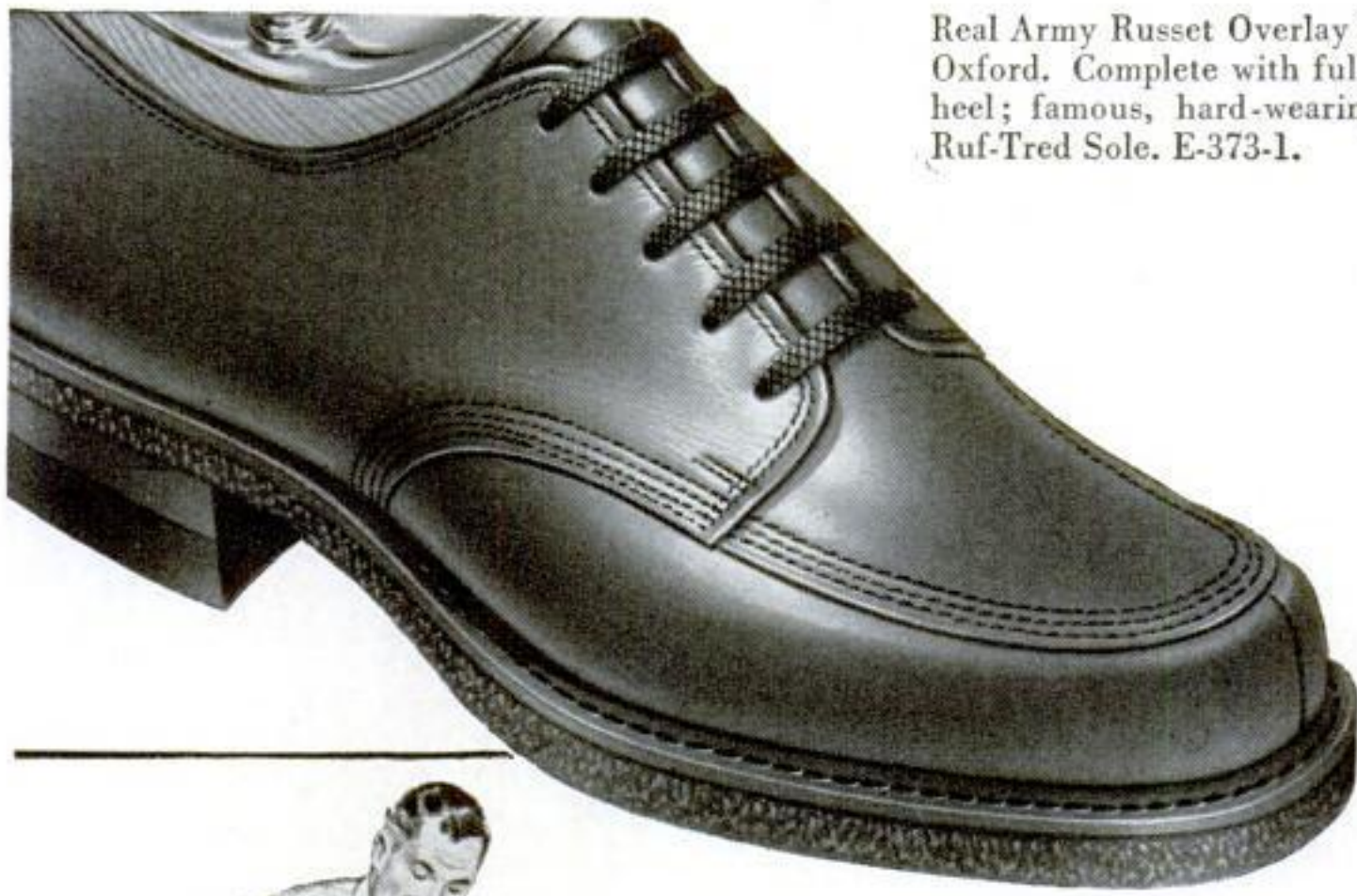
"MERRY WIDOW" REVIVAL EVOKES NOSTALGIC PAST

Nostalgia has come to Broadway this summer and side by side with the products of the pounding present stalk ghosts who have sneaked out of the years of peace. *Rosalinda* was an immediate hit. *The Student Prince* and *The Vagabond King* reappeared to set

up profitable runs. But this month, with the return of *The Merry Widow*, the nostalgia was complete. Evoking, as it does, the 'schmaltz' of pre-Anschluss Vienna, it is proving marvelously effective escapism for those who seek to forget the war-weary present.



The Merry Widow has Marta Eggerth playing role of the widow. Here she sings *Vilia* to a group of Marsovian peasants and some of her friends from Paris. This Lehar musical first came to Broadway in 1907. Robert Stolz, who conducts the excellent pit band for the current production, conducted Viennese performances of *The Merry Widow* in 1905.



Real Army Russet Overlay Blucher Oxford. Complete with full rubber heel; famous, hard-wearing Avon Ruf-Tred Sole. E-373-1.



"Now Dad and I can dress alike!"

Buster Brown Shoes are styled for men . . . sized for boys

Boys! Here are those real *he-man* shoes you've been waiting for. They look like a man's shoe . . . feel like a man's shoe . . . wear like a man's shoe. In fact, they are a man's shoe in your sizes. But really to appreciate the snap they give your appearance, put on a pair. So hop down to your Buster Brown Shoe dealer's today and get rigged out in new Busters . . . they're just like Dad's.

FREE! New Buster Brown AIRCRAFT SPOTTER'S CHART

Colorful, up-to-the-minute, new "flash index guide" contains pictures of latest Allied and Axis planes, including newest fighter and bomber models. Helps identify friend or foe in a jiffy! A real aid to winning your "wings" because you can learn this phase of official Army and Navy pilot training now! For your FREE copy, just see your Buster Brown dealer. Or write: BROWNE SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis, Mo.



Buster Brown Shoes are made by the same company that produces thousands of boots and shoes for our Soldiers of the Subarctic and other armed forces.

A—Plain Toe Military Blucher Oxford. Semi-soft toe, stout leather heel. Double-thick sole at point of wear. E-311.

B—Official Buster Brown Boy Scout Shoe. Smart, sturdy brown elk. Tough rubber heel, genuine Raw-Cord Sole for extra wear, extra comfort. BS-73.

Sizes 1 to 6

\$5 to \$6



BUSTER BROWN

YOUNG MEN'S STYLE SHOES FOR BOYS

also authorized manufacturers of

BUSTER BROWN OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SHOES

"Merry Widow" (continued)



Jan Kiepura, who plays Prince Danilo, fixes garter of his girl friend from Maxim's, Clo-Clo (Lisette Vereá). Although a distinguished singer, Kiepura is a wooden actor.



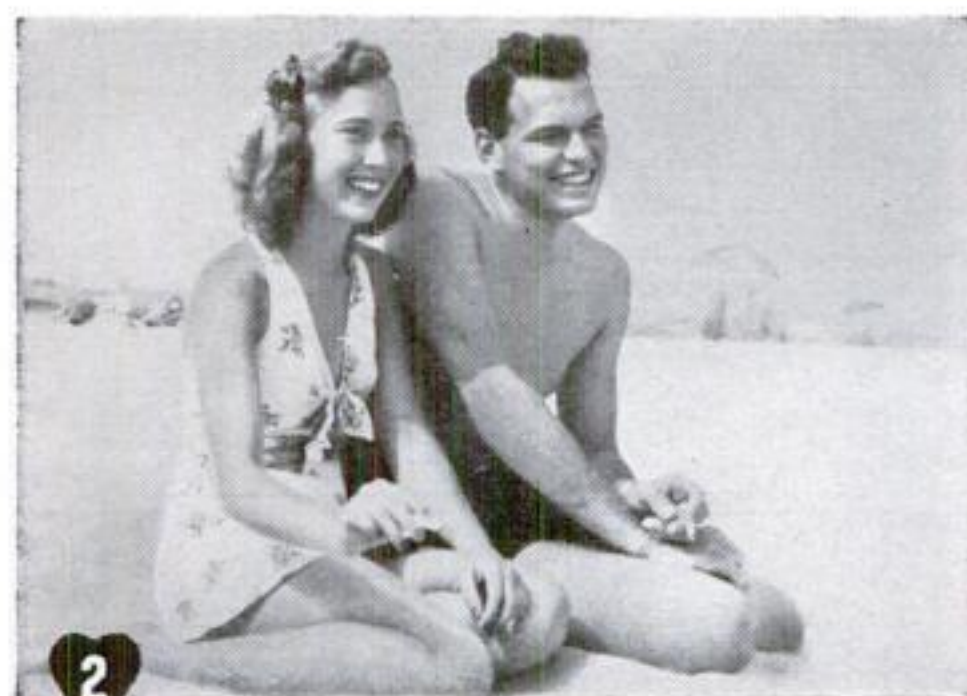
Lubov Roudenko, one of the two premieres danseuses, does cancan in scene at Maxim's. Miss Roudenko, who starred in *Rodeo* for Ballet Russe, is *Merry Widow*'s hit.

How one Girl's Beauty made two Hearts beat in Tune

A snapshot account of how lovely, vivacious Jane Orr of New York and William J. Kupper, Jr., of Lawrence, L. I. found each other—and Romance.



It's the week end of Easter Hop at Virginia Military Institute and Bill secretly resolves to make Jane his sweetheart for life. The faint, clear blush in her cheeks sets off the smooth beauty of her complexion.



Home on vacation from V. M. I., Bill monopolizes every minute of Jane's summer—at the Atlantic Beach Club or in town. And always Jane's porcelain-clear complexion has tempting loveliness. Her secret—a Woodbury Facial Cocktail.



"It's really no secret," Jane confides. "I want my skin to look luscious. So I use the finest beauty soap made—Woodbury Facial Soap. Just smooth on Woodbury's creamy lather. Then rinse away soil with clear water."



Jane and Bill are blissful as they celebrate their engagement at the Kitty Hawk Room, La Guardia Airport. Her skin is radiant—kept lovely by Woodbury, the true skin soap with a costly ingredient for added mildness.



Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson Kupper, Jr. cut the cake at Hampshire House, New York. Says the former Jane Orr: "For soft, smooth skin nothing can top Woodbury Soap." Try this famous skin soap for the loveliness that captures hearts!



Married at New York's "Little Church Around the Corner," Jane wears aquamarine faillie, Bill—now in Uncle Sam's service—marches proudly beside his bride. Says she, "Woodbury Facial Soap will be my beauty stand-by for life!"



Has Romance found you? Try Woodbury Facial Soap—it's helped so many girls win "The Skin You Love to Touch."



Former Schoolteachers

AMERICA ASKS YOU TO COME BACK AND TEACH

The need is desperate. . . . War has made tremendous inroads in our teacher ranks. Teachers have gone into the armed forces, to industry, into the women's services, and they are not being replaced. . . . Shifting industrial population has brought thousands of additional children into already understaffed schools. . . . More teachers must be recruited to avert a serious breakdown in our educational system. And at once! America calls on its former teachers to accept this patriotic responsibility, to come back to the schools and teach. . . . If you have ever taught, if you have ever had the training to teach, and if you are not now employed in a higher priority service, or do not have children under fourteen, won't you answer this urgent call, now? . . . Apply at your local Board of Education. . . . A. B. DICK COMPANY, Chicago. The Mimeograph Company, Ltd., Toronto.

Mimeograph duplicator

A. B. Dick Company, makers of the Mimeograph duplicator and Mimeograph brand supplies, has long been part and parcel of the American school scene. It publishes this message in the interest of education in connection with the government's womanpower program.

MIMEOGRAPH is the trade-mark of A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

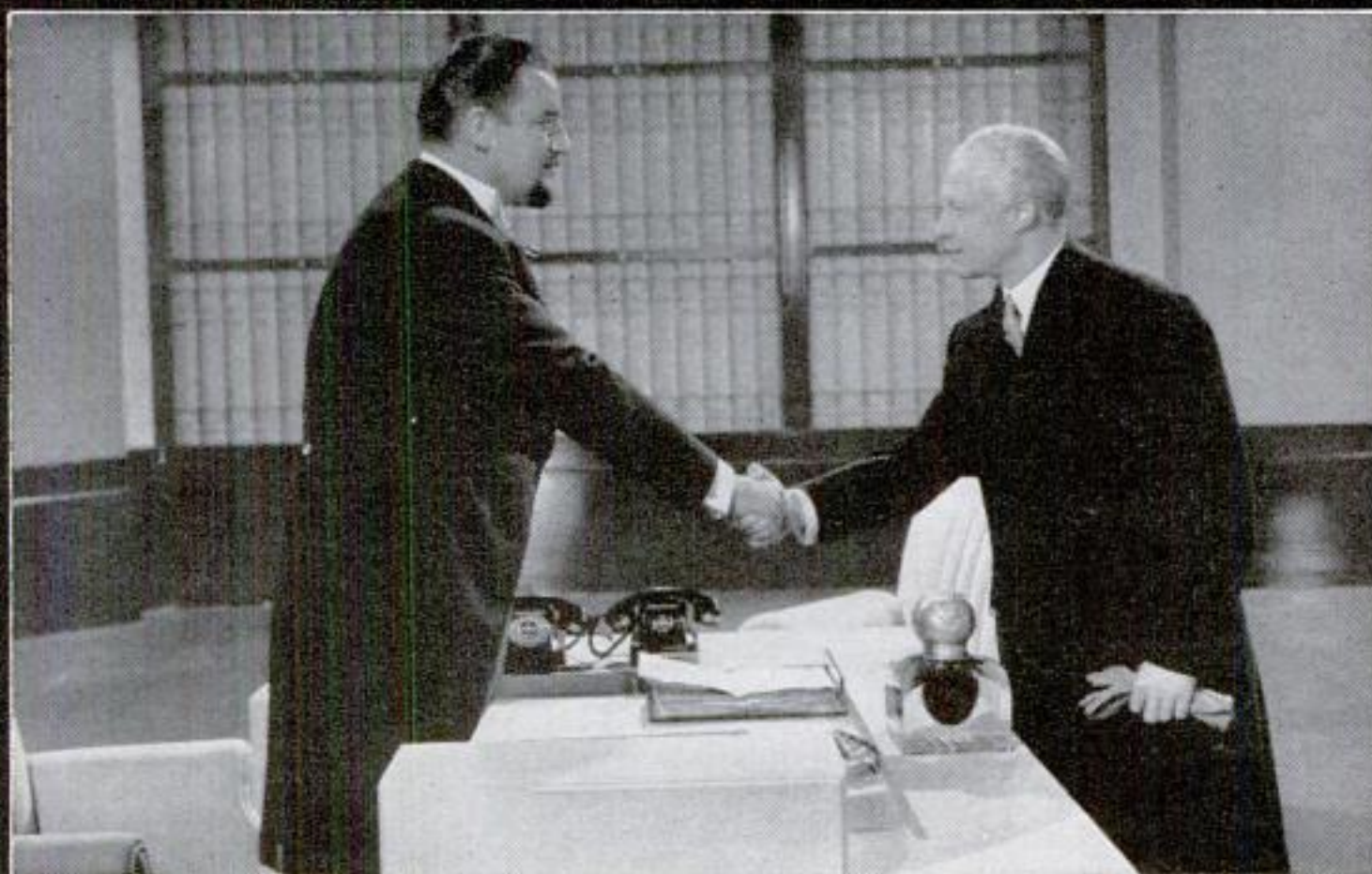
Heaven Can Wait

Lubitsch directs a new comedy

"Henry Van Cleve's soul passed over the Great Divide. He realized that it was extremely unlikely that his next stop could be Heaven and so philosophically he presented himself where innumerable people had so often told him to go."

With this mood-setting foreword to Twentieth Century-Fox's *Heaven Can Wait* Director Ernst Lubitsch skips lightly into a review of the amorous career of Henry Van Cleve from his French gov-

erness days in the 1880's to a date with a 1920 Follies showgirl. In *Life With Father*-ish fashion the film pokes gentle fun at maidens who buy books titled *How To Make Your Husband Happy*, strait-laced cousins, social-climbing cattle barons and most proprieties of the Mauve Decade. Result is an urbane comedy of manners that shows the Lubitsch "touch" at its best and sheds a new light on the acting talents of both Don Ameche and Gene Tierney.



In Hell's main office Henry Van Cleve (Don Ameche), recently deceased, applies for a reservation in Hell. His Excellency (Laird Cregar) says he must first tell his life story.



One of the first women in Henry's life was a little girl who inveigled him into giving her his pet beetles. Henry realized that to win a girl "you have to have lots of beetles."



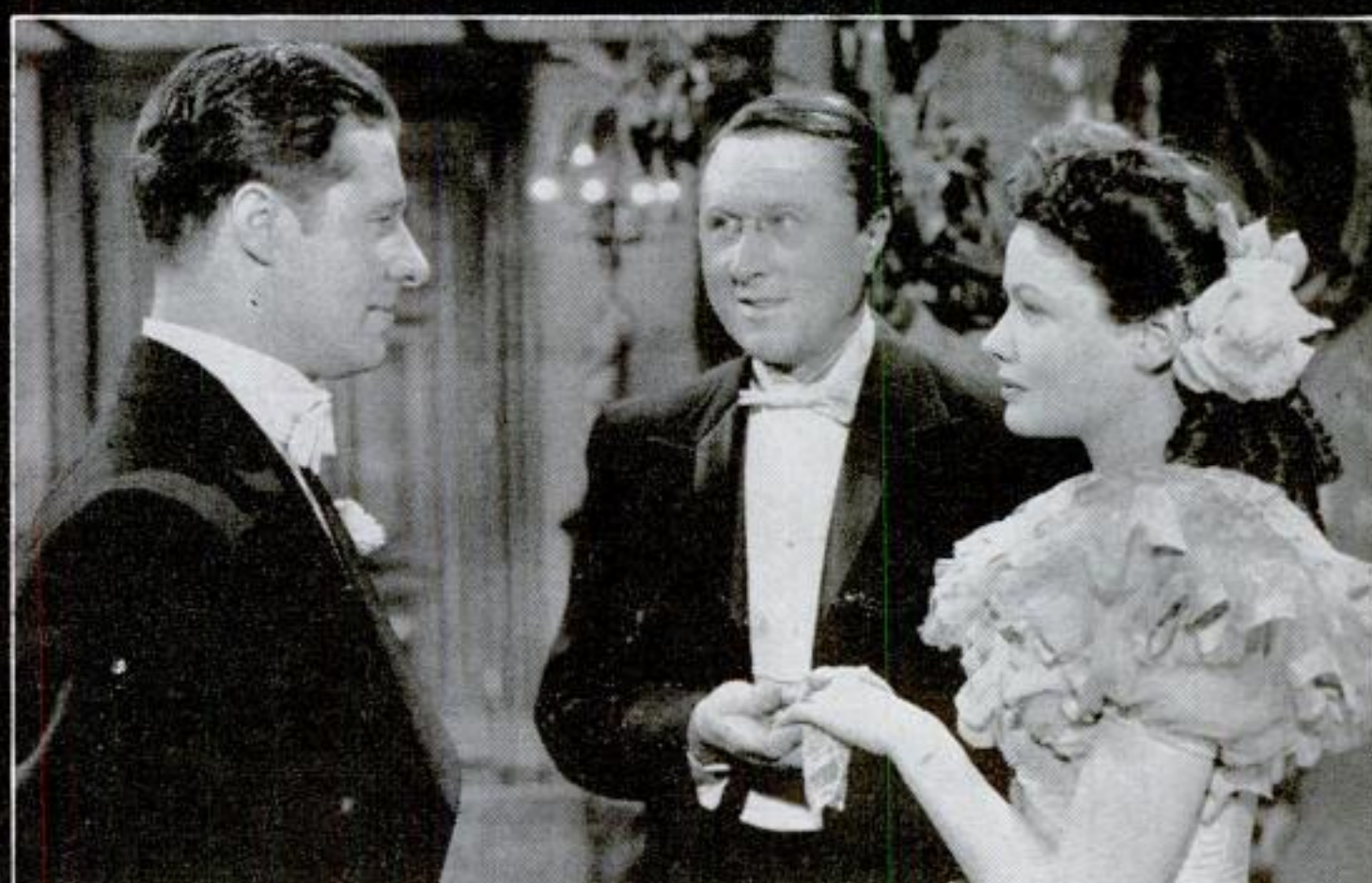
At the age of 26 Henry overhears a pretty girl lying to her mother on the telephone in a department store. Henry is immediately interested in this sort of girl and follows her.



In a bookstore Henry poses as a clerk. Martha (Gene Tierney) wants to buy *How To Make Your Husband Happy*. Henry reveals himself, tells her she doesn't need the book.



Henry's cousin Albert (Allyn Joslyn) presents his future in-laws, the Kansas City Strabells (Eugene Pallette and Marjorie Main) to assembled Van Cleves of New York City.



Albert introduces his fiancée, whom Henry recognizes as his love-at-first-sight girl from the bookstore. Henry promises that he will never tell about the book she wanted to buy.



DETECTIVE: Submersive activities, eh?

MELTING ICE: It's the soda's fault . . . honest! When I melt in ordinary club soda, my air bubbles take the sparkle-bubbles for a ride right out of the drink. Then my ice water drowns what sparkle and tang is left.

DETECTIVE: Tell that to the jury.



D.A.: Okay, Bud, re-enact the crime.

MELTING ICE: How can I? That's Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION."* Too many bubbles. Millions of 'em. I'm whipped before I start. Drinks taste deliciously tangy to the bottom sip.



JUDGE: Umpteen days in the cooler and still sparkling? Where's the evidence?

D.A.: Taste it. A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water kept in the refrigerator holds its life like a brief holds words!



* **PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!
FINER FLAVOR! A special formula points up the flavor of any drink.

CANADA DRY WATER

BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—SAVE MONEY—CONSERVE CAPS

"Heaven Can Wait" (continued)



Later Henry proposes to Martha who answers: "You mean elope? I never did such a thing before." He carries her off past both horrified families.



Ten years later Martha leaves Henry and goes home to Kansas City. On the train she meets Albert who properly escorts her back to her family.

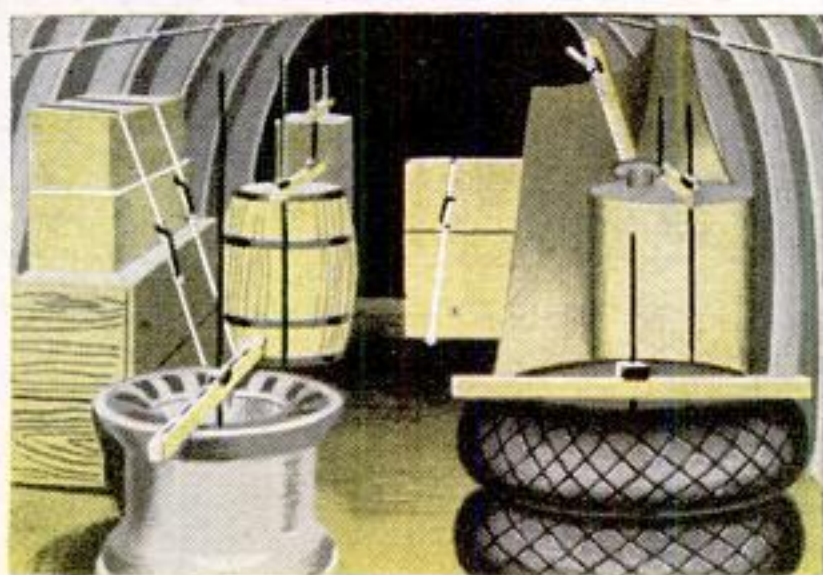


Martha discovers Henry has followed her from New York. She shows him jeweler's bill for bracelet she never received, but Henry wins her back.

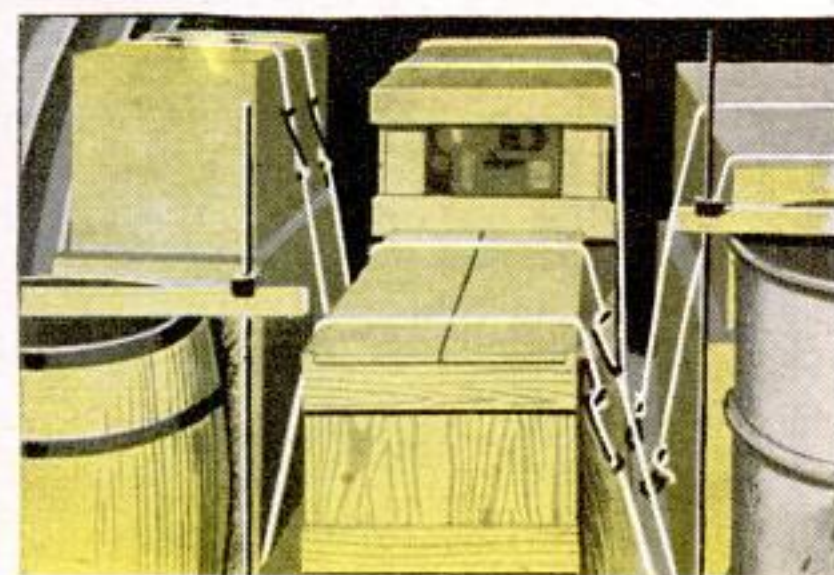
CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



Loading a modern air cargo ship. Evans Sky-loader equipment holds any load safely; means more payload, easier loading and unloading.



Hold-down beams securely locked to hook-rods are part of the Evans Skyloader system. Center cases are held firm by hooks and rope tighteners.



Even mixed cargoes reach destination snug and secure, held down by Evans Skyloader equipment which eliminates all slack in the load.



trade winds of the future!

From the days of the old windjammers to the roaring, silver ships of the sky, man has linked his destiny with trade over the seven seas. A new time-saving factor—air cargo—will, when peace comes, hasten restoration of world commerce, open up new markets, blaze new trade routes to distant lands.

Right now, weapons and supplies are rushed, via air cargo, to over 43 global battlefronts. A new industry is being born. Trade always follows the flag!

And in this pioneering of air cargo, Evans Skyloader Hold-down Equipment has simplified the difficult task of making fast all types of shipments. It provides safety to cargo, plane and personnel . . . saves countless, valuable

manhours . . . is a vital, lusty force in the Trade Winds of The Future!

Vision to Anticipate the Needs of Tomorrow Creates New Industries Today

W. Evans PRESIDENT



**EVANS PRODUCTS
COMPANY**
DETROIT

Evans War Products: Machine Gun Mounts • Tank and Automotive Heating and Ventilating Equipment • Aircraft Engine Mounts • Airplane Landing Gear Beams • Battery Separators • Prefabricated Houses • Plywood • Evans Skyloader • Evans Utility Loader • Evans Auto Loader • Evans Auto Railer



FOR REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY
"THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN"

For figure loveliness . . . for youthful allure—there's real American beauty with Perma☆Lift. For a miracle happens at the base of the bra-cup where a patented cushion inset softly lifts your bosom, holds that firm rounded contour, never becomes limp or lax through seasons of washing and wear. Kiss the bras good-bye that put red ridges on your pretty shoulders. There's neither bone, bulk nor pull in Perma☆Lift's gentle support. Bra and Bandeau styles, \$1.25 to \$2.50. Long-Line models, \$2 and \$2.50. Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time.

☆ BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ☆



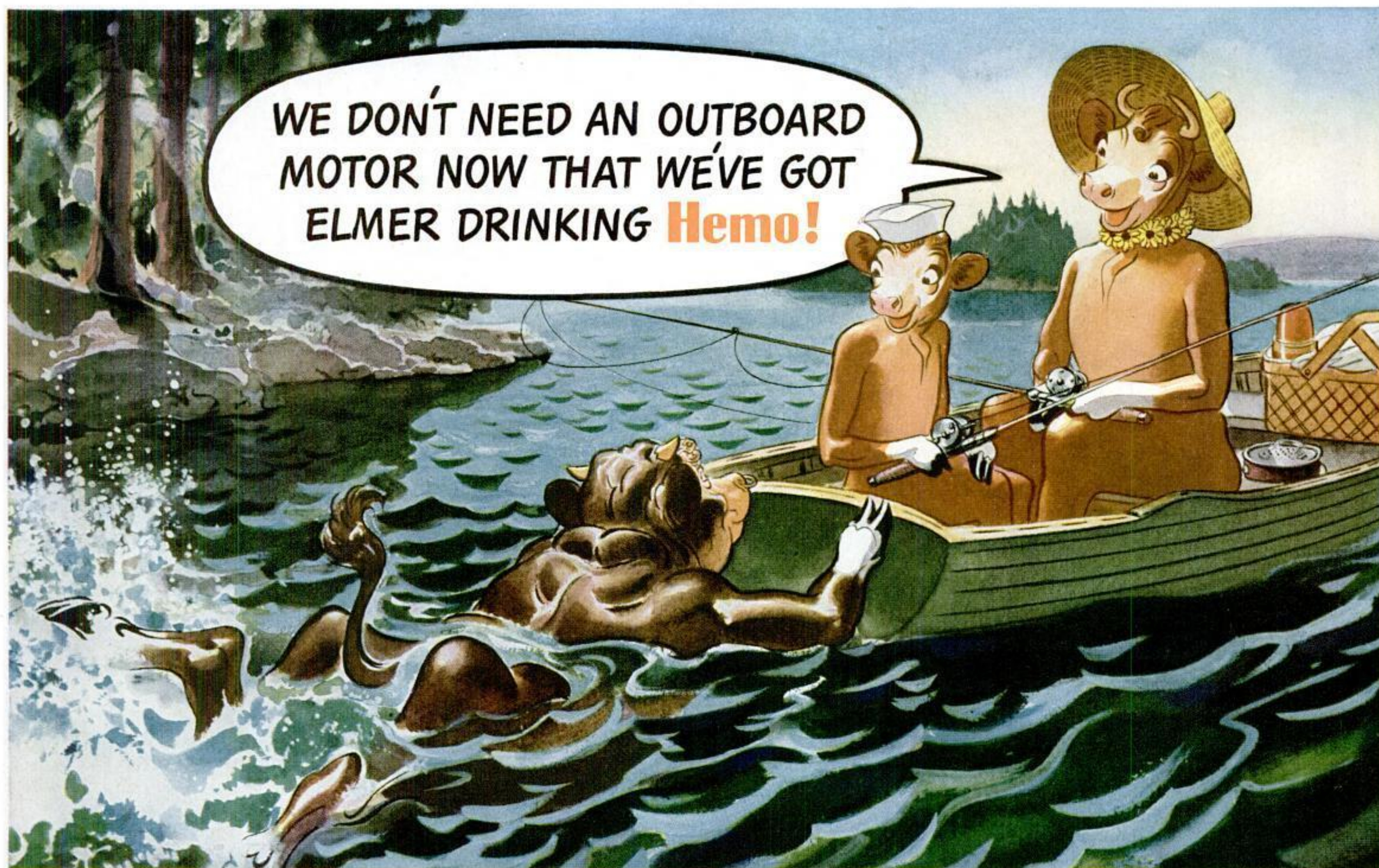
A Follies showgirl entertains Henry. He has come to talk about her relations with his son who is a chip off the old block, buys her off for \$25,000.



At age of 70 Henry is sick but still gay in spirits. After the doctor leaves he dreams about luxury liners floating on an ocean of Scotch and sodas.



In the elevator going to Heaven Henry listens solemnly as His Excellency says: "Sorry, Mr. Van Cleve, but we don't cater to your class of people."



Get your Hemo every Day—Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs! 
 PLUS
 The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread! 
 PLUS
 The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach! 
 PLUS
 The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver! 
 PLUS
 The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots! 
 PLUS
 The Iron in ½ pound of beef! 
 PLUS
 The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined! 

Borden's Hemo

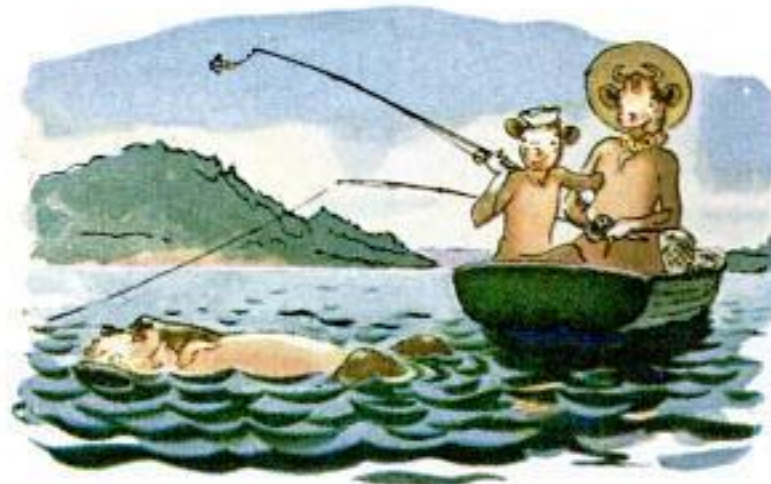
IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



"GO like a motor again, Daddy, please!" begged little Beulah.

"I won't go any place, until I get something to drink besides this lake," balked Elmer, the bull.

"If that's the way you feel—how about another glass of HEMO?" asked Elsie. "It's wonderful for you! In fact, HEMO's wonderful for everybody—especially in these days of food shortages and rationing. You know, Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. Now, a glass of HEMO every day—"



"Every day in every way, it's HEMO, HEMO, HEMO!" panted Elmer. "Sometimes I think you're slap-happy about—"

"You mean happy," corrected Elsie, "and I am happy every time I think that JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives

a person half his daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D, and Niacin! ... We purposely omit Vitamin C. Folks get it readily if they drink tomato or fruit juice."



"I hope you didn't omit to pack a lunch," hinted Elmer. "I'm hungry! When do we eat?"

"Just push us one more little mile, dear," answered Elsie. "Then we'll have sandwiches and another big thermos of delicious, icy-cool HEMO. There's a lunch to put pep into any stroke!"

► Make a habit of stopping at your favorite fountain for refreshing, icy-cool HEMO. Have it made up in any flavor you prefer. Tastes more delicious than the grandest malted milk! ... For making HEMO at home, get the full-pound jar—enough for 24 drinks—at drug or grocery stores for only 59¢. © Borden Co.



AMERICA'S GREAT AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY GIVES TOTAL COOPERATION FOR TOTAL VICTORY

. . . with ***"Work Together—Win Together"*** as the universal battle cry of the day

Chevrolet always has been proud of its membership in the automobile industry—but never before quite so proud as it is today. . . . For motor car manufacturers have performed miracles on behalf of America's war effort, and they have accomplished these miracles by utilizing their skills, their experience and their resources to turn out the maximum of war material for the common cause. . . . For its own part, Chevrolet is glad to report that it is serving others, just as others are serving Chevrolet—and all for the advancement of the war effort. . . . Major contractor, building aircraft engines, anti-aircraft guns, high-explosive and armor-piercing shells, military trucks and other products for our armed forces—Chevrolet also is a major supplier, manufacturing parts by the million for more than 120 other important war producers. . . . Total cooperation—total teamwork—is the key to total victory for all of us.

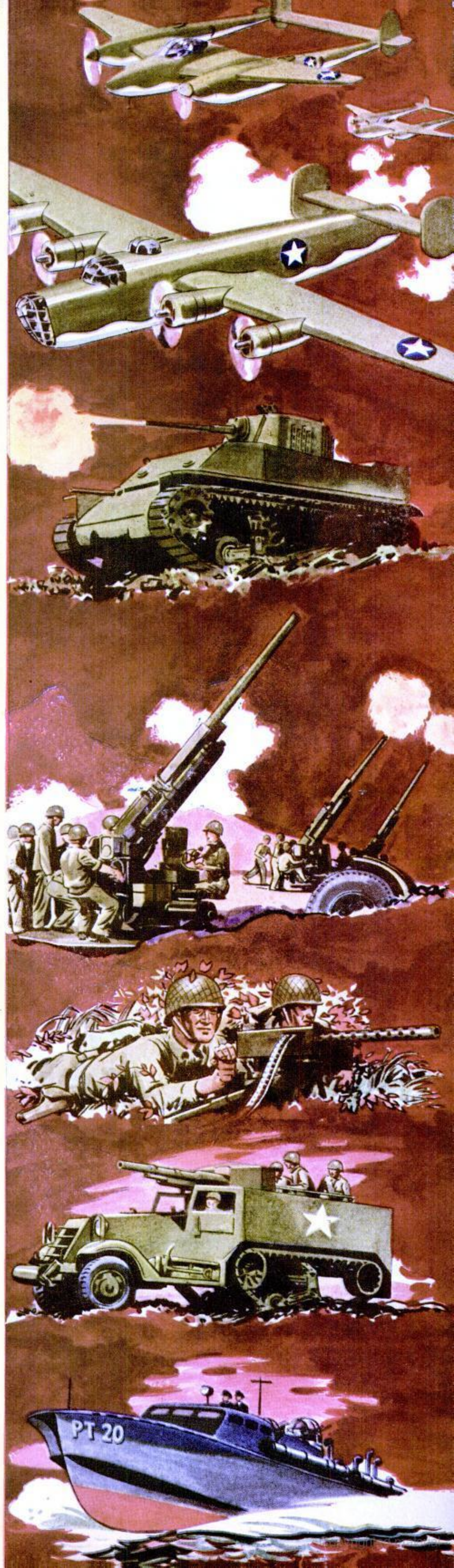


The products illustrated are only a few of the great many produced by the Automotive Industry.

CHEVROLET

D I V I S I O N O F

GENERAL MOTORS



"Smart as paint"

BLACK SUEDES BY *Naturalizer*

Like a wise woman, Naturalizer black suede shoes hide their purposefulness under an air of quiet beauty. They are simple, important and versatile. Their secret is Naturalizer's smooth sure fit that hugs the foot gently with no slip at the heel, no gap at the sides, no pinch at the toes. Many styles, all dedicated to the principle of long and beautiful service. See them at your Naturalizer store. For name of one nearest you, address: BLUE RIBBON SHOEMAKERS, Division of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.



The shoe with the beautiful fit... Six *Ninety-five*

SLIGHTLY HIGHER DENVER WEST

C/O POSTMASTER

BY

CORPORAL THOMAS R. ST. GEORGE

It happened at four o'clock one afternoon. Somebody mooning along the rail snapped his spine like a jitterbug hearing the call of Benny's clarinet, bugged his eyes like a Ripley Odditorium character, gurgled, "LAND!" Two thousand other guys said, "WHERE?" and jammed the rail till the rivets cracked.

All next morning we were well within sight of land and occasionally even a house. We watched it all intently, hanging over the rail like so many vultures. One vulture, the envied possessor of a pair of field glasses, was finally rewarded. "Cripes!" he yelled, in the manner of a man who had almost forgotten such things existed, "There's a GIRL!" He went down fighting under the weight of a dozen other soldiers who "wanted to see them glasses next." The bolder spirits took off their life belts.

We docked shortly after two. Everybody—and I mean *everybody*—jammed the rail until the boys who got there first were three feet over the ship's side but too crowded to fall. On the dock were perhaps three dozen Australian soldiers (we knew they were Australians by their hats), assorted officers, sundry longshoremen, some girls in uniform, evidently drivers, and several other girls in tight sweaters (which isn't a bad uniform either) carrying signs: "Don't Talk! The Enemy Listens!" A sort of welcoming committee, we gathered, and very welcome they were too.

The first thing we heard, from one of the soldiers, was the question: "Are you Yanks?"

"You're damn right we're Yanks!" we told him.

That settled, everybody yelled in chorus, "Yu gotta smoke, Yank?" They met us at the dock and they've been with us ever since.

Somebody threw a cigaret overboard, somebody else threw a package, practically everybody threw a package. Followed a little scene on the dock that would have done the heart of Mr. R. J. Reynolds a world of good. Privates, sergeants, officers to the rank of major, longshoremen, Australian womanhood, in or out of uniform, all dropped what they were doing (which was staring at us, mostly) and scattered after those cigarets like ants on their way to a picnic. Presently they threw us some of their cigarets, which were smaller and harder than our own and while hardly as foul a substitute for tobacco as the ship's stewards had claimed they would be, still not a smoke that I would walk a mile for. Or even two feet.

Shortly after 2:30, we staggered down the gangplank. The thrill of arriving safely at destination was lost on me. I tripped coming down the gangplank, arriving safely on my face, a fraction of a second ahead of and directly beneath my barracks bag, which had apparently decided in advance to land on the same bit of foreign soil that I did.

Indeed a strange land

Drinking anything at the Australian canteen involved a certain amount of trouble. It opened only at irregular intervals between inventories, being even worse than our own canteens in this respect; it was stocked to meet the Australian purse ("Bloody five bob a die, I gets, less the bloody dependency for my old woman!") and appetite ("Gimme a bloody riser blide, Mite, the Yank 'ere'll pie for me pot."); and it was run by veterans of the A. I. F. Returned, men who refused



"C/O Postmaster" (the address of all soldiers overseas) is the title of a forthcoming book by Corp. St. George (left). Taking up where Private Hargrove left off, he reports on U.S. troops in Australia. LIFE herewith presents excerpts from his book (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.: \$2) which is the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for October.

to recognize that we were a mechanized army and continued to move around at a top speed of about four miles an hour.

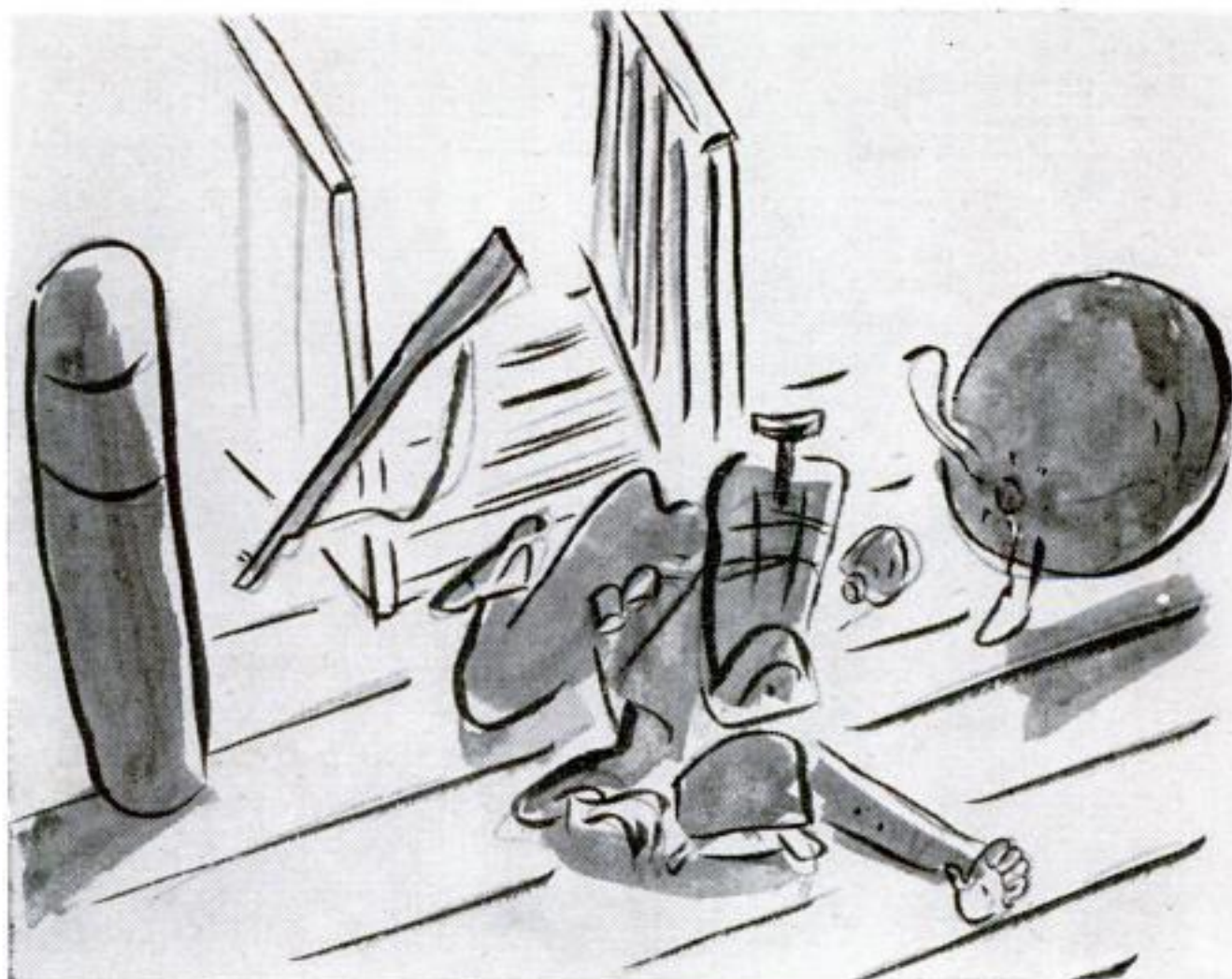
Between seven and eight-thirty each evening, Monday through Friday, the canteen did break down and grudgingly dispense a small quantity of beer. Actually laying hands on a beer, however, was something else. First a man stood in line up to 45 minutes that he might purchase "beer tickets" (two per man per trip). Then he went inside and stood in line for a glass. Finally, if there was time, he stood in line for a

beer (one per man per trip) and if he pushed hard enough and hollered loud enough and had a close friend behind the bar, he got his beer and crawled back to a table and drank it. At first, thanks to this system and the acute shortage of glasses, it was a little difficult to become really drunk.

Yankee ingenuity soon fixed that. Somebody found that non-drinkers could be seduced with ice-cream bars and sent off to buy beer tickets for their friends; another genius discovered we could obtain half-pint bottles of milk, drink the milk, then use the bottles for beer, and the problem was solved. The hardier spirits made quite a point of this milk angle, either begging someone else to drink the stuff for them or, in extreme cases, going so far as to pour it out the window that they might sooner have beer. I went into business strictly as a milk-bottle-emptier and put on 15 pounds.

By way of amusement there were a few battered Western magazines that had survived the trip and a daily newspaper. This newspaper was considerably more interested in (and so devoted considerably more space to) the possibilities of various horses winning various races and the wonderful spirit of sacrifice that enabled a country to struggle along on three Race Days a month, than in how the war was coming along. Especially for our benefit the newspaper presently instituted a "Home News for U. S. Forces" column, which consisted of possibly two dozen lines of type and brought us, hot off the press, so to speak, such items as: "200 Strike in War Plant," "Bandits Kill 3 in Chicago," "Lana Turner Seeks Divorce," "Gas Rationing Hinted," "New York Murder Baffles Police," "Errol Flynn Faces Charges," "Georgia Adopts Electric Chair," "Actor Pleads Dependency," "Saboteurs To Die," "Rooney Marriage Null," and last week's baseball scores. We knew what was going on.

According to our truck drivers—and we believed them—we were in a damn strange land. Within Camp Limits they still drove pretty much as they were accustomed to (down the middle, hell for leather, veering to the right when avoiding accidents) but on leaving the Main Gate they were immediately subject—in addition to the military ruling that prohibited excessive speeds, which they ignored—to the customs of the native drivers, which they could *not* ignore. (That is, our drivers could not ignore them. The native population could and did ignore everything but the law of gravity when out tooling their autos along the highway.) So our transportation platoon learned to drive, "by the left"; fought an impulse to scream, "Get yu own sidda the road!" at every car they met; and continued to go to pieces when confronted with an automobile in which it appeared that somebody was riding but nobody was driving. Many a driver, both Aussie and Yank, took to a shoulder, sometimes the same shoulder, those



"DEBARKATION"

THE CHAMP WHO KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT!



I'M CHAMP RIVETER out at the plant. Six-foot-two and strong as an ox. Whenever I used to need a laxative, I'd take what I thought was a "he-man's" medicine. It tasted awful! And what a wallop that stuff packed—almost knocked me for a loop.

**SOME LAXATIVES ARE
TOO STRONG!**



LATER ON I SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much, if it had done me any good. The trouble was that I didn't get the proper relief.

**SOME LAXATIVES ARE
TOO MILD!**



ONE DAY MY FOREMAN suggested Ex-Lax! Now there's a laxative for you! It tastes swell—just like fine chocolate! And it works better than anything I've ever used. Thoroughly, effectively—but gently, too! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX IS JUST RIGHT!

As a precaution, use only as directed

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD
AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10c and 25c at all drug stores

"C/O POSTMASTER" (continued)

first few weeks in an effort to show in advance which side they preferred while negotiating the ticklish business of meeting.

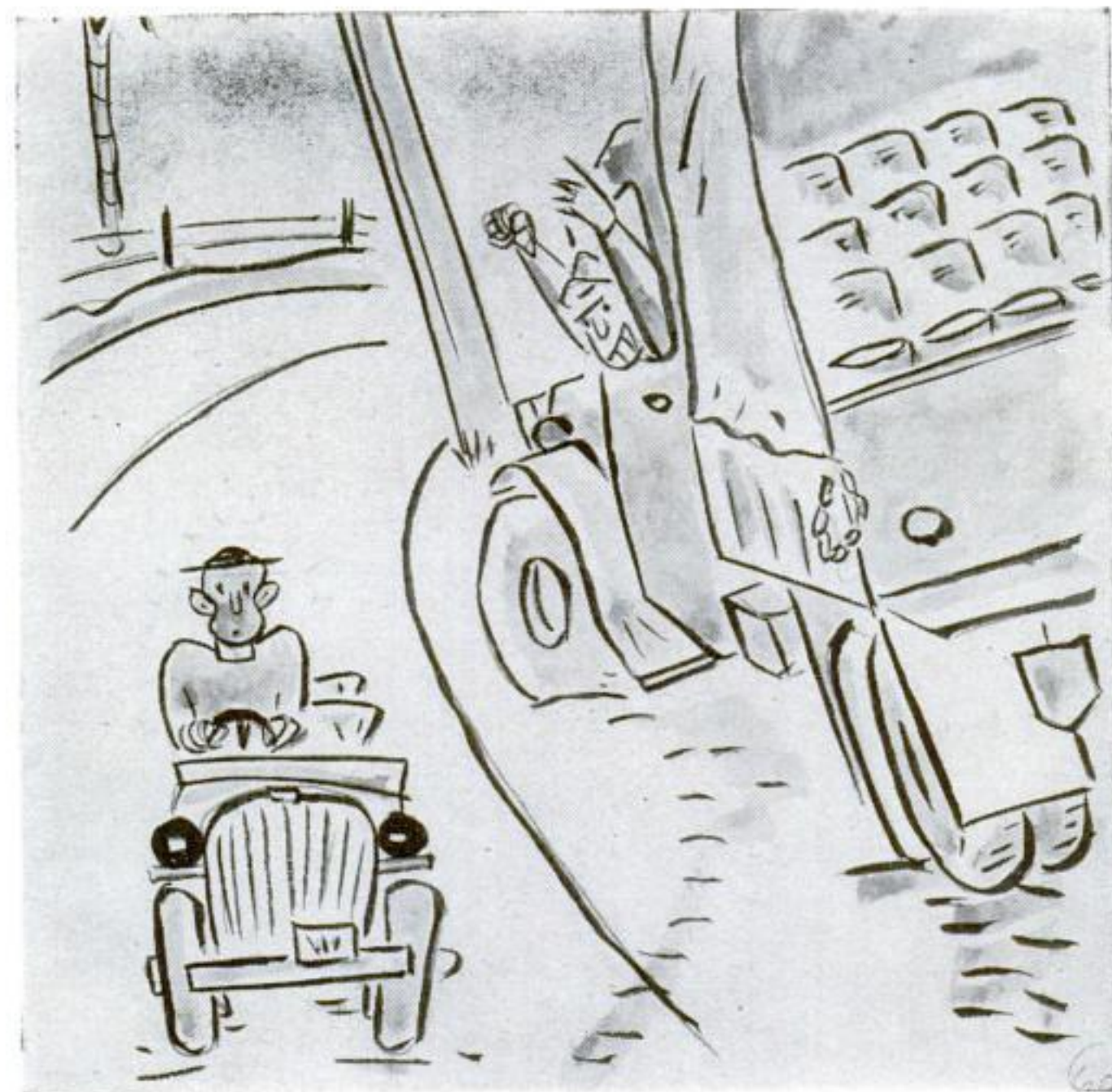
One day some two weeks after we had arrived word came down that 36 hour passes were "authorized." Thirty-six hours of freedom, the stuff we were fighting to maintain but actually saw very little of, loomed up like a two weeks' vacation back in civilian life.

The trip to town took two hours. Our train barely struggled up each hill, rolled free down all the grades, and stopped at every station, why we could never figure out. Nobody got on (ours was strictly a G.I. train) and nobody got off, except sometimes a few badly plonked soldiers blearily unaware of just where they were, who got off by mistake, wanted to get on again as soon as the train started and staggered down the various platforms wailing, "Wait! Shtop!" much to the horror of the civilian travelers, who ran mostly to prim old ladies with market baskets.

At length we shot through a long, black, smoky tunnel and jerked to a stop at Central Station. Four hundred soldiers hit the ramp running, as one man, usually before the train stopped, and scattered. Some lucky customers met young ladies and went off with them arm in arm. Other brassy characters tried to meet young ladies obviously waiting for somebody else, explaining at length that this somebody else's outfit "didn't get no passes today," and urging that the best thing the young ladies could do was go off arm in arm with them that had arrived. The rest of us just scattered.

And in the order of their importance discovered that:

The liquor situation was fast becoming acute. Bars or pubs were always attached to a hotel, often hidden away on the second floor, and usually divided into a "Public Bar," a "Private Bar," and a "Lounge." We who were used to the informal atmosphere of Walt's Highway Café confounded no end various proprietors and a good share of the natives by wandering happily from one section to another, caring not a damn whether we were "dressed" or accom-



panied by a young lady. In an effort to square things, of course, we seldom left a lounge without a young lady if we could help it.

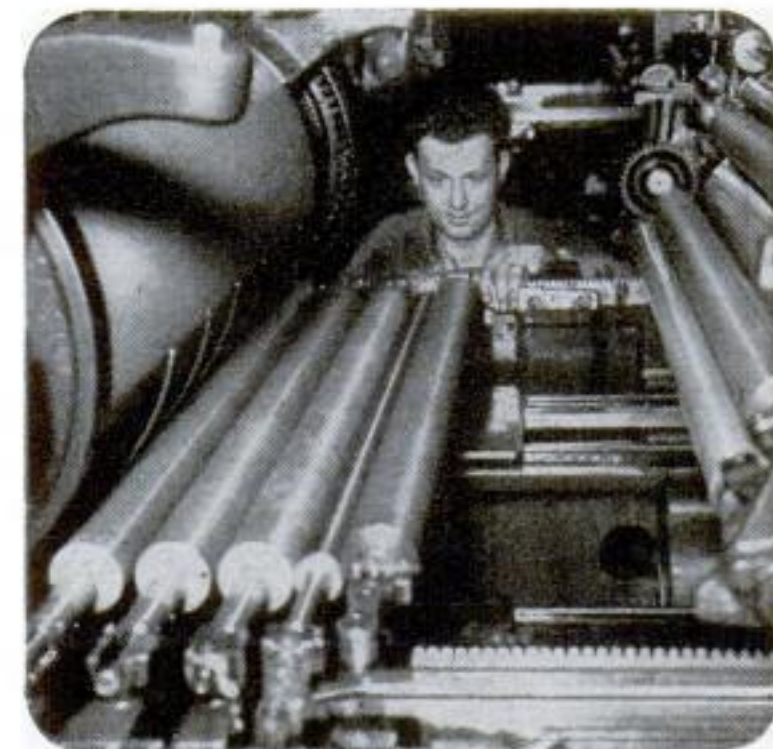
But what drinking we did had to be done between the hours of 8 and 10 a. m. (a disgustingly early hour for drinking or anything else), 12 noon and 2 p. m., and four and six in the late afternoon.

Later we discovered that most of the smaller bars, particularly those on the outskirts of town, had a backroom or "parlor" reserved for the use of old and faithful friends of the proprietor. We learned too that with a little diplomacy Yanks who were willing to buy or "shout for" the drinks could often join these exclusive little circles and become partners in the crime of supporting a sly grog shop.

When the pubs closed, we went to a dance. In some ways these dances resembled the ones we had known at home. There was music, there was a dance floor, there were girls, there were a couple of mush-faced M. P.'s hanging around looking for trouble. But the actual dancing was something else. Aussies favor dancing around and around with all the dash and originality of a worn-out merry-go-round, repeating in set sequence a series of steps not unlike an old-

IT HAPPENED IN DAYTON IN 1934!

*—The First
SYNTHETIC RUBBER
Printing Rollers
were made*



Since originating Dayco Synthetic Rubber Printing Rollers 9 years ago, Dayton Rubber has continuously specialized in the development and application of synthetic rubbers of all types. Today, Dayton has a Pre-Pearl Harbor plant designed, located and built for the production of synthetic rubber products—has hundreds of workmen experienced in all types of synthetic rubbers—and Dayton's whole production is devoted to military and essential industrial and transportation products.

Back of all this is Dayton's time-proved experience in the controlled production of quality tires and other rubber products which has resulted in many "Firsts" by Dayton, including:

- FIRST to develop and produce the Low Air Pressure Automobile Tire (1923).
- FIRST in the United States to build an all-synthetic rubber Automobile Tire.
- FIRST to develop and produce an Oil-proof synthetic rubber V-Belt.
- FIRST to develop and produce synthetic rubber Printing Rollers.
- FIRST to develop and produce successful synthetic rubber Textile Machinery Accessory Parts.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Originators and Pioneers of Synthetic Rubber Products Since 1934

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF V-BELTS



**Dayton
Rubber**

*Technical Excellence
in Synthetic
and Natural Rubbers*

**37 YEARS OF SPECIALIZATION
APPLIED TO THE PRODUCTION OF
TIRES • TUBES • AUTOMOTIVE
FAN, GENERATOR BELTS AND
ACCESSORY DRIVES • PRINTING
ROLLERS • TEXTILE PRODUCTS
V-BELTS FOR INDUSTRIAL
AND RAILROAD USE**

*Famous Dayco Thorobred
Synthetic Rubber Products
since 1934*



*We are one of the operators of the
first Government Dual-unit type
Synthetic Rubber Production Plants*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Something close to Human Love!

"We just sat there for a while and looked at nothing. Because any pilot will tell you the thing's impossible. Our weary, wounded Fortress had flown for the incredible time of four hours and a half on a single pair of engines — 400 miles with her two starboard engines shot out by enemy fire — and now we were safely back . . . We just sat there looking at nothing. And in that moment we each felt something close to human love for this faithful, battered machine that had the power to bring us home with half her engines gone."

It is one of the great air stories of the war — the flight home of ten men in a 4-engine Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress that didn't know it had been shot down.

Technically too badly shattered to stay aloft at all, that plane's two remaining Wright Cyclone engines had actually lifted it over a mountain pass, and its crew had topped off the epic of their flight by downing a total of six Nazi fighters.

This is but one of many first-hand accounts, telling in terms of human lives the story of the

modern Wright Cyclone engine.

Into this engine have been packed the stamina and power needed to meet demands far beyond those of normal operation. Into it, too, have gone many years of aircraft engine research, tested in the proving ground of commercial experience by more than a billion miles of airline service.

Today one of the most reliable aircraft engines in the world, the Wright Cyclone is revealing its extraordinary endurance and power in the toughest test of all — the grind of war.

On 42 different types of American planes — on heavy, medium, attack and torpedo bombers, on fighter planes and transports — Wright Cyclone engines are helping our fliers to crush the resistance of Germany, Italy and Japan.

And behind them are tens of thousands of men and women at Wright Aeronautical, producing these engines. The importance of their job to the winning of this war is their inspiration . . . as is the promise of the great new age of air transportation that is being born of war . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

THREE OF THE MANY OUTSTANDING ARMY AND NAVY AIRCRAFT POWERED BY WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES.



NORTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL — bombed Tokyo, skip-bombed the Japs in the Bismarck Sea, spear-headed the African campaign, and fights today on every battle front.



BOEING B-17 FLYING FORTRESS — one of the greatest planes in the war—is striking at the industrial heart of the Axis and is continually active in all theaters of this war.



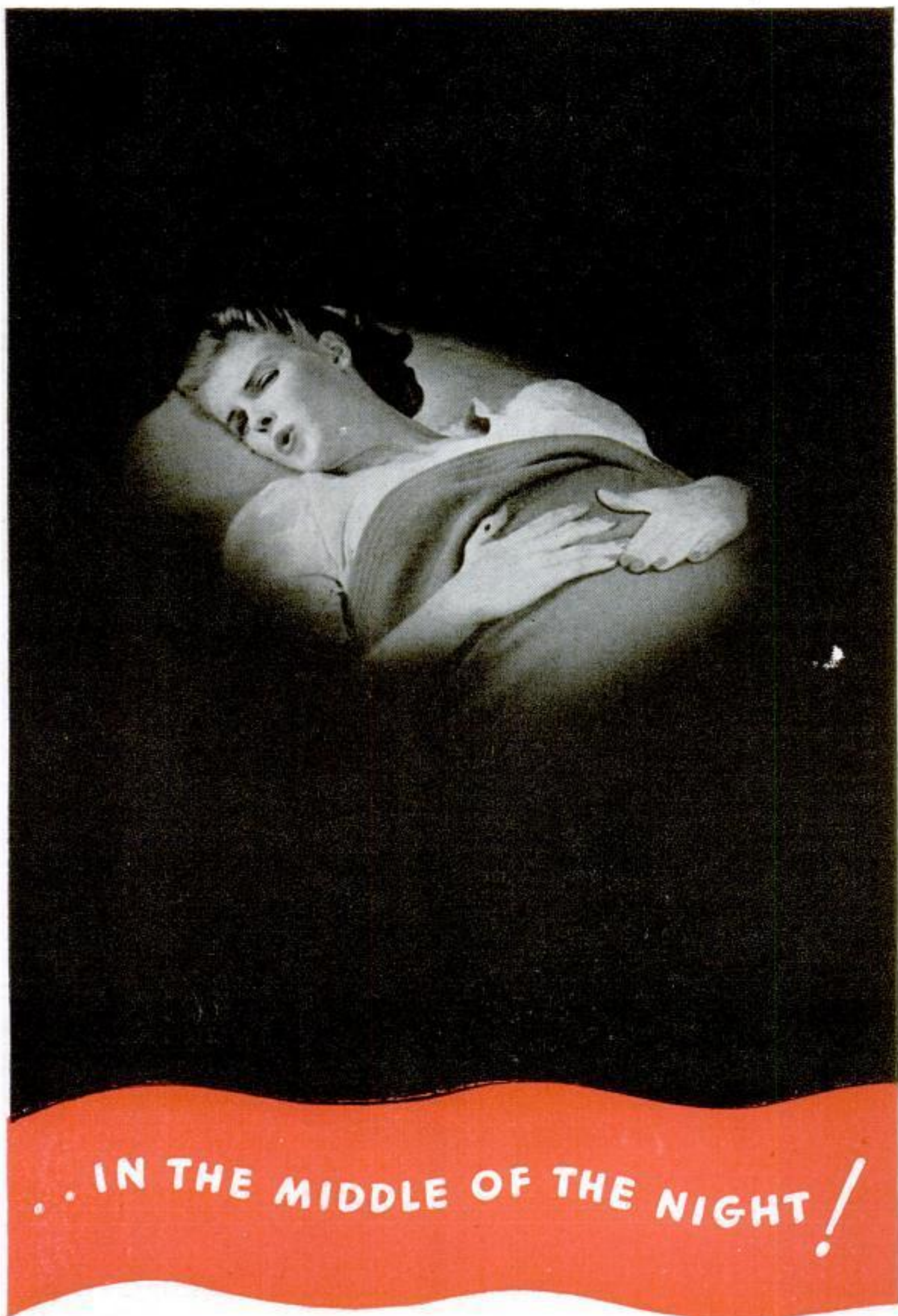
DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC — tough, fast, hard-hitting, and one of the deadliest night fighters, this plane has over 30 tactical uses in bombing, strafing, intruding and fighting.

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ Buy War Bonds Today ★



OF ALL TIMES TO GET AN UPSET STOMACH! Drug stores closed . . . everybody asleep . . . and is there PEPTO-BISMOL in the house? If there is, an upset stomach will never catch you unprepared. Put a bottle in the medicine cabinet, today!

Help to Calm and Quiet Your Upset Stomach

Never upset an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Gentle it with soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . to relieve sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . and to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine



PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"C/O POSTMASTER" (continued)

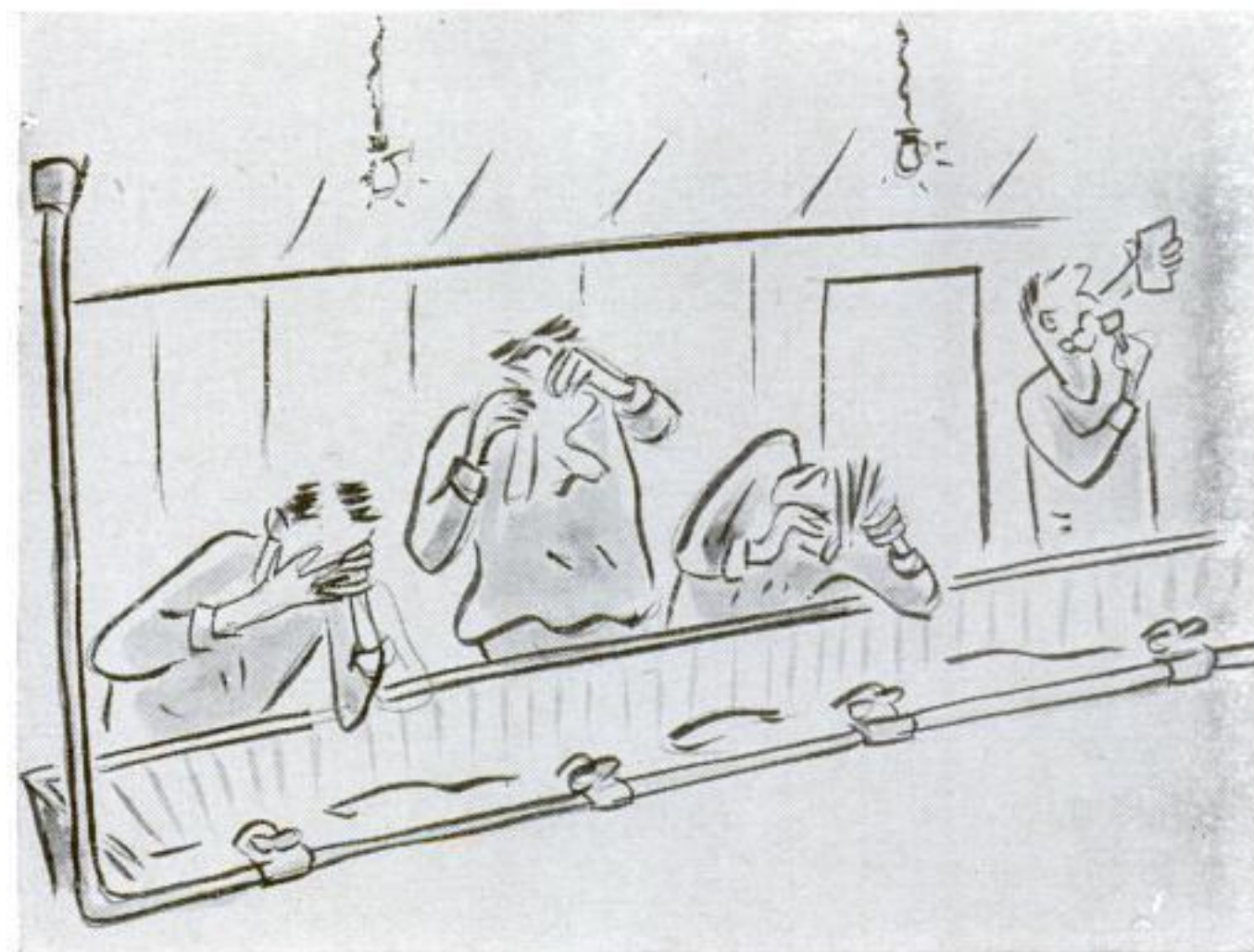
fashioned Rockette routine. They danced, one after the other, a Two Step, a Quick Step, a Waltz, a Canadian Barn Dance, a Military Waltz, none of them in any way alike.

In all fairness we tried several of their dances from time to time and found them all something less than exhilarating. Particularly were we discouraged with the Canadian Barn Dance. This little number consisted of everybody circling the floor to the strains of what might have been the "Dead March" from *Saul*. At fairly irregular intervals the music quavered and broke in a manner that suggested the orchestra had just decided to give the whole thing up. While the leader argued it into resuming, couples joined hands, did a one-two-three-slide movement, followed that with a couple of spins, and, disentangling themselves, the lady moved on and the man turned back, theoretically in time to meet, rhythmically, the lady behind him.

True, this dance had a certain element of surprise. Having finished the required number of spins and twirls with a rather large hefty girl, I would turn to meet my next partner spreadeagled like an all-American tackle, only to find that I was practically overpowering some diminutive four-foot-ten slip of a girl. And finishing with her, I would turn and embrace some tall beanstalk of a girl, gathering her to me just about at the hips, and possibly catching a stinging slap in the face for my error. I noticed too, that the first time around any number of ladies, young and old, met me literally with open arms and a beaming smile, thinking no doubt, "Ha! A handsome Yank!" Usually they started a conversation that ended with a short exclamation of pain, and following a few brief twirls they left, without regret, and feeling, I surmised, like hockey players after a particularly bruising game. The second time around they met me with no enthusiasm whatsoever and kept me, literally, at arm's length. The third time around they broke and ran. I am strictly a Fox Trotter.

"Bloody resort plice"

Outside of the new sewage disposal plant (which loomed up like a squat white utilitarian mosque on the other side of the parade ground, and being less than five years old was worshipped by the natives as a living symbol of the truly great strides Australia was



making in the general direction of civilization) the facilities in our camp were, to our way of thinking, all just shortly on this side of the Pleistocene Period. The camp complement (loyal Diggers all) insisted otherwise. Ours, they said, was "the best bloomin' cimpe in Australia; a bloody resort plice, that's wot she is!"

Our "bloody resort plice" didn't know what plumbing was. The drinking fountain, we soon learned, is native only to the United States.

We shared our washroom, a "little tin 'ut with pipes on," with the rest of the battalion. Compared with a platoon, a battalion is a large group. We washed, after a fashion, in long tin troughs (not unlike hog troughs, the country boys said). We shaved by the light of three feeble bulbs doing their best to conserve electricity (our "little tin 'ut" had dispensed with windows, in the interests of God knows what) and without benefit of any 16-inch mirrors or hot water. I wrote home (naturally) describing the Horrors of War I was suffering in the interests of democracy, with hope of a little sympathy. I think it went over my family's head. Mother wrote back in an airy oh-but-think-how-things-could-be-much-worse sort of tone, and remarked that Grandfather had *always* shaved in cold water and look what a man *he* was. Which encouraged

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE ENTITLED TO BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The W.P.B. has tried to protect your needed equipment-have you?

THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD has limited the sale of all-winter anti-freezes. This means that "Prestone" anti-freeze, the world's finest, is no longer available for use in passenger cars, station wagons, or taxis.

The purpose was to reserve the remaining supply to protect the tools needed for America's wartime production and commercial transportation.

To you who are eligible for "Prestone" anti-freeze we say:

The W. P. B. has acted to protect your equipment. Have you?

In time of war, supplies of anything are unpredictable. No better way of assuring yourself of this vital winter protection than by laying in your next winter's supply right now!

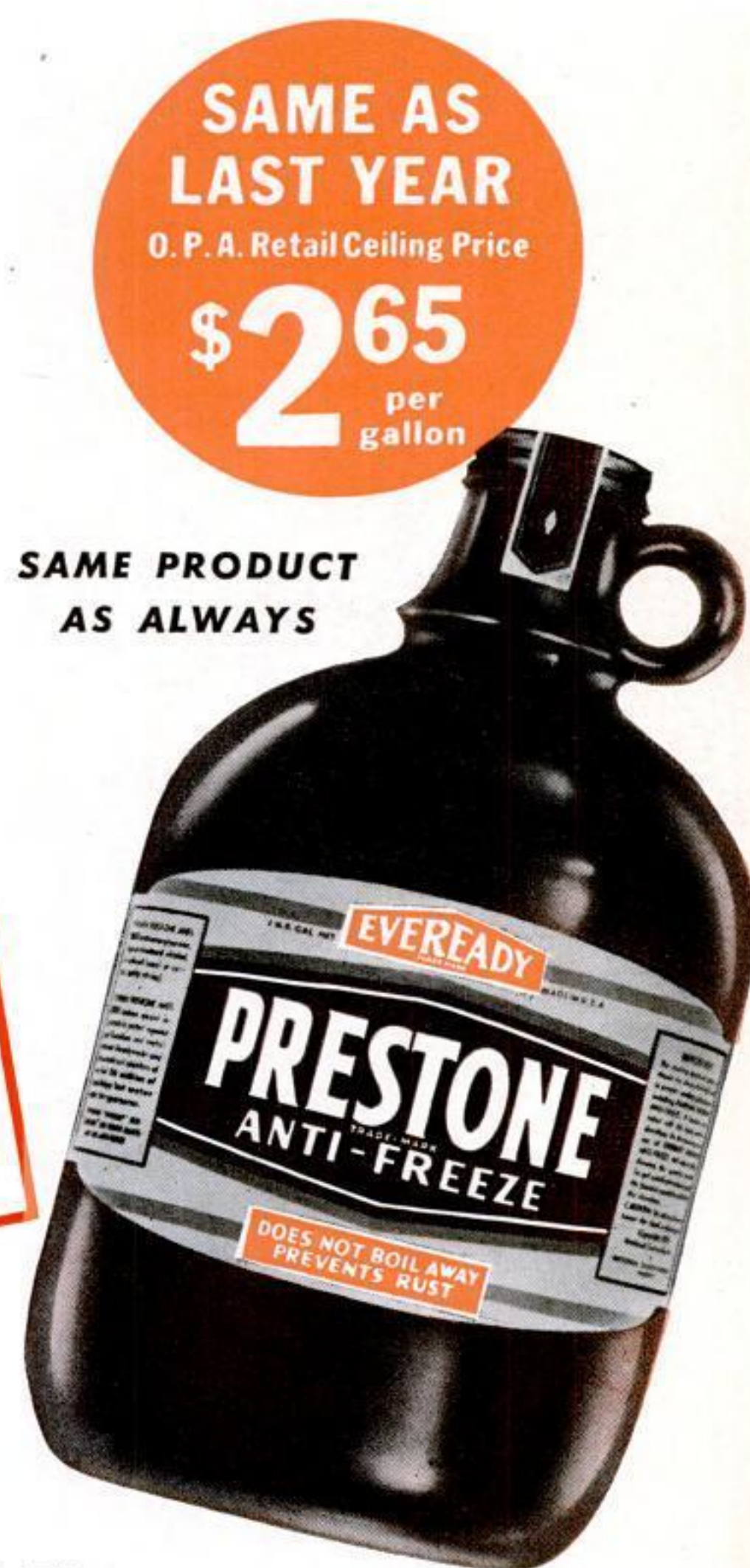
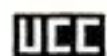
● WHO CAN BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE
As of the date this advertisement goes to press, you are entitled to buy "Prestone" anti-freeze for use in essential equipment as listed below:

TRUCKS	DELIVERY CARS	AIR
BUSSES	STATIONARY	COMPRESSORS
TRACTORS	ENGINES	BULLDOZERS
SNOW PLOWS	GASOLINE SHOVELS	ETC.

CAN'T EVAPORATE OR BOIL AWAY
PROTECTS AGAINST RUST AND CORROSION

ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER—YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



SAME AS
LAST YEAR
O. P. A. Retail Ceiling Price
\$2.65
per
gallon

SAME PRODUCT
AS ALWAYS

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



MEN WHO USED TO CRUISE ON
MAGNIFICENT BIG YACHTS
MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT NOW IN
MATTINGLY & **M**OORE THEY'VE FOUND A
MELLOWER & Milder WHISKEY THAN
MANY BRANDS COSTING MUCH
MORE MONEY. SO WHY NOT
MAKE THIS DISCOVERY YOURSELF?
MERELY ASK FOR
M & **M** TONIGHT!



The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
 Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
 Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

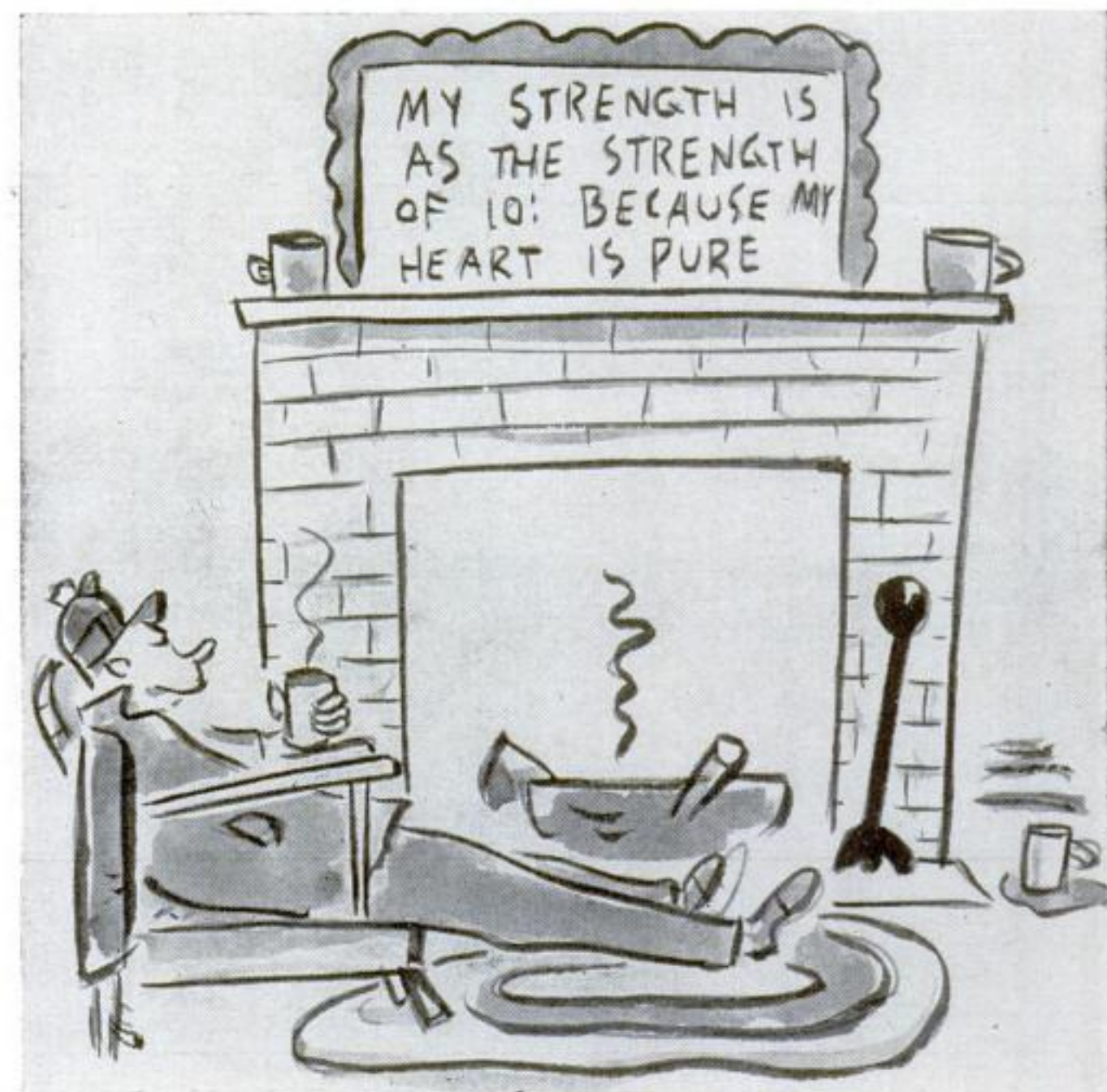
"C/O POSTMASTER" (continued)

me not at all, particularly when I remembered that Grandfather had fought in another war, the Civil War, where beards were S. O. P. [Standing Operating Procedure], and had died with a flowing set of whiskers that had to be curled to fit in his coffin.

Salvation

Above everything else that made our lives livable was the Australian version of a service club, the local Red Shield Hut. Run by the Salvation Army, this haven featured a fireplace and hot coffee, and made me wish to heaven I hadn't been so close with my nickels and intent on a double bank every time the Salvation Lassies passed through the pool room back home. I'd like to go on record as saying that our Salvation Army was so far ahead of the U. S. O. when the going got tough that, will it make General Booth any happier, I'll take coffee instead of a hostess from here on in. And that is a very large statement.

The center of all life, the spot we dreamed of from the moment we got up in the morning and crawled into a damp clammy pair of pants, was the fireplace. Above the fireplace, in large red letters on a white background, was the searing message: "My Strength Is As The



Strength Of 10 Because My Heart Is Pure." Day after day and night after night I sat and read and reread those words. It got so bad I began signing letters "My Strength Is As The Strength Of 10 Because My Heart Is Pure." Which was a fair indication of the shape I was in, but impressed a great deal certain narrow-minded aunts and one particularly narrow-minded and suspicious young lady acquaintance who mostly suspected that I was literally steeped in sin.

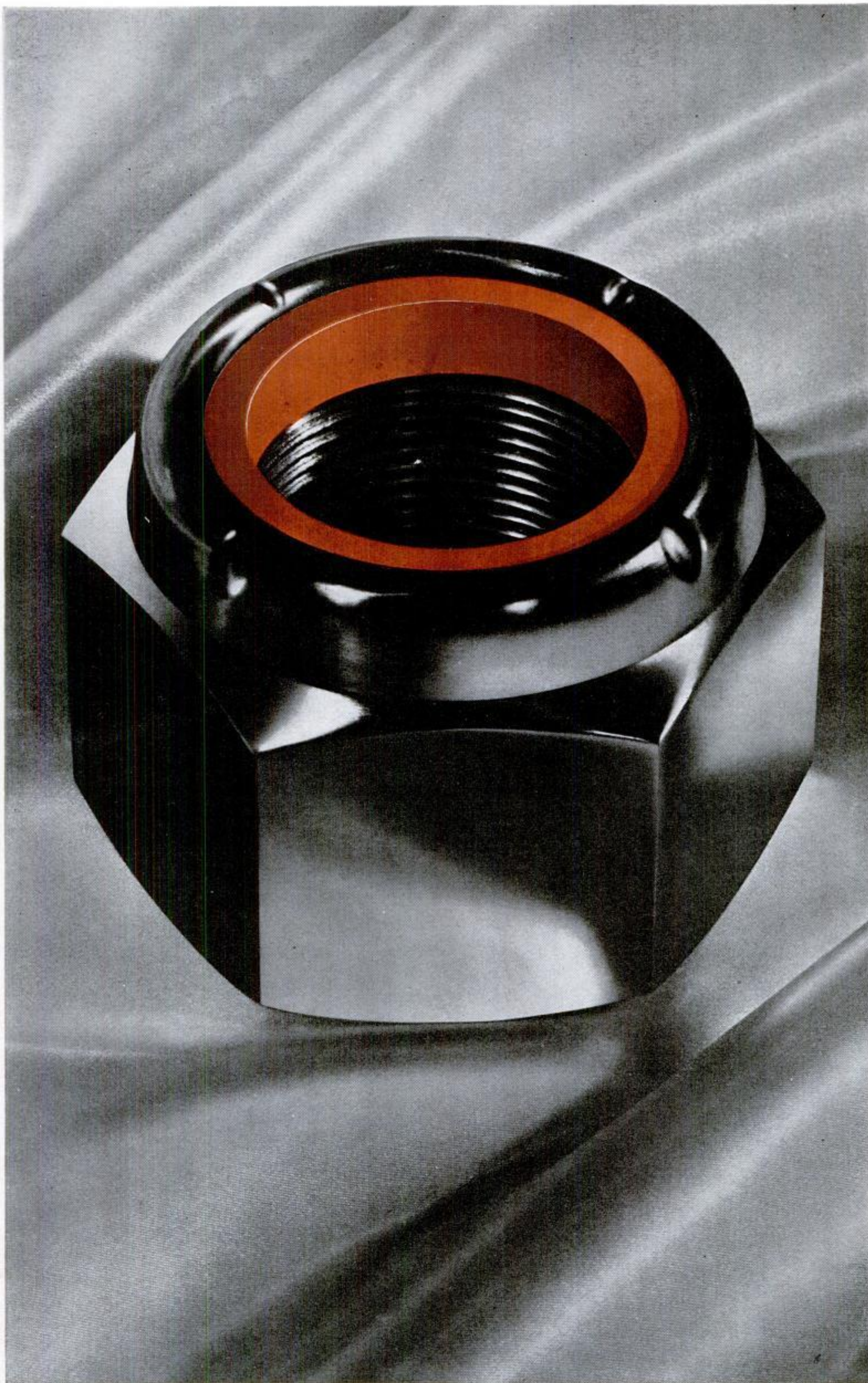
Spot of tea

When the first troopship full of Americans dropped anchor at a Port of Debarkation every household in Australia put a pot of tea on the fire and sent the younger children posthaste to catch a Yank. We knew of this fact before actually docking ourselves, were all in favor of it, and once landed obligingly went out of our way to help things along. Wandering through the countryside of a Saturday afternoon we would always manage to show up at a particularly inviting home along about three o'clock and moon around, even hanging over the front gate on occasion, until somebody came out, and following the usual palaver about how did we like Australia and really the weather was very unusual, invited us in for a "spot of tea." A "particularly inviting home," in this case, was not necessarily a house with spotless stone steps and well-trimmed hedge, but rather one whose inmates were hospitable and included a couple of desirable daughters.

We didn't exactly chalk the right gates, as would hoboos of even average intelligence, but we passed the word along.

Our first "spot of tea" was quite an occasion. Five of us, something less than 24 hours ashore, were meandering along a back street in the little town nearest our camp. We weren't actually angling for an invitation to tea, though a couple of us had mentioned 't as a possibility; we were only hanging around because Al swore he'd seen some girls going into one of the houses. So it came as a bit of a surprise when this pudgy little man appeared on his front porch and said, "Well, what do you think of Austrilia?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



WHAT'S A NUT FOR?

● A nut is for just one purpose.

That is to fasten things together.

A good nut holds tight. It doesn't shake loose even under vibration.

This is the particular virtue of the Elastic Stop Nut.

This nut has an elastic red collar in the top. The collar grips the bolt and keeps the nut and bolt threads pressing tight against each other. There's no play. There's no wobble.

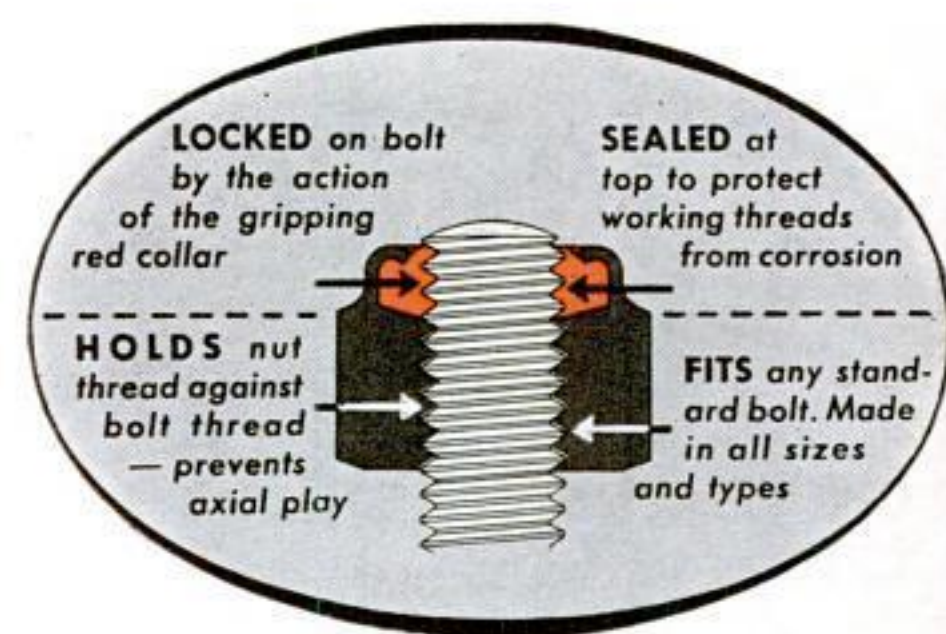
So the nut stays put.

It can be taken off and put back on and still lock. Anywhere on the bolt.

We've made billions of Elastic Stop Nuts.

They're on every airplane made in America. And on all kinds of war material.

And as far as we know, not one has ever failed to do its job surer and better than any other similar fastening.

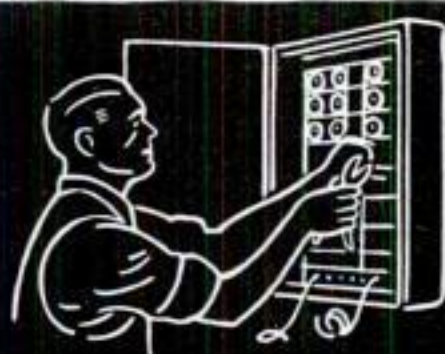


ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last



ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



Elastic Stop Nuts hold tight and make better electrical contact. Connections are safer and more efficient.



Furniture won't loosen, squeak and wobble when Elastic Stop Nuts replace old-fashioned nut fastenings.



Youngsters' toys take a beating. They'll last longer and take less "fixing" when Elastic Stop Nuts are used.

YELLO-BOLE



Half Bent Shape \$1
Actual size of pipe 5 3/4"

the honey-cured smoke

The yellow lining in the bowl, prepared from a blend of Sage Honey, Clover Blossom Honey and Honeysuckle Honey in the proper thickness, and found exclusively in Yello-Bole Pipes, provides a fragrant "curing agent" that (1) cures the pipe of any trace of "breaking-in" and (2) cures the bowl itself instead of allowing it to burn and char which causes bitterness in some pipes. Get a Yello-Bole today for a real good smoke.



YELLO-BOLE  **STANDARD \$1**
YELLO-BOLE  **IMPERIAL \$1.50**
YELLO-BOLE  **PREMIER \$2.50**

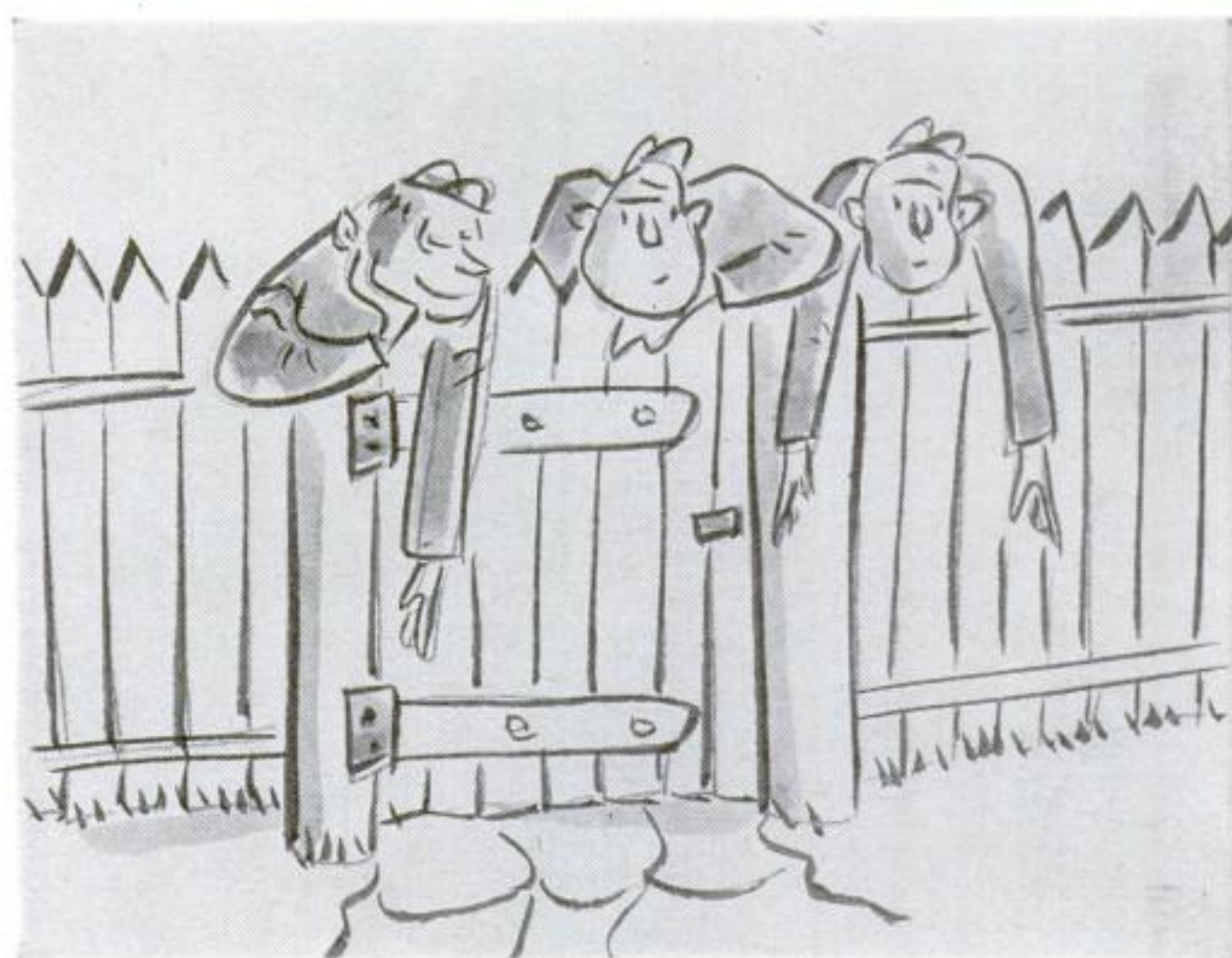
YELLO-BOLE • 630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"C/O POSTMASTER" (continued)

We mumbled one thing or another and he chirped something else and we hung over his fence like so many starving puppies until he came down off the porch and invited us in to look at his car. Which, being no bigger than a good-sized baby buggy though evidently powered with something (possibly a squirrel on a treadmill), intrigued us a great deal. Our new-found friend explained that the only reason he had a car was that he happened to be a Minister of the Gospel.

The Reverend invited us in to tea. Where we met his rather stringy wife, happily gorged ourselves on a variety of tasty little cakes, discovered that "hot buttered scones" were nothing more than baking-powder biscuits, discussed ad infinitum the States and Australia, and found, when it was all over, that we guests had somehow managed to use less than half the available silverware.

Luckily this first tea was served on a table, which meant we could lean on our elbows and talk, with gestures, to our heart's content. Most of the subsequent teas we attended were served catch-as-catch-can. Which meant we all sat around on the edges of our chairs (like so many convicted murderers waiting for the jolt of 2,000 volts at state expense), balancing our tea on our knees, wondering whether said tea stained a uniform beyond repair, and hoping against hope that the inevitable "accident" and splash and sputtered apologies and dashing after rags to clean up the mess could this time be avoided. Some of us tried to solve the problem by installing small flat boards in our pants legs, just above the knees, but it made for a very odd sort of walk. I heartily disliked catch-as-catch-can teas because, being a guy who can't talk without gestures, I necessarily remained stupidly silent with both hands clutching my cup at all times. Which



led people to think "what a dull boy he is" and pass me by when handing out invitations to "come again." Eventually, of course, I mastered some of the elementary aspects of juggling and no longer had to refuse a second piece of anything merely because I didn't know how I could manage it. I caught up on my conversation too, often gesturing airily with a large piece of insufficiently mortared sponge cake and literally scattering crumbs to my audience.

Camp Chow, Town Chow

We stated, emphatically, that the food wasn't like the food "back in the States." Well, it wasn't. And at first the natives, on hearing such statements, only muttered in their beer about the "bloody war" and remarked that *they* had gotten to the point where they were substituting rice for macaroni. Later, when it appeared that we weren't actually out staving off a Japanese invasion, but were, in fact, possibly more interested in certain little invasions all our own, the natives became more straightforward about the whole matter. Following Thanksgiving we were forced to admit that we'd had "a real meal, with turkey an' dressing an' everything," and we inquired of our civilian friends, "What'd you have?"

"Ham," they told us. "You Yanks got all the turkey."

Following Christmas we were again forced to admit that we'd had "a real meal, with cranberry sauce an' fruit salad an' all the turkey I could eat"; and we inquired again of our civilian friends, "What'd you have?"

"Ham," they told us. "You goddam Yanks got all the bloody turkey!"

In the end we readily admitted something we had never so much as dreamed of back in the States—camp chow was better than town chow. Much better.

Wherever America Fights . . . Western Is Fighting, Too!

"Americans are the best-equipped soldiers in the world"

Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, Jr.
Chief of Ordnance



AMMUNITION

More than 5 billion rounds of rifle and machine gun ammunition, in .30 and .50 caliber, and many other types, have been produced by Western-operated plants at East Alton, Ill., New Haven, Conn., and the St. Louis Ordnance Plant, operated by The United States Cartridge Company, a Western subsidiary. The latter is producing more small arms ammunition than was turned out by all American factories during World War I.

GARANDS

Winchester is manufacturing, in great quantities, the famous Garand semi-automatic rifle which won its spurs at Wake Island and Bataan. Winchester was the first commercial arms company to make it—and, due to manufacturing economies, has reduced the cost to the government to less than one-half of the original contract price.

CARBINES

Thousands of Winchester carbines are being produced by Western's Winchester division, which originated and developed this new, speedy, deadly-efficient semi-automatic weapon. Adopted by the Ordnance Department as the U. S. Carbine, Caliber .30, M1, it greatly increases offensive fire-power of combat units.

ON land and sea, and in the sky—wherever America is fighting—products of the Western Cartridge Company, its divisions and affiliates, are contributing to the crushing offensive power of the United Nations.

Torrents of retribution for the Axis are pouring from Western-operated plants and factories, manned by more than 50,000 production soldiers. Accuracy and reliability of rifles and carbines; high efficiency of shells and cartridges; unyielding strength of metals; devastating force of military explosives—all these, and many more, are Western contributions to freedom.

From the manufacture of sporting arms and ammunition and related products in the metals and explosives fields, Western has diverted a half-century of peace-time experience to producing weapons of war. The basic

"know-how" of Western's own technicians, acquired through years of research, has been multiplied over and over through the expansion of our facilities and by the extension of Western management to government-owned plants.

Today, the Western organization measures its production in billions of units, each representing the highest skills known to American precision manufacture. Many parts of cartridges and primers we produce must be held within tolerances finer than those of a jeweled watch. Most Western explosives require split-second perfection in manufacture as in performance. Winchester rifles and carbines are now, as ever, among the most precisely-built products on earth. But with it all, Western's vast production reaches out to equip and hearten Allied fighting men beyond all the seven seas.

METALS

As leading producers of cartridge brass for our own and other ammunition plants, and of critical metals for many other war uses, vastly enlarged brass mills at East Alton, Ill., and New Haven, Conn., are greatly aiding the war effort. . . . In steel, too, Western is helping Uncle Sam—saving millions of pounds of brass. . . . Tons of vital aluminum are being produced by an affiliated corporation. . . . Heat exchangers and miles of seamless copper radiator tubes, both developed and produced by Winchester, are used in airplanes, tanks and landing barges.



EXPLOSIVES

Western loads the 20 mm. shell, highly effective against dive bomber attacks on our ships—and we are making tetryl, used in the shell's bursting charge, by an improved, Western-developed process. . . . Smokeless ball powder, another Western development, produced 5 times faster than other smokeless powders, was put into quantity production rapidly when speed was vital. . . . Among other products for war, we are making detonators and primers for naval shells and other projectiles—igniters for incendiary bombs—and great quantities of black powder, dynamite and other explosives.

SHOTGUNS-SHELLS

Aerial gunners, in training, are using Winchester shotguns and shot shells, Western shot shells, target-throwing equipment and "clay" targets—the peacetime choice of sportsmen everywhere.



Western

CARTRIDGE COMPANY
EAST ALTON, ILLINOIS

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

THE UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

OLIN CORPORATION
(Aluminum Division)
Tacoma, Wash.

And Other Divisions and Affiliates

FLASHLIGHTS

Thousands of flashlights and batteries, made by Winchester and by Bond Electric Corporation, New Haven, Conn., another Western division, are providing dependable, portable light in war plants.





Fine 18"x13" enlargement of this painting, suitable for framing, will be sent on request while supply lasts. Write to our New York address for Lithograph C, enclosing 10c to cover postage and handling. (Sinking Jap warship from Official U. S. Navy Photo taken through periscope.)



3 Ships . . . 3 Candles!

Submarine cooks take special pride in preparing tempting meals in their compact galleys. And the Navy sees to it that they get the finest food in the fleet!

Besides good eats, submariners enjoy many advantages: 50% higher pay; pleasant, informal living; air-conditioned quarters; opportunity for first-hand study of diesel engines and other fascinating technical subjects; and, of course, exciting action and adventure.

Revenge IN THE PACIFIC

THREE enemy warships blasted in a single action by one U. S. submarine alone! Four 10,000-ton Jap transports sunk within 2½ hours by another! A convoy of four troopships and their destroyer escort sent to the bottom by a third! That's the kind of vengeance our subs are taking on the treacherous Japs . . . socking them where it hurts most . . . smashing their sorely needed vessels *right in their own back yard*.

More than any others, the men of our Navy's submarine service are carrying the war to the enemy's homeland. The daring officers and crews of our subs maneuver their craft right up to the coast of Japan. There they lie in wait for ships enter-

ing or leaving Japanese harbors, and attack them in full view of astounded Japs on shore. Frequently they even slip inside the harbors and blast ships and shore installations with deck guns and torpedoes.

Already U. S. subs . . . the *fastest, safest, most comfortable* and *deadliest* submarines ever known . . . have badly crippled enemy shipping. As this goes to press, the latest Navy report officially credits them with 277 Jap ships sunk or smashed since the beginning of the war! And thanks to your purchases of War Bonds, more and still more

U. S. submarines are being speeded from the yards of the Electric Boat Company to the naval battle fronts of the world.



Submarine Officers' Insignia

ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY

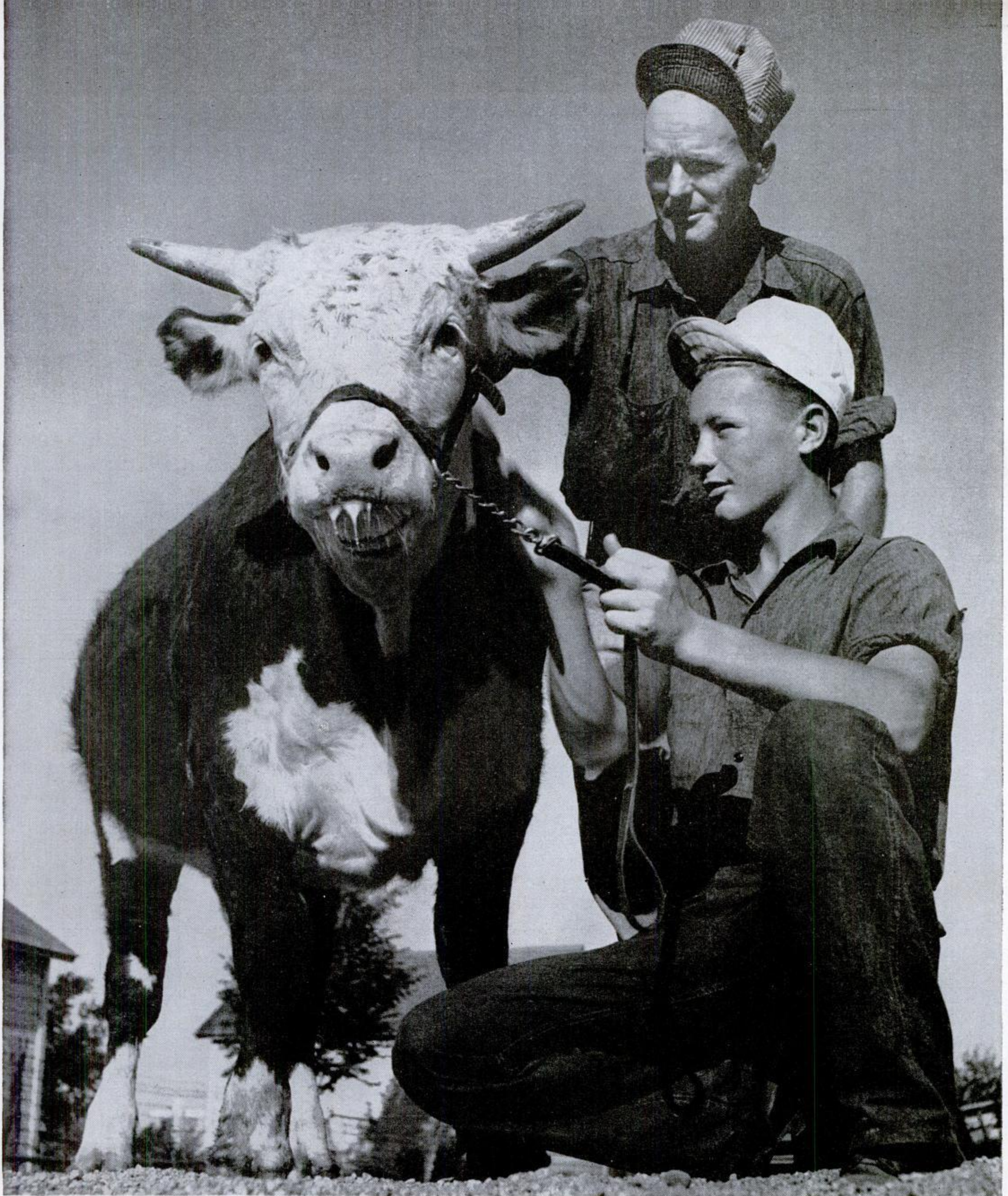
33 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS

Motor Torpedo Boats
ELCO NAVAL DIVISION
Bayonne, N. J.

Submarines
NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE WORKS
Groton, Conn.

Electric Motors
ELECTRO DYNAMIC WORKS
Bayonne, N. J.



YOUNG STOCKMAN DALE HESPEN REGARDS HIS HEREFORD STEER WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE. AT 16 MONTHS, STUBBY WEIGHS 700 LB. DALE'S FATHER, BEN HESPEN, STANDS BY

FARM KIDS

On the great plains of America
they work the land they love to
produce food for fighting nations

Some boys and girls, fortunately for this nation and the world, are born with an affinity for the soil, and neither heat nor cold, nor draught nor tornado can pry them loose. It is their way of life. They are the farmers of tomorrow who, because there is a war on, have become prematurely the farmers of today, bearing a large part of the responsibility of feeding the country. In the vicinity of Fremont, Neb. in the fertile Platte and Elkhorn River valleys where LIFE Photographer Otto Hagel took these pictures, youngsters not yet in their teens are working side by side with the men in the fields, driving tractors or teams al-

most too strong for them to handle, getting up before the sun to milk the cows and feed the stock. That is their summer. When fall comes their 4-H (Head, Heart, Hands and Health) Club projects will be supplemented by intensive classroom courses in vocational agriculture. Some will go on to the University of Nebraska, others will start buying land and stock, little by little, and take a sturdy girl to wife who knows about canning and gardening and cooking for threshers. There will be years when the banks foreclose and the fields burn up, but they will never leave the land. They are a part of it, and it is a part of them.



Proud farm women of tomorrow are Dorothy McKenzie and Mary Louise Helt (*above*) who display plums, peas, beans,

carrots they have put up as members of the Canning Club, Useful Servers of America. Last year Nebraska 4-H girls

canned almost 600,000 quarts of fruit and vegetables. Mary Louise and her sister own and tend a flock of 150 chickens.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Another Pond's Bride-to-Be
BARBARA HODGES
of Rutherford, N.J.
to Robert Greacen
U.S. Army Air Co

BARBARA HODGES WED

No longer a bride-to-be, but now Mrs. Robert A. Greacen. Army orders made a sudden change in Barbara's wedding date—as they have for so many engaged girls this year

BARBARA'S RING—is a beautiful, clear solitaire, with 2 small diamonds set in platinum on either side.

A *WAR-TRAINED MAP READER* and engineering "draftsman," charming blonde Barbara Hodges is *working*—not just waiting—for the return of her aviator fiancé.

You'd never guess Barbara spends hours at a drafting board daily—her clear, blonde skin looks so fresh and sweet, so beautifully cared for. "Pond's Cold Cream is what makes my complexion happy," she says. "It does *such* nice clean, soft things for my face after a hard day's work—I just adore it!"

This is Barbara's *soft-smooth skin care*:

She smooths...

on cool, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream and *pats* its lovely softening moistness all over her face and throat with brisk little pats, to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

She "rinses"...

with *more* luscious Pond's Cold Cream—swirling her cream-coated fingertips around her face in little spiral whirls. This second soft-smooth Pond's creaming is to make her skin *extra specially* clean and soft. Then, she tissues off again.



BARBARA'S SPARKLING FACE has that truly engaged-sweet look! "It ought to have," she laughed, "I give it the grandest beauty care I know—with Pond's!"

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

COPY HER DAILY BEAUTY RULE . . . give your face Pond's complexion care—*every* morning, *every* night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll love the fresher color it brings up in your cheeks—the softer-to-touch feel it gives your skin.

Yes—it's *no accident* lovely engaged girls like Barbara Hodges . . . noted society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart and Britain's Lady Kinross prefer Pond's to any other creams. Buy a lovely big jar of Pond's Cold Cream now!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



PRETTY GUIDE to two French sailors from the French-American Club, Barbara points out the 70-story R.C.A. building at Rockefeller Center, New York. "C'est magnifique!" the boys exclaim. "Elle est charmante" they chorus about Barbara's typically American loveliness.

HISTORY ... in the making



ROBIN HOOD was dashing off to the local archery tournament.

"Why the yellow arrows, Robin?" asked Maid Marian.

"They're pencils, Fair Maid," laughed Robin Hood. "They're Venus-Velvets."

"Who ever heard of using pencils for arrows?"

"Why not?" quipped Robin. "You won't find a more lasting point or a more splinter-proof shaft than on a Venus-Velvet."

"Wonderful. Then I know you can't miss with a Venus-Velvet."



Shooting for perfection is easier with Venus-Velvets. Colloidal lead keeps them sharp and smooth-writing. Get them from your stationer or office supply dealer.



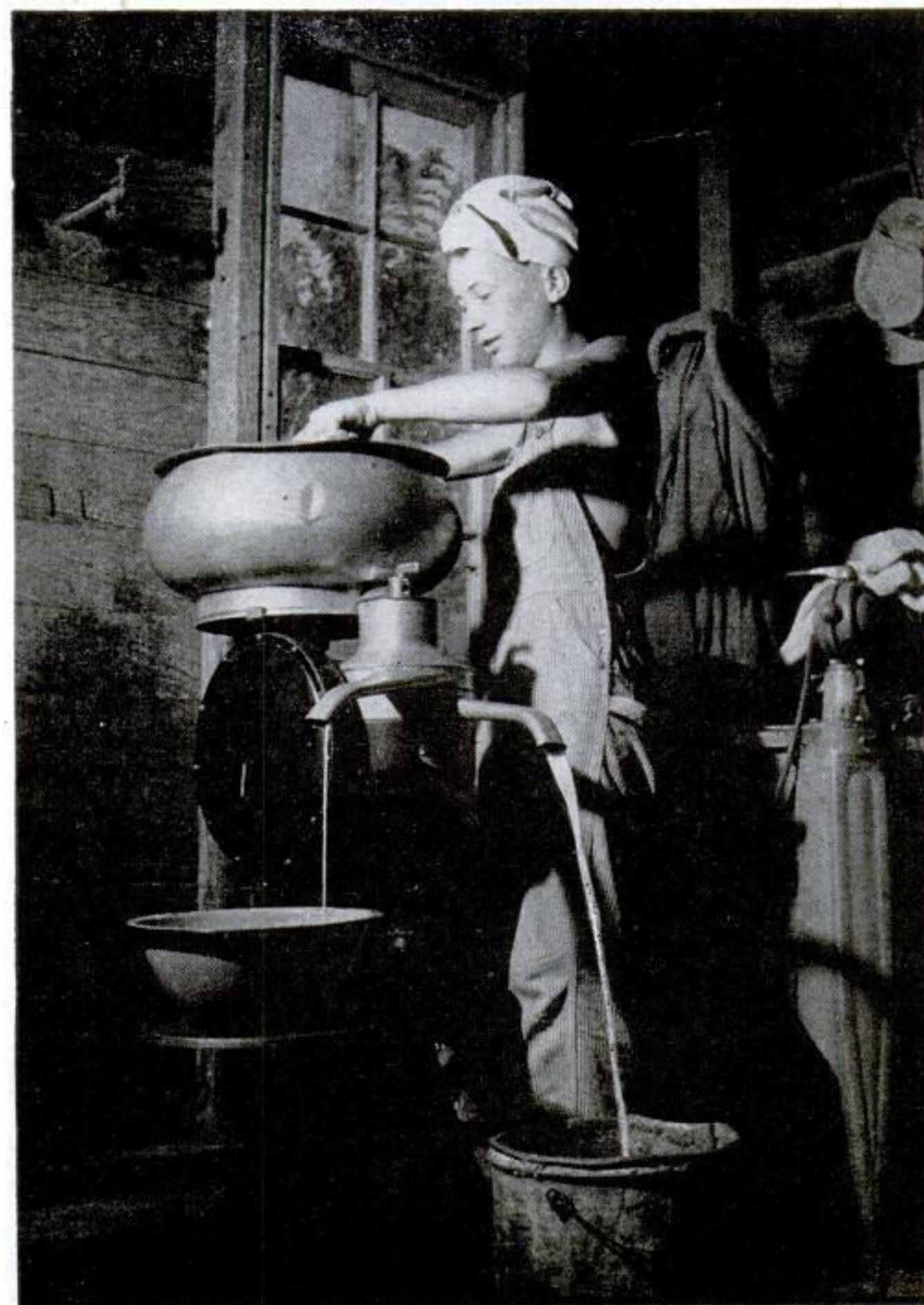
And for a direct hit in color, try Venus Coloring Pencils. They come in 28 shades.

**VENUS
VELVET
PENCILS**

AMERICAN PENCIL CO., NEW YORK
In Canada: Venus Pencil Company, Ltd., Toronto



Lois Finnegan is oldest (14) of five daughters of John Finnegan, leader of the Fremont Milky Way Dairy Club. She makes up for lack of boys on the farm by doing a man's work, which includes milking (with automatic milker) 8 cows twice a day.



To Richard Hespen, younger brother of Dale (p. 79) falls the daily task of separating skim milk for hogs on his father's farm. The boys, 15 and 13, also help out neighboring farmers during the summer, are members of a 4-H beef, swine and sheep club.

FROM TWO-FISTED TEXAS



BELTS

FOR MEN WHO PACK A PUNCH



**TEXAS
RANGER**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**SADDLE
CRAFT**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TOUGH, sturdy belts by Tex-Tan of Yoakum, Texas, meet the heavy duty demands of a working, fighting America. Their prime, mellow leather is leather at its best, durable as an Apache's war shield. Leather lovin' Texas craftsmen hand tool them in designs as colorful as a Ranger's vocabulary and as eye-catching as the trim ankle of a Palomino filly.

Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft belts and billfolds are yours for exclusive style ... and for the hardest service your wartime work can hand out.



Genuine hand-tooled belts
\$3.50 to \$5.00

Other styles ...
\$1.25 to \$3.50

Billfolds ...
\$1.00 to \$10.00



by TexTan
OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

Should you fail to find TexTan merchandise where you shop, write for name of nearest dealer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Maybe he's your boy

HE HAD waited anxiously for this moment. Then, early one morning, his instructor hopped out of the Boeing PT-17 Kaydet and casually waved this youngster off on his first solo.

He felt a chill, a sinking wave of uncertainty, and then excitement . . . the exultant climactic realization that "This is it!" He shoved the throttle ahead and for the first time in his life lifted up into the sky . . . on his own!

When he climbed out of the sturdy trainer, he glowed with expansive pride that even a self-consciously repressed smile couldn't hide. He was a flier now, and gloriously happy.

If you had been there, you'd have seen him give his Boeing Kaydet a friendly pat. For, like all fliers, he feels a real affection for the primary trainer that first lent him wings.

If your son, or brother, or that boy from down the street, is now in the Army or Navy flying services, chances are that he, too, received his first flight instruction in a Boeing designed and built airplane. For more Army and Navy pilots have gotten their initial training in Boeing primary trainers than in any other primary training plane. Boeing has delivered, all told, more than 7000 Boeing Kaydets to the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy,

Great Britain, China, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and six South American republics. Expertly engineered, soundly constructed, they have contributed to the aviation training services' outstanding safety record.

Boeing Kaydets are built at Boeing's midwestern plant in Wichita, Kansas. Not as spectacular as their big brothers, the Flying Fortresses,* they are, nonetheless, built to the same unyielding standards of design, engineering and manufacture.

Boeing products have always exceeded the claims advanced for them. True today, it will be equally true of any product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

BOEING



The Armed Forces continue to receive almost all of the Nescafé that we manufacture. Therefore, the quantity that is available each month to our civilian customers is very small, and Nescafé appears only occasionally in grocery stores.

We are glad that Nescafé is able to play an important part in satisfying and stimulating our fighting forces—yet we regret that it is necessary to disappoint our civilian consumers. We know our customers will take satisfaction in the thought that the package of Nescafé that is not available today is serving some friend or relative in the military service.

Naturally we are eagerly looking forward to the day when there will be Nescafé for all.

A Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

SAY IT WITH WAR BONDS

• NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. • NEW YORK, U. S. A. •

Brentwood
MIRAPACA
THE WONDER SWEATER

Mirapaca... America's most advertised sweater... will give you wearing pleasure for many seasons. Light in weight, warm, and feathery soft... it radiates an air of smartness that all lovers of fine sportswear admire. For business or leisure wear there's nothing like a Mirapaca... **\$6.00**
America's Sweater Favorite.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies
BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

PERFECT
is the word for
PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades

10 for \$1
and worth it

For you who want only the best—perfect blades that give you a new high in perfect shaving satisfaction. Expertly made of Swedish steel. Carefully inspected, leather stropped and triple wrapped. Fit your double edge razor perfectly.

GIFT BOX OF 50 FOR \$5
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc.
599 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.
If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to Dept. J.

Farm Kids (continued)



Verne McKenzie bought his first dairy calf when he was 10 years old, with \$20 borrowed from his mother. This was his first 4-H Club project. Today, at 13, he owns two cows, a heifer, chickens, 12 pigs. This summer he earned \$2 a day hoeing corn.



Feeding pigs is another of Dick Hespen's daily chores before he goes to the fields. In 1942 1,500,000 4-H members in U. S. provided the nation with pork for 52,000,000 chops, 1,125,000 slices of bacon. They expect to increase that output in 1943.

THE LONELY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

IT was a solitary light; the light in the house next door.

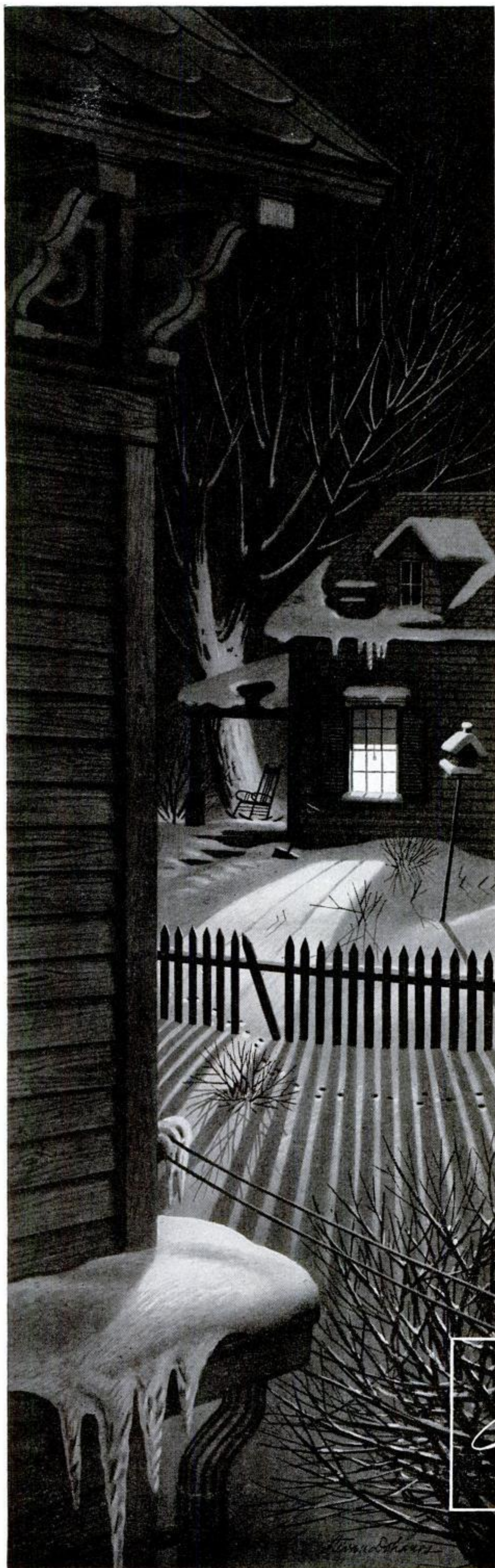
If I woke in the early morning hours of winter, I would see it shining from the kitchen when all the other houses were dark. When I came home late from a party, I would see it shining from the little sitting room; a light so tiny that it seemed almost to be the reflected light of the stars.

When I saw the light in the morning I knew that Mrs. Spencer, who was a widow, was preparing breakfast for the boarder who took the early train to the city. When I saw it late at night I knew that she was working on a dress for her little girl, or on a blouse for her boy, or on the plain sewing which she did for people in the neighborhood.

It seemed to me that the light was always lit; that Mrs. Spencer never slept.

* * * *

Drudgery such as Mrs. Spencer endured is rarer today. Today many women are helping to support themselves and their children and still enjoying some leisure simply because a life insurance agent advised the use of part of a life insur-



ance fund to provide business or professional training if the need arose. And this is only one of the many ways in which life insurance is being applied through competent agents to the special circumstances which affect each family.

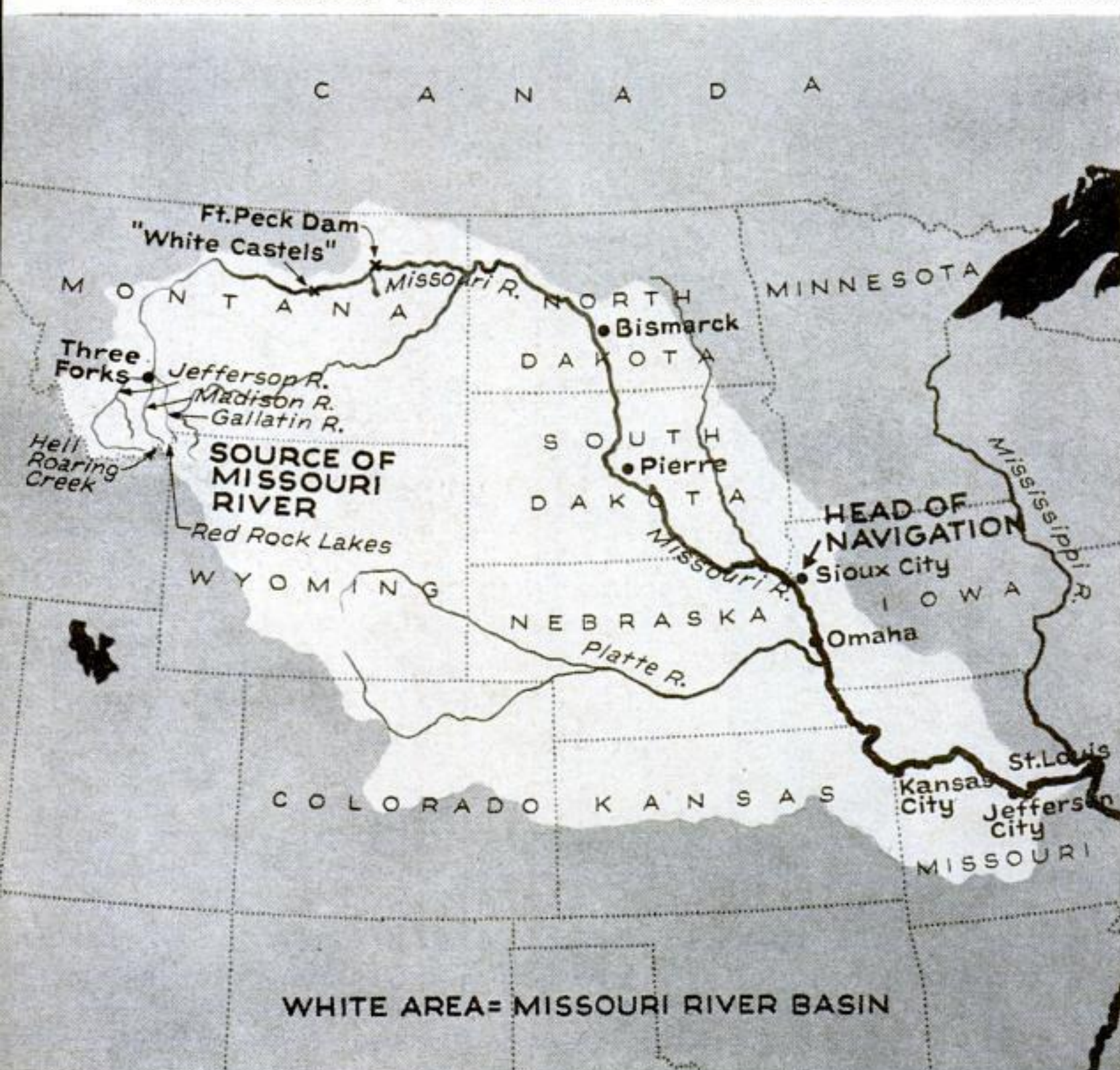
These circumstances are never static; they are constantly changing. And for this reason it is important to review your life insurance from time to time. Such a review is especially important now. All of us are faced with new responsibilities. One is to buy war bonds. Another is to try to make sure that these bonds will not have to be sold immediately in the event of personal disaster. Still another for most of us is to ensure that our children will be equipped through education and training to cope with the new and different world which the peace will bring.

Any John Hancock agent will be glad to help you adjust your life insurance to meet these and other responsibilities. The advice which he gives you will be sound because it will be based on the eighty years experience of this company in fitting life insurance to the specific needs and circumstances of millions of policyholders.





MISSOURI RISES ON CONTINENTAL DIVIDE WHERE HELL ROARING CREEK FLOWS INTO RED ROCK LAKES. ON OTHER SIDE OF DIVIDE STREAMS FLOW TO PACIFIC



MISSOURI RIVER

"Big Muddy" is longest U. S. stream

Right below the crest of the Continental Divide in southwest Montana, the cold water of a mountain stream, grandiloquently called Hell Roaring Creek, drops down into a lake and then twists northwards. After a 2,700-mile journey, the water—by now very muddy and by now known as the Missouri River—flows out into the Mississippi River above St. Louis. On its way the water roars and meanders through seven states, through mountains, plains, badlands and prairie. It irrigates crops, turns turbines, floats barges, floods farms, yields fine trout and whiskered 100 lb. catfish, quenches the thirst of populous cities. From source to mouth it is the longest river in the U. S., longer by 250 miles than the Mississippi.

A century ago, a young artist traveling up the Missouri painted the scenes on the following pages. The buffaloes and encampments he saw have vanished and the "White Castles" (*opposite page*) are now lapped by the backed-up waters of Fort Peck Dam's reservoir. But the Missouri is still a wide and willful stream. Engineers have somewhat curbed it but its floods are still terrible.

Though the wars that once bloodied the river's waters are ended there are still two conflicts going on. One conflict is between the upriver men, who want to use the water for irrigation and hydroelectricity, and the downriver men, who want to restrict upriver water use so that there will be enough water left to make the river more navigable. The second conflict is over meaning of "Missouri," which was also the name of an Indian tribe. Tradition says it means "Big Muddy." But some intransigent scholars insist that "Missouri" really means "Wooden Canoe," though they admit that "Big Muddy" is a much more appropriate name.

THE MISSOURI BASIN, including the land drained by tributaries, drains more than 500,000 square miles in ten states and a little part of Canada. From Three Forks, Montana, where the Missouri proper is formed, to the Mississippi is a distance of 2,470 miles. This is often given as river's official length. Eons ago, the Missouri flowed north to Hudson Bay but a glacier changed the contours of the continent and with it the course of the Missouri.



THE UPPER REACHES of the Missouri were painted in 1834 by Charles Bodmer, a young Swiss who traveled the trans-Mississippi region with his patron, Prince Maximilian of Weid. These rare old prints were collected by Boston's famous Goodspeed's Book Shop.

"WHITE CASTELS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI" (*below*) was painted a few miles below confluence of Missouri with Musselshell River in Montana. The "castels" were a reef of snow-white sandstone with markings like windows. Lewis and Clark also described them.

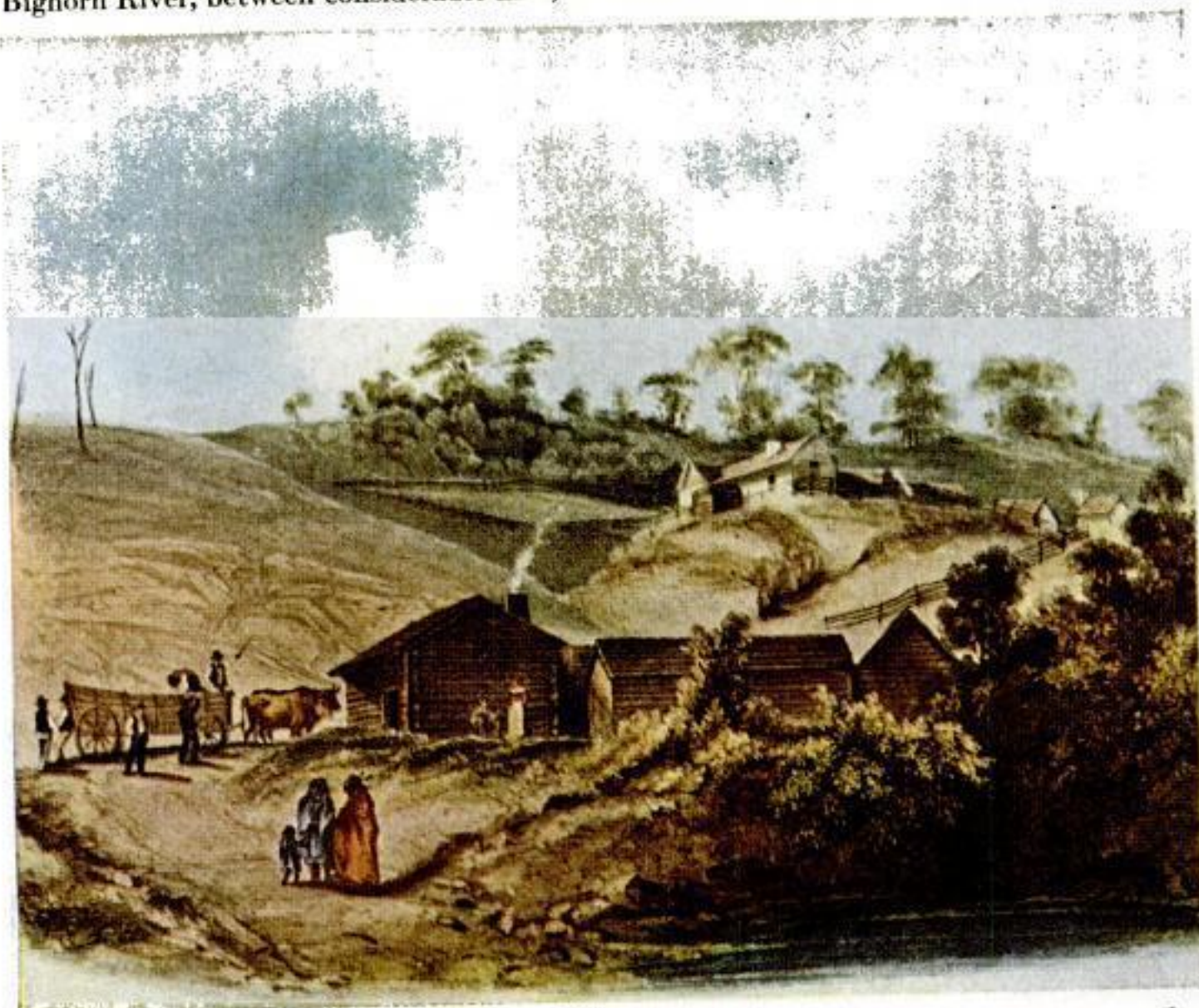


THE MISSOURI RIVER (continued)



"CAMP OF THE GROS VENTRES OF THE PRAIRIES" is described by Prince Maximilian in his *Travels in the Interior of North America*: "On the left was the mouth of Bighorn River, between considerable hills, on which numbers of Indians had collected. In

front of the eminences the prairie declined toward the river where above 250 leather tents of the Indians were set up." He added: "Our situation was everything but agreeable. A favorable wind for our sail was very welcome in assisting us to escape from this perilous situation."



"BELLEVUE" was the Indian agency of a man named Dougherty, located a few miles below the present site of Omaha, Neb. Bellevue was in the heart of Pawnee country, and was one of main posts of Western fur trade. Prince Maximilian found it "agreeably situated."

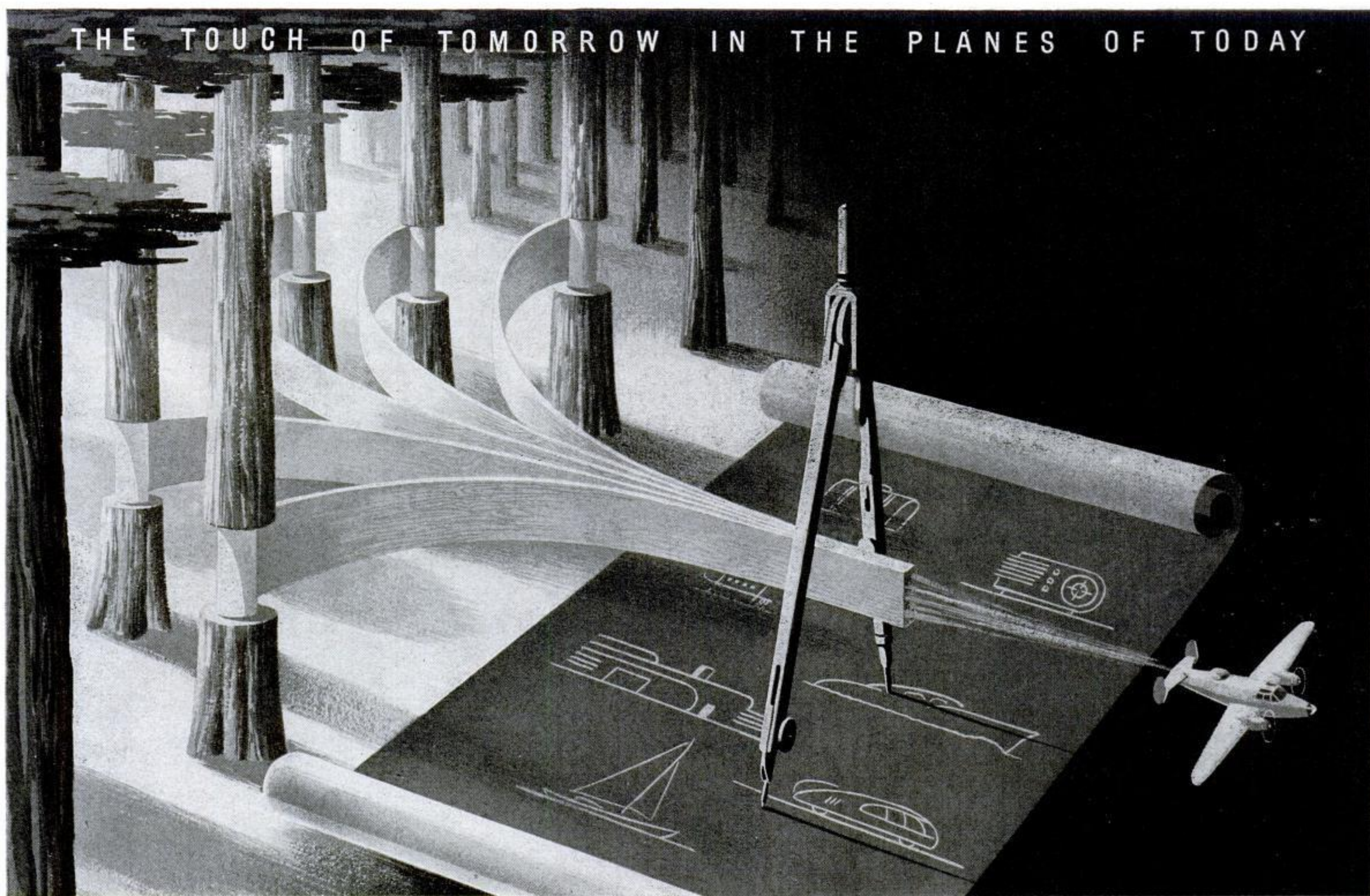


"ENCAMPMENT OF THE TRAVELLERS" was painted by Bodmer at point where the river was too shallow to proceed by boat. Prince Maximilian and his party camped on banks and explored surrounding country. Here the Missouri flows through rolling prairies.



THE MISSOURI is formed at Three Forks, Mont. where the Gallatin, the Madison and the Jefferson rivers flow together. The Jefferson, whose waters come down from Hell Roaring Creek (*see p. 86*), flows in from right background in the photograph above. It joins the Ma-

dison, which twists in from left background. The widened stream goes on for a few hundred yards and joins the Gallatin, which comes in from the left middle. Then the new-born Missouri, here a river of clear and sparkling mountain water, runs down a straight channel.



A New Industry Comes Out of the Woods

Plywood, the structural material of the future, takes to the skies today. Planes of many types are now being made of plywood, superior in certain characteristics even to fine steel or aluminum.

With war-time expansion of plane production, Fairchild foresaw shortages in the light metals. Research and engineering development of plywood at Fairchild were given a great stimulus. New data and new techniques were developed, made possible by recently perfected adhesives. Plywood craftsmanship jumped ahead many years in a few short months.

By a patented process, known as DURAMOLD, layer-on-layer of wood, laid cross-grain and permanently joined with special resins under heat and pressure, may now be molded into single and multi-curved structural surfaces of consistently high quality.

DURAMOLD possesses some distinct advantages over metal aircraft surfaces. It is more fire-resistant. It makes lighter, stronger planes; the rigid DURAMOLD shell is its own

support, eliminating the need for a great clutter of internal stiffeners, bulkheads, and other reinforcing members necessary in thin metal construction. It does not wrinkle nor buckle in the airstream, as does a metal surface. There are no non-flush rivets, as no rivets are required. Thus, it is *smoother* in the air . . . horsepower is not handicapped by increased "drag." The plane can fly faster, is more maneuverable and has greater lift and range in the field of high-speed performance.

Production of DURAMOLD structures in spars, flat pieces, and complex curved surfaces is now concentrated within the aviation industry. Its purposes are 100% the purposes of war.

But, when victory is won, the techniques, facilities and craftsmanship of a new industry can and will be applied to a multitude of peace-time products.

DURAMOLD, another example of those Fairchild achievements which put the "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today," is available to all "priority" manufacturers.

"ON THE BEAM"

"We must so conduct ourselves that future generations will speak of the men and women of 1943 as we speak of the men and women of 1776."

—James F. Byrnes, *Director of War Mobilization*

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

 **FAIRCHILD**

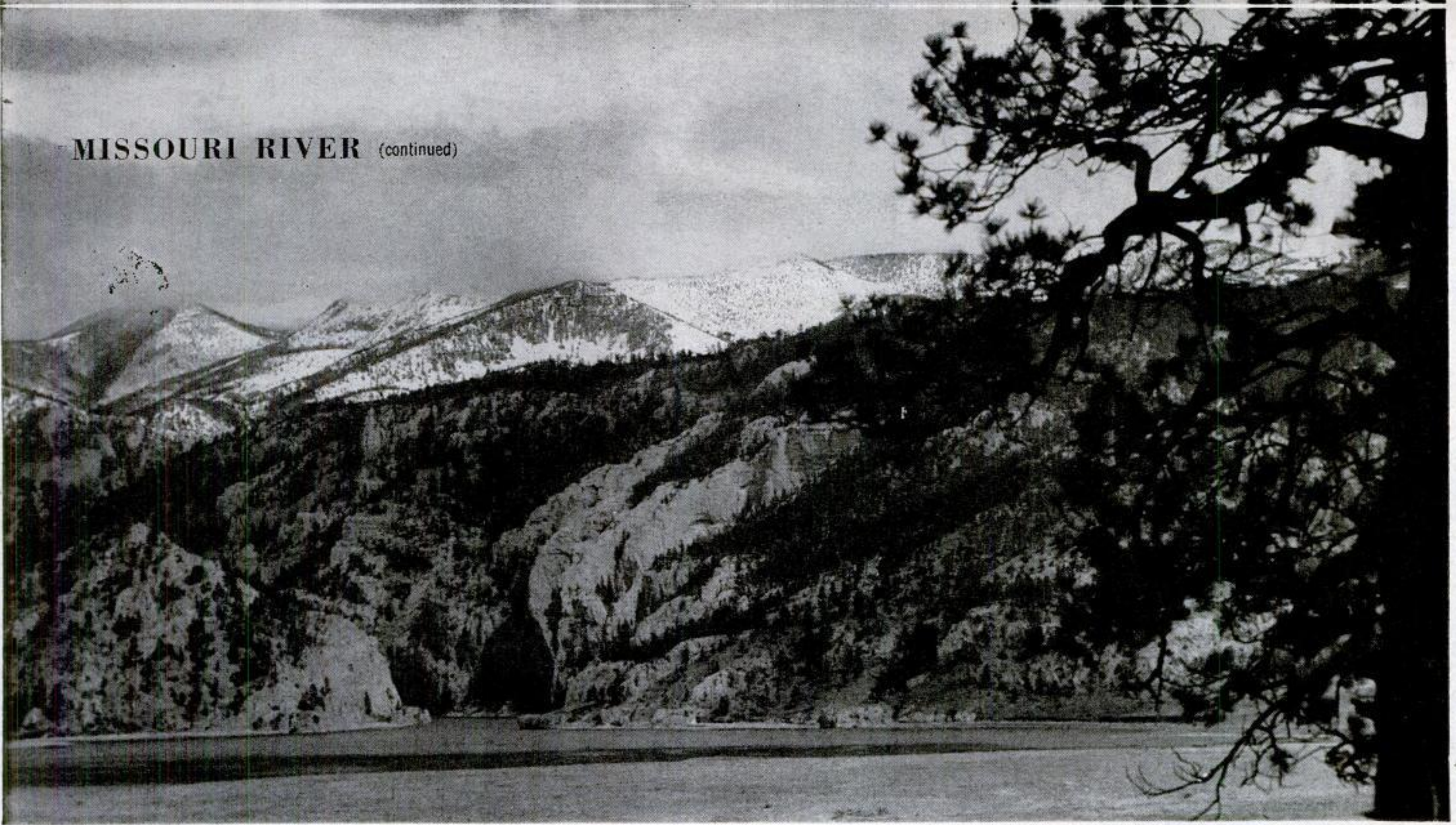
ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I.

Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . . Burlington, N. C.

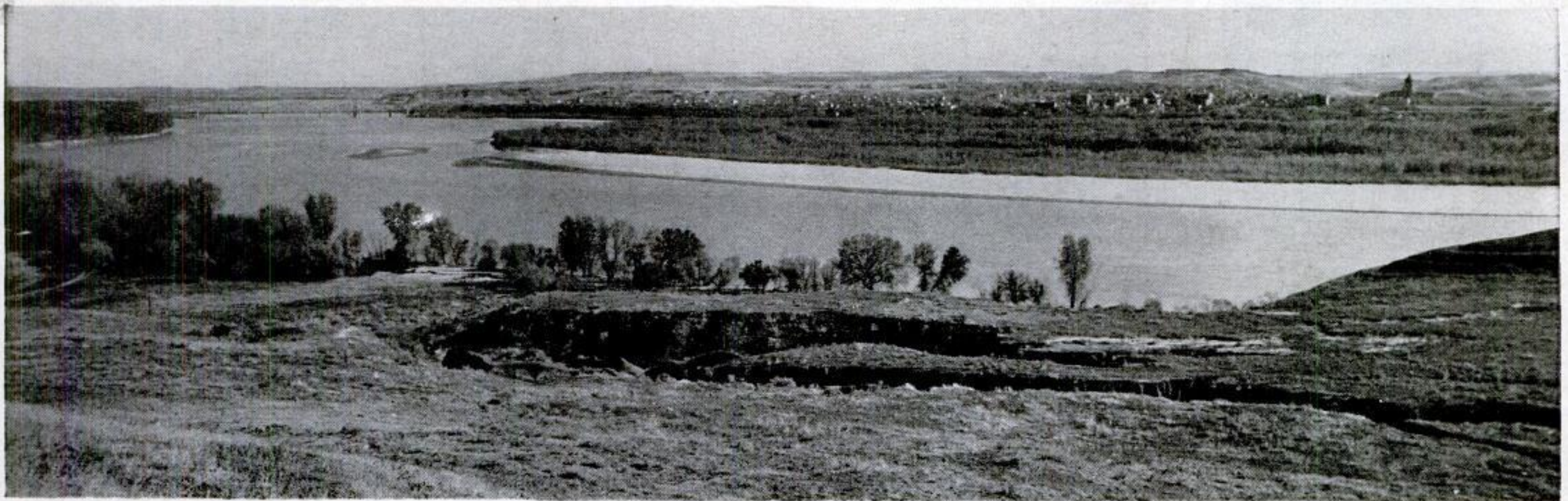
Duramold Division, New York, N. Y.

MISSOURI RIVER (continued)



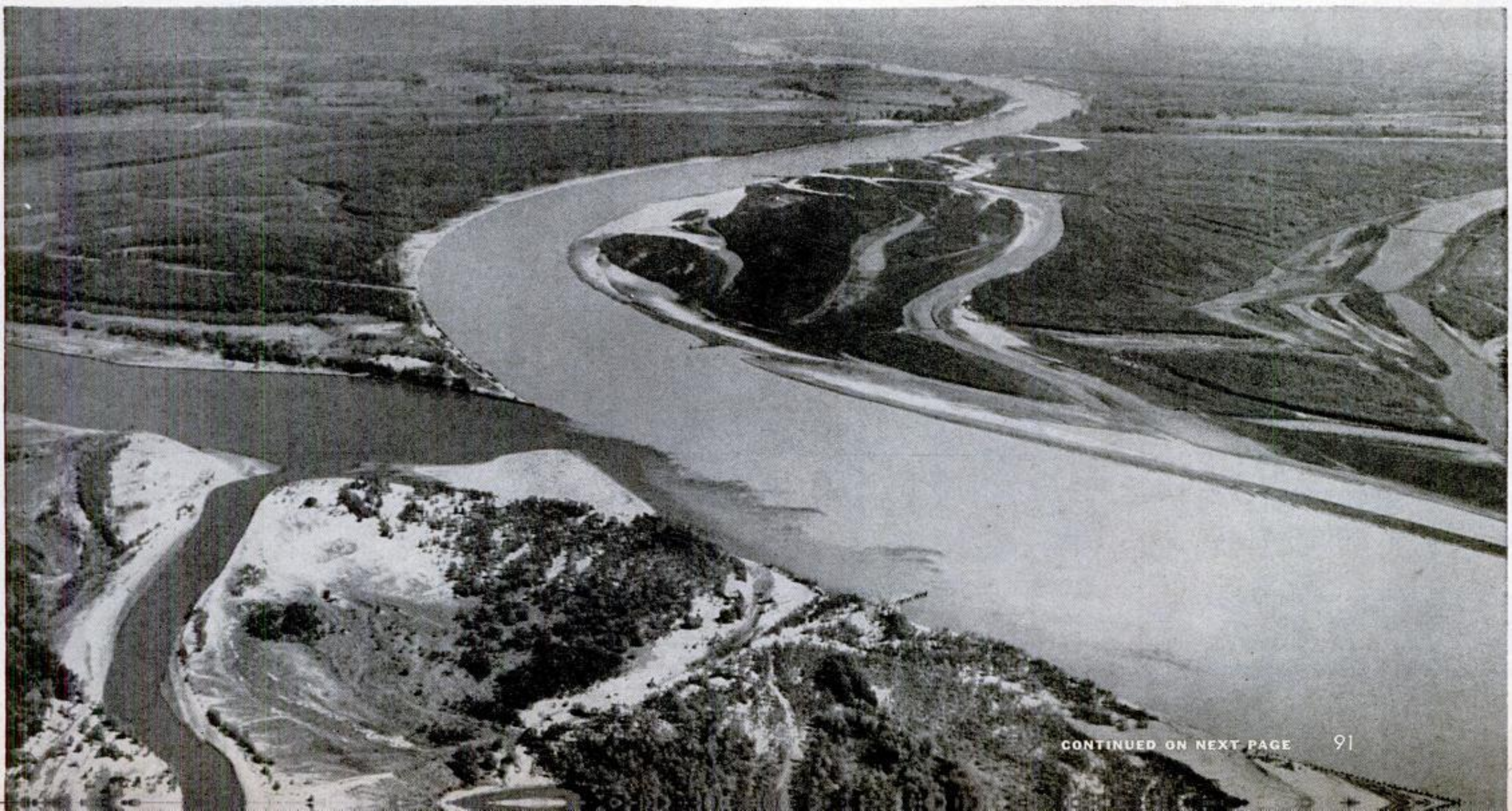
THE GATES OF THE MOUNTAINS is a narrow gap downriver from Helena where the river cuts through rugged limestone hills and roars through a seven-mile gorge. Here the Missouri is 3,600 ft. above sea level and looks nothing like the slow, shallow stream it later

becomes. The Gates were discovered by Meriwether Lewis in 1805. The Lewis and Clark route went up the Missouri to Three Forks (*see p. 89*), then up the Jefferson River, cutting over mountains very near Hell Roaring Creek (*shown on p. 86*), and went on to the Pacific.



AT PIERRE, S. D., about halfway down to the Mississippi, the Missouri is a wide and wandering river which snakes through the flat farmlands, trying to cut new channels every spring. The picture is taken from across the river toward the capital. Below is junction of

Platte (*at left*) and Missouri below Omaha. Notice comparative clarity of the Platte's water. The Platte is a libeled stream, sometimes described as "a mile wide, an inch deep, stand it on end and it will reach to heaven," and "so muddy that the catfish have to come up to sneeze."



Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use



NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes for a whole year.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, \$1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—be safe!

➡ LARVEX IS DIFFERENT



QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

... **CHEAP!** Just one LARVEXING will mothproof this \$89 upholstered chair for a year!



SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

At All Drug and Department Stores
Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

**ONE SPRAYING
MOTHPROOFS FOR
A WHOLE YEAR..**

LARVEX

Registered Trade Mark

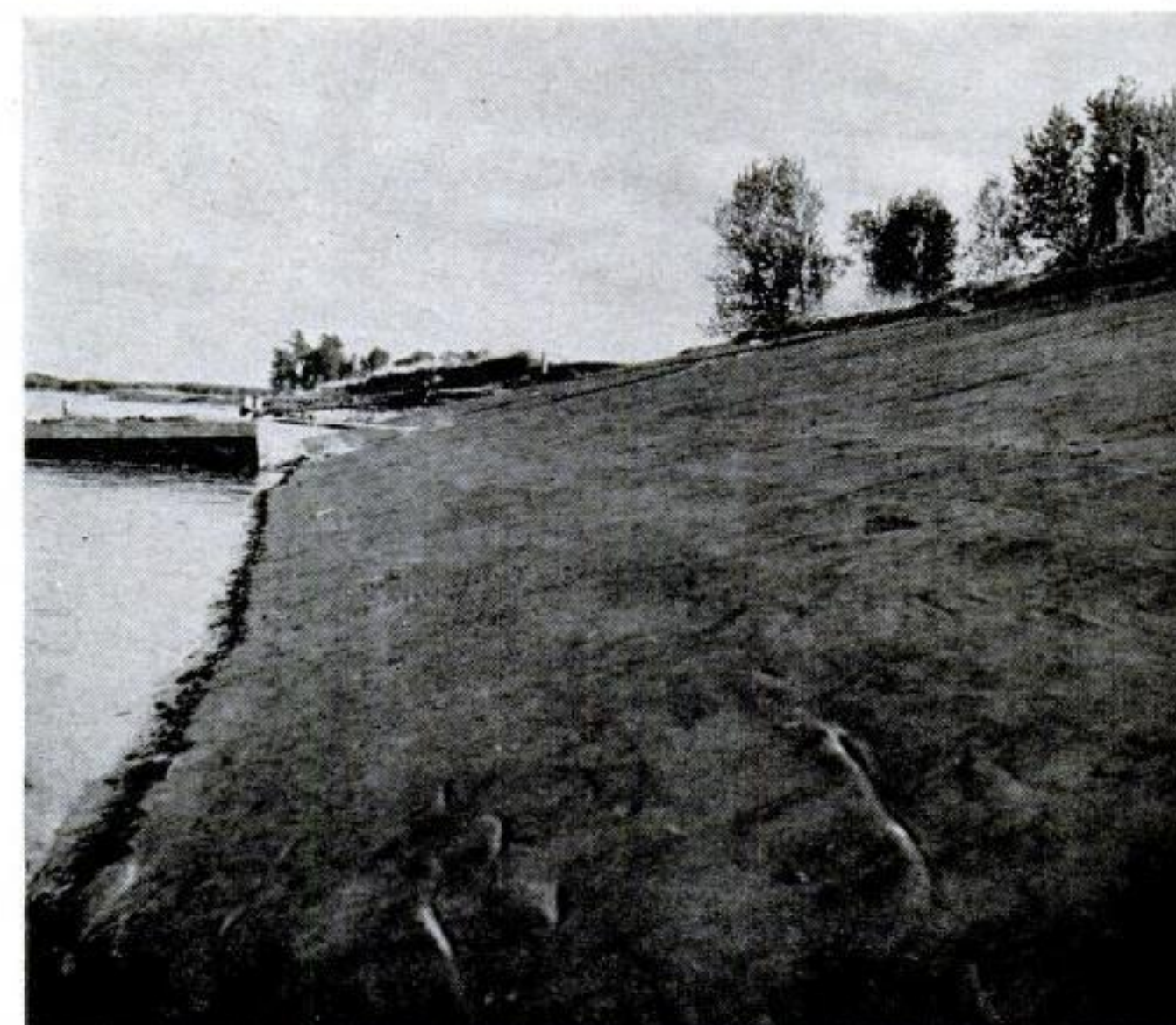
MISSOURI RIVER (continued)



FLOOD CONTROL is big Missouri job. Army engineers run control projects—Robert E. Lee was given an early assignment on the Missouri. Purpose of this piling is to keep river in main channel (left) while silt fills up secondary channel (right).



WILLOW-MAT REVETMENT strengthens bank. Before flood control, river cut new channels after every flood, changed state boundaries. After 60 years, Nebraska and Iowa are finally settling boundary quarrels caused by the cantankerous river.



ASPHALT BANK curbs the river below Sioux City. Army engineers feel that they now have the channel pretty well stabilized. But floods are still bad. This spring, some floods were the worst in 100 years. The river this August is unseasonably high.

HERE'S WHAT A STEEL MAN

SAYS ABOUT RAZOR BLADES,

and a steel man should know

"I have analyzed the steel you use for Pal Blades. Little wonder, with the added advantage of hollow-grinding, your product is so excellent".

J. J. Conner
Bridgeport, Conn.



PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND for flexibility in the razor. No "bearing down"—shave with just a "Feather Touch."

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single edge
Pal Blade Co., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades - They Last Longer

OUR TRADE MARK WINDBREAKER



ALSO BOYS & JUVENILES
America's Most Famous Name in Jackets
A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS
AT LEADING STORES OR WRITE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



WHEN
A KID
SEVENTEEN
GETS KISSED
BY A
QUEEN

IT'S THE PICTURE THAT MAKES YOU YOUNG... M.G.M.'s

IT'S THE START OF A PLOT
THAT REALLY GETS HOT...

...FULL OF MIXED-UP ROMANCES
AND EYE FILLING DANCES
IT'S BRIGHTLY ALIVE...

WITH MUSICAL
JIVE....



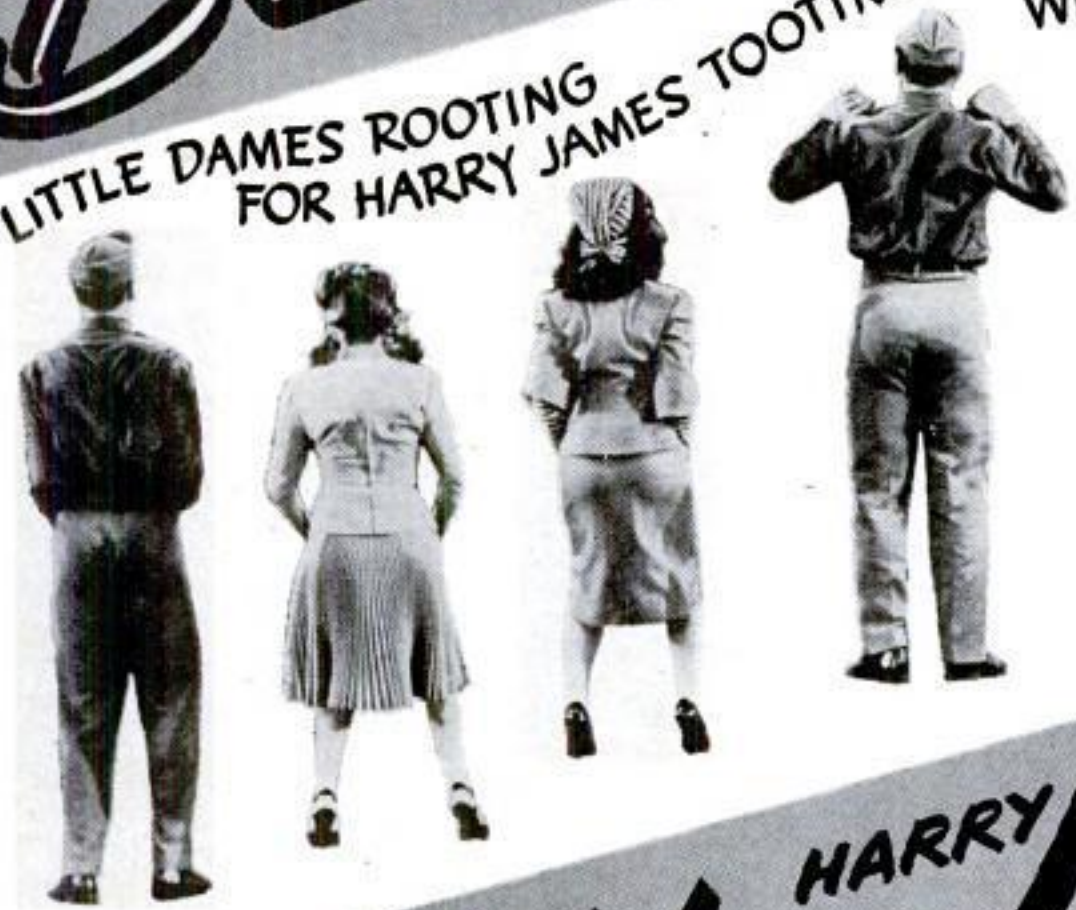
BEST FOOT FORWARD

AND LITTLE DAMES ROOTING
FOR HARRY JAMES TOOTING....

WITH THE HAPPIEST MUSIC
AND SONGS EVER SUNG...

IT SURE IS THE PICTURE
THAT MAKES YOU...

YOUNG!



WILLIAM
GAXTON

LUCILLE BALL HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

VIRGINIA WEIDLER
and the stars of the original stage cast
TOMMY DIX • NANCY WALKER • JUNE ALLYSON
KENNY BOWERS • JACK JORDAN plus GLORIA DeHAVEN
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
IT'S IN TECHNICOLOR

Songs you'll like: You're Lucky, Alive
And Kicking, Buckle Down Winsack,
The Three B's, Wish I May, I Know You
By Heart, Three Men On A Date, What
Do You Think I Am, Everytime.

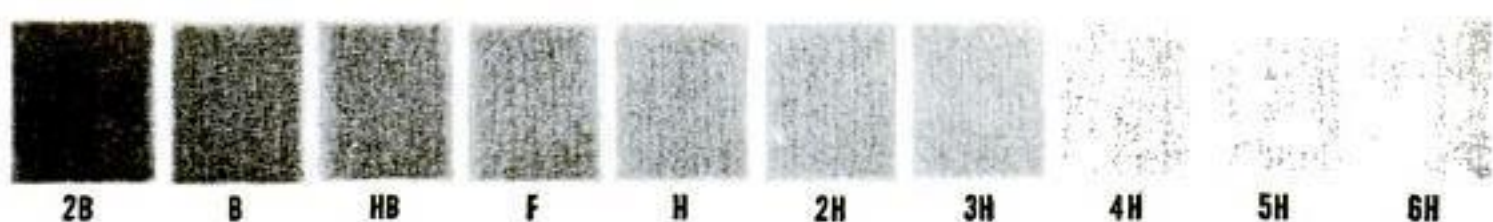


Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe • Book by John Cecil Holm • Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, and Produced on the Stage by George Abbott • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

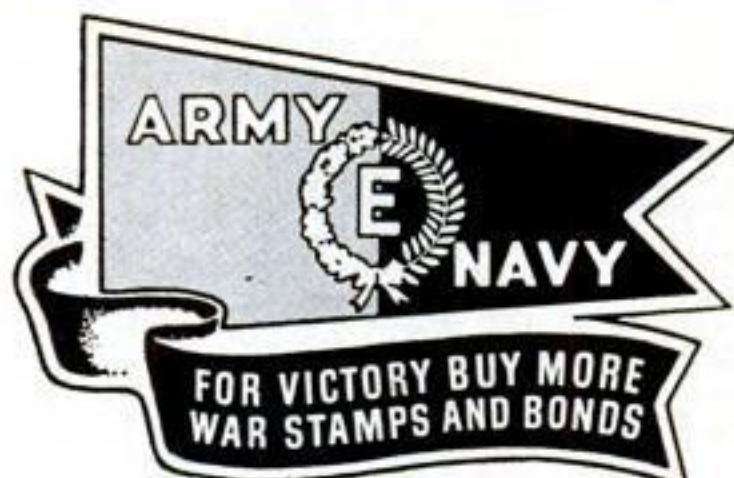
*Use a Refill Lead
that Writes the Way You Write*



10 DEGREES OF BLACK



*and 17 Popular Colors**



Use a lead designed for your own requirements—to suit *your* style of writing and the pressure of *your* hand. Just any lead will not do. Scripto offers you 10 different degrees

of black so you can select just the lead that writes the way *you* write—whether it be with light or heavy pressure.

For all who write or figure, Scripto 4-inch leads set the standard in quality for fine-writing leads. Insist on the genuine Scripto leads with the red circle on the pack. The supply of materials for making new pencils may be uncertain for the duration of the war. But Scripto pencils are built to last and Scripto refill leads are available in black and colors at office supply houses, college stores, drug stores, post exchanges, 5 & 10 cent stores and other stores carrying writing materials. Prices surprisingly low.

*SCRIPTO LEAD COLORS: Red, Dark Red, Blue, Light Blue, Special Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Brown, Purple, White, Silver, Heliotrope, Indelible Medium, Indelible Hard, Blue Copying, Purple Copying.

*Scripto Refill Leads are the correct diameter
for the millions of Scripto Pencils in daily use*

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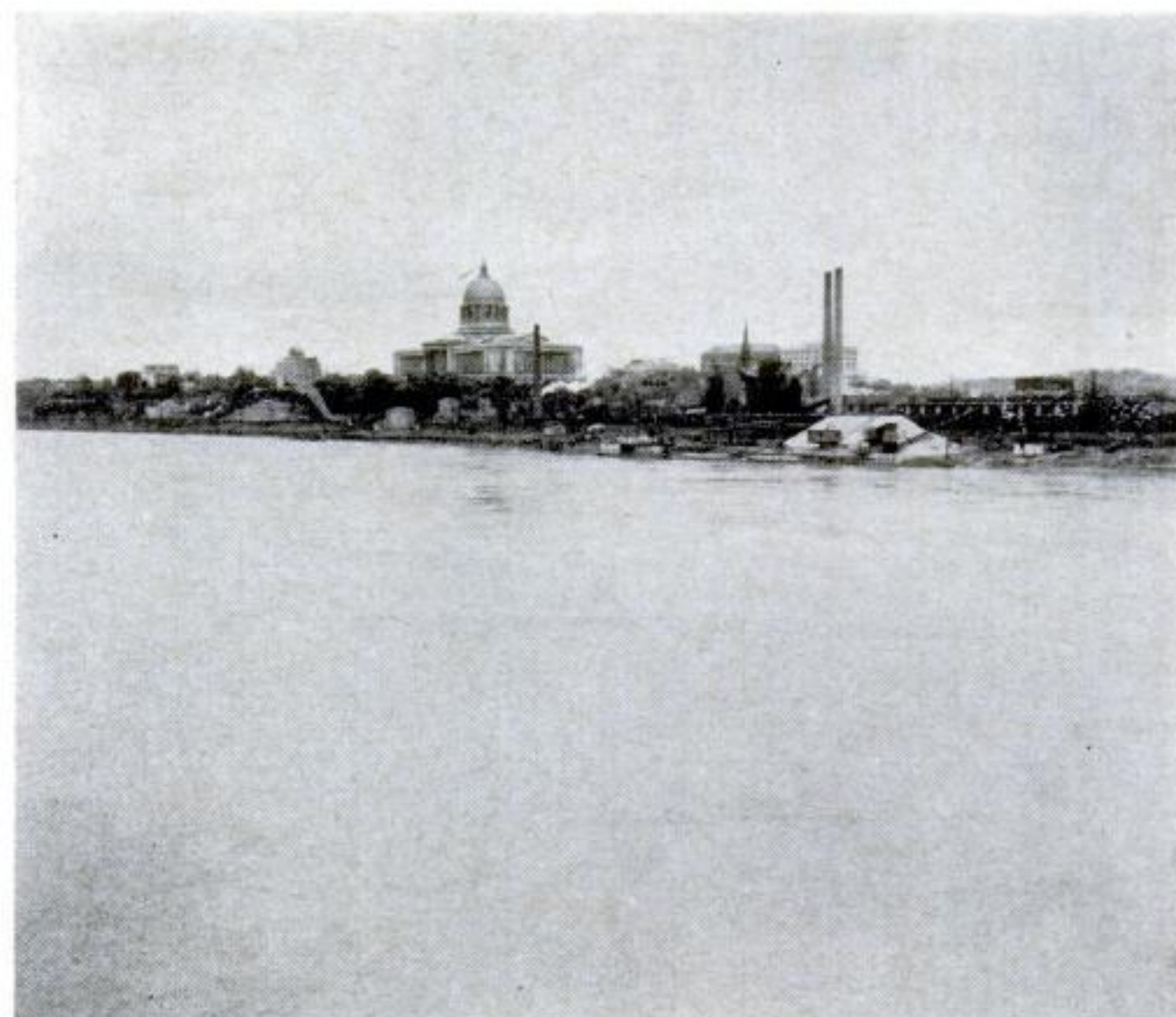


USE SCRIPTO REFILL LEADS IN ALL PENCILS
MADE FOR STANDARD DIAMETER (.046 IN.) LEADS.

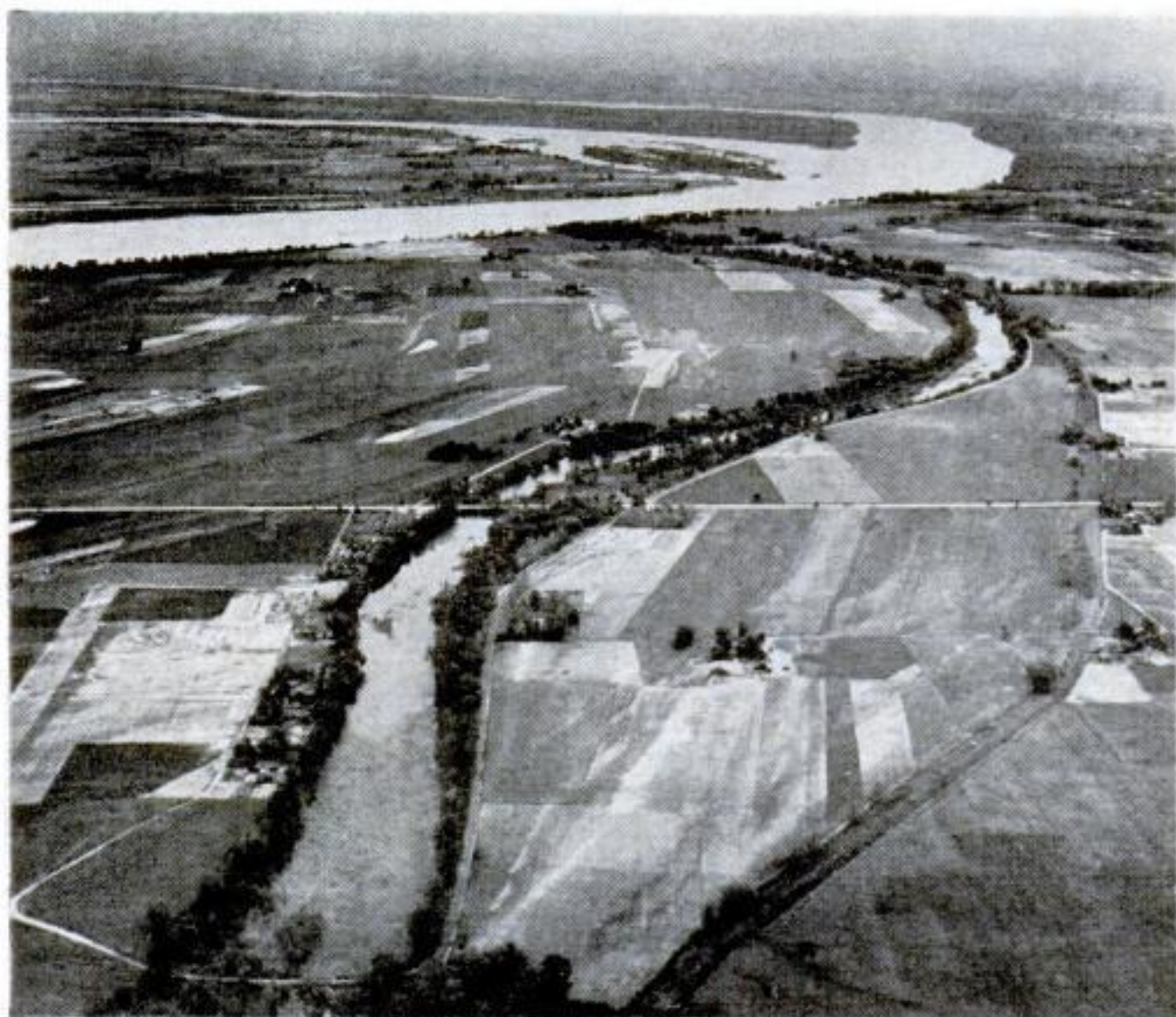
MISSOURI RIVER (continued)



AT KANSAS CITY there is a great bend where south-flowing river turns east. Here emigrants used to get off river boats and go on westward in covered wagons. Kansas City was once head of navigation but channel now goes up to Sioux City.



JEFFERSON CITY, one of the four state capitals that lie on or close to the river, has its handsome domed capitol and big governor's mansion standing on a high river bluff. In Missouri the river really becomes full-grown and majestic waterway.



MISSOURI AND THE MISSISSIPPI meet ten miles north of St. Louis. The Missouri comes in from left above to join the "father of waters" which flows into Gulf of Mexico 1,265 miles below this spot, 4,000 miles from Hell Roaring Creek.



Fighting for You... **NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THEIR HEALTH, THEIR COMFORT...**

FOR YOUR PROTECTION . . .

What a relief to be able to work in your Victory Garden, relax on your porch, or enjoy your fishing trip, unmolested by mosquitoes, flies, or chiggers! A few drops of SKAT applied to face, forearms, hands, and ankles give you up to three hours of protection. Pleasant, easy to use. Try a bottle and see!



TROPIC FIGHTING involves more than human enemies. Heat, jungle slime and the malaria-carrying mosquito harass, and threaten health. Nothing more important than to protect our fighting men against these evils. With SKAT, new insect repellent, one application gives our armed forces up to three hours of protection against the dangerous mosquito pest.

SKAT literally drives insects away before they bite. This new scientific repellent is easy to apply, pleasant to use. Yet harmful insects shun it—keep away! Wherever our soldiers meet insect conditions—in tropics, forest or desert—SKAT is being used for protection.

Now, for the first time, some SKAT is available to the public, but so much is being supplied to our armed forces that you may have difficulty in obtaining it at your drugstore. But get it when you can—one application gives up to three hours of protection!

MANUFACTURED BY THE MAKERS OF SKOL SUNTAN LOTION

**MORE SKAT USED BY OUR ARMED FORCES
THAN ANY OTHER INSECT REPELLENT!**

Over There . . . Over Here



This shoe is tramp-tramp-tramping through the muck of steamy jungles, the hot sands of deserts, the cold snows of mountain passes—wherever American forces are fighting. The U. S. "combat boot"—it is built for universal use by many branches of the service. It features a five-inch leather collar, which eliminates the need of leggings.

WHETHER it's for a fighter "over there" or for a civilian "over here," there are certain qualities in common for shoes these days. They have to be as easy on the feet as a furlough, they have to be as tough as a Top Kick against scuffs, and they ought to wear like an elephant's hide.

The makers of the Roblee* Shoe at the right also make the combat boot above. The boot is described under the bugle. The Roblee is bootmaker hand-finished, campus grain, moccasin-stitched, with heavy sole edge, Avon nap sole and rubber heel.

They're both good shoes, whether the U. S. Government issues them to you or you get them with a U. S. Government ration coupon. United Men's Division, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Roblee

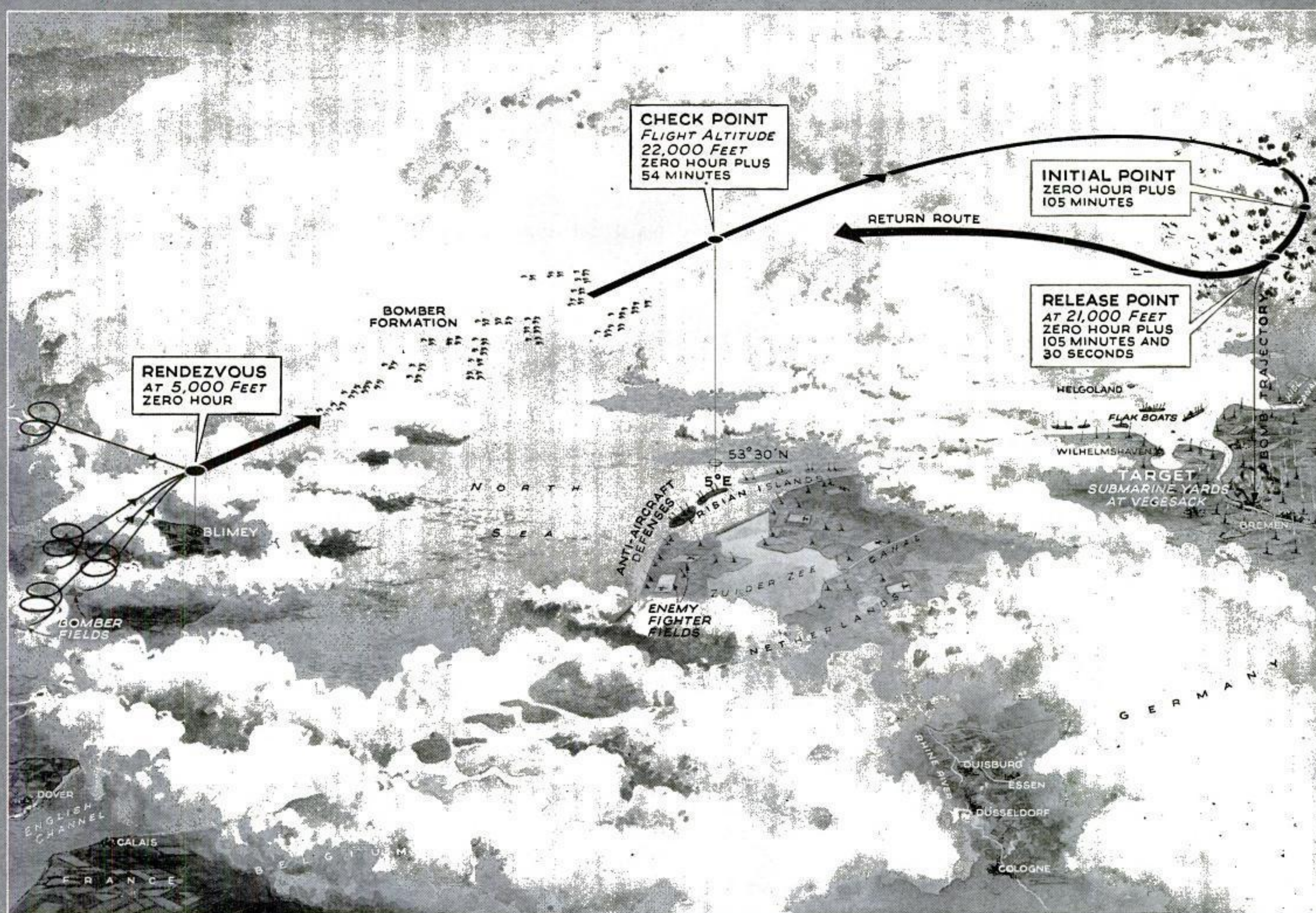
SHOES FOR MEN



\$6⁰⁰ to \$8⁰⁰

Some special styles slightly higher

ROBLEE
STYLE No. B974



Intelligence: Identify target by sub slips on north bank of Weser River in Vegesack where land juts out above junction of River Lesum. Enemy flak and fighters heavy along coast enroute, especially concentrated eight miles south of the target.

Weather: Scattered clouds over bases and rendezvous. Forecast clouds with icing low off Dutch Coast, diminishing almost completely at target. Visibility predicted ten miles, wind estimated from northwest 40 m.p.h. at 20,000 ft.

Operations: Zero-hour rendezvous over Blimey, B-24 groups M-N follow B-17's X-Y-Z to 22,000 ft. opposite Zuider Zee. Start bomb run from 21,000 ft. at lake N. E. of Vegesack. After bomb release, make diving break to right, return home.

Communications: Maintain strict radio silence and listen on Frequency B for indirect messages. Call signal "Vantage" on command set. Lost planes will transmit Frequency C. Use green-red recognition flares on return over English coast.

PRECISION BOMBING

SAMPLE MISSION SHOWS DETAILS THAT MAKE IT WORK

Last spring, when value of the American technique of precision bombing against Germany was hanging fire in Allied circles and at the same time the submarine menace in the North Atlantic was reaching alarming proportions, Yankee airmen in England linked the two topics dramatically with a knockout raid on U-boats and construction equipment in the little German town of Vegesack. This high-altitude daylight raid, in which 50 tons of bombs hit within a 1,000-ft. circle centered on the power plant in the German sub yards, lifted U. S. precision bombing from an experimental rating to a place in war strategy equal to the R. A. F.'s famous night area bombing. Though the two bombing systems were founded on conflicting philosophies of aerial warfare, they have proved excellent complements to each other in round-the-clock raids over Europe. British airmen carry their huge tonnages of destruction to industrial cities to devastate worker and factory areas alike in the protection of night. During the

day American planes, flying high, neatly pick off vital targets still undamaged in that area or elsewhere. Recently American precision found dramatic use over Rome, when military objectives were beautifully bombed with minimum damage to sacred landmarks a few blocks away.

Such demonstrations by U. S. airmen make precision bombing look easy. They justly arouse affectionate boasting about our famous Norden bombsight that reputedly can drop a bomb from 20,000 feet into a pickle barrel and which has made our Air Force the only one in the world to perfect high-altitude bombing. But a lot of other scientific things go into these missions—the briefing, target analysis, bomb and fuse selection, etc.—and in the final performance it is the ordinary American boy sitting up in the nose of the bomber, awkward with oxygen equipment, freezing at the high altitude, vulnerable to enemy flak and fighters who, by his training as bombardier, makes the wonderful bombsight oper-

ate. On these pages LIFE has taken facts from the Vegesack raid of last March 18 and has reconstructed a bombing mission to show some of the things that enable our Air Forces to do precision bombing.

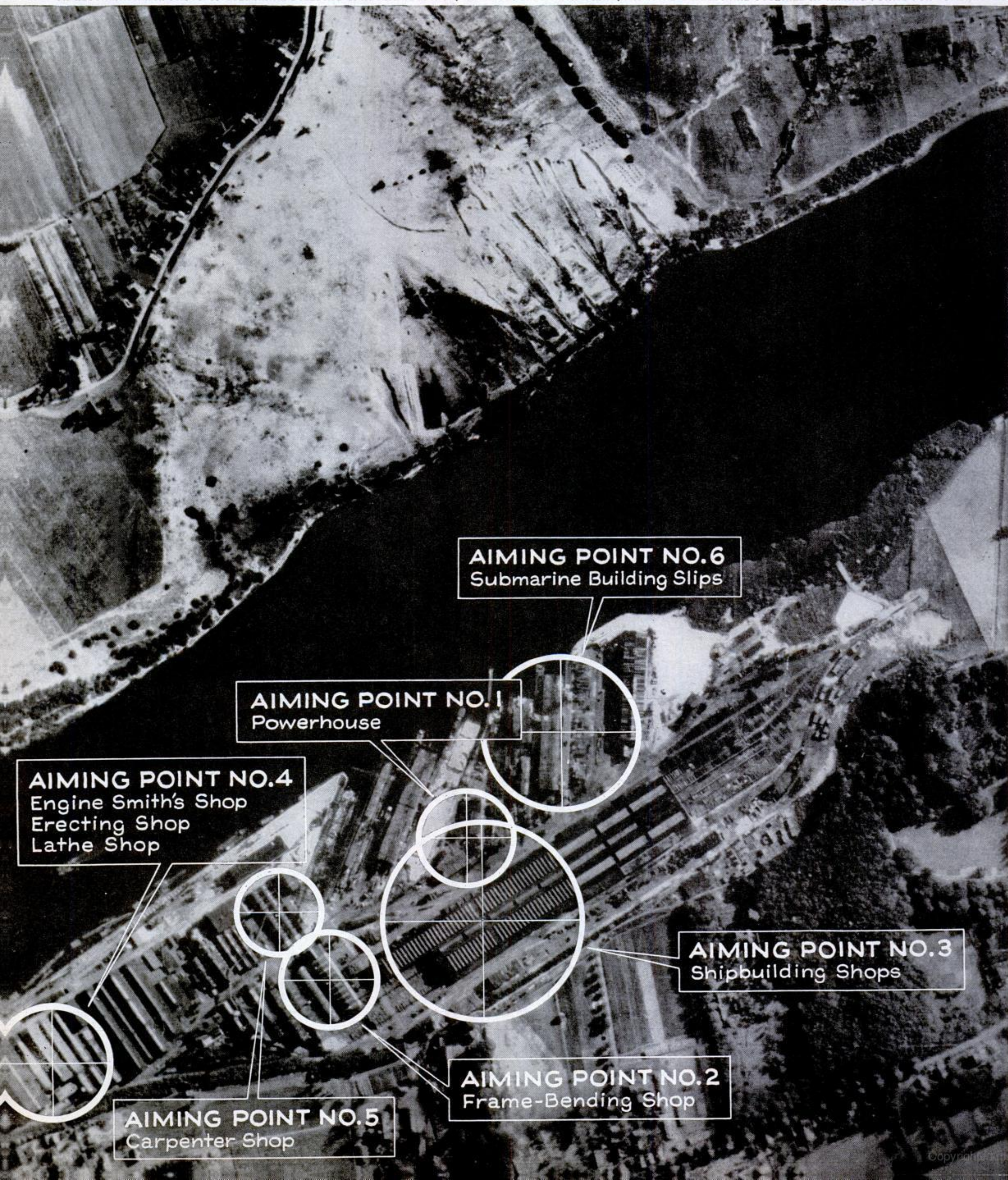
Above is an artist's drawing of briefing data for the bombing groups scheduled to attack Vegesack. When first orders on the mission were received in the early hours of the morning, the jump from England was a big void in space, full of lurking unknown dangers, in the minds of the men. Then came the briefing session. In short, succinct sentences, intelligence, weather, operations and communications officers spoke up with definite information (see boxes above). They passed out special maps that gave perspective views of the target from different angles of approach, photographs that pointed up landmarks. Though the session lasted only 40 minutes, the bombing crews left it with a fully annotated mental picture of their assignment, climbed into their Flying Fortresses and Liberators, ready for their precision job.

TARGET AIMING POINTS ARE SPECIFIC

The searching target analysis which precedes each mission enables U. S. precision bombers to drop explosives on the very vitals of an important target. Were it not for such analysis, daylight precision bombing could hope for no better results than area night bombing, which depends on saturation tactics and a lucky hit to do damage on specific objects. Before the Vegesack raid, intelligence officers studied the submarine yards for buildings and machinery most vital to pro-

duction, most difficult to replace. Experts in the U. S., who had visited our sub yards to find what machinery was most essential, sent reports along with those of U. S. financiers and engineers who had built plants in pre-war Germany and could actually contribute blueprints of some targets. Checking came from reconnaissance photos and notes of British agents. Results of target study were strategic aiming points for bombardiers in each group of attacking planes (*see below*).

ON RECONNAISSANCE PHOTO OF SUBMARINE BUILDING YARDS AT VEGESACK, TAKEN BEFORE THE U. S. RAID, SIX VITAL OBJECTS ARE OUTLINED AS AIMING POINTS FOR BOMBARDIERS



AIMING POINT NO.6
Submarine Building Slips

AIMING POINT NO.1
Powerhouse

AIMING POINT NO.4
Engine Smith's Shop
Erecting Shop
Lathe Shop

AIMING POINT NO.3
Shipbuilding Shops

AIMING POINT NO.2
Frame-Bending Shop

AIMING POINT NO.5
Carpenter Shop

BOMBS

TYPE USED IS SET BY TARGET

As the precision target varies, so does the selection of the bomb used on it. For the raid at Vegesack, the bomb needed was one that could penetrate the U-boat buildings, then explode with a blast that would crumble walls, crush machinery and set the debris aflame to do maximum damage for each hit scored. Such a need eliminated possibility of using small specialty bombs like the fragmentation, incendiary or chemical types, and narrowed down selection to the family of

general-purpose demolition bombs which are lined up according to size below, with a huge 4,000-lb. 10-ft. blockbuster in front for comparison. Of these G. P.'s, the 1,000-lb. was deemed best for piercing the concrete and metal in the Vegesack target. Five such bombs were ordered for each plane, a quantity calculated to devastate the sub yards, considering the hitting average of bombardiers in the squadrons. To see what a precision weapon the 1,000-lb. bomb is, turn the page.

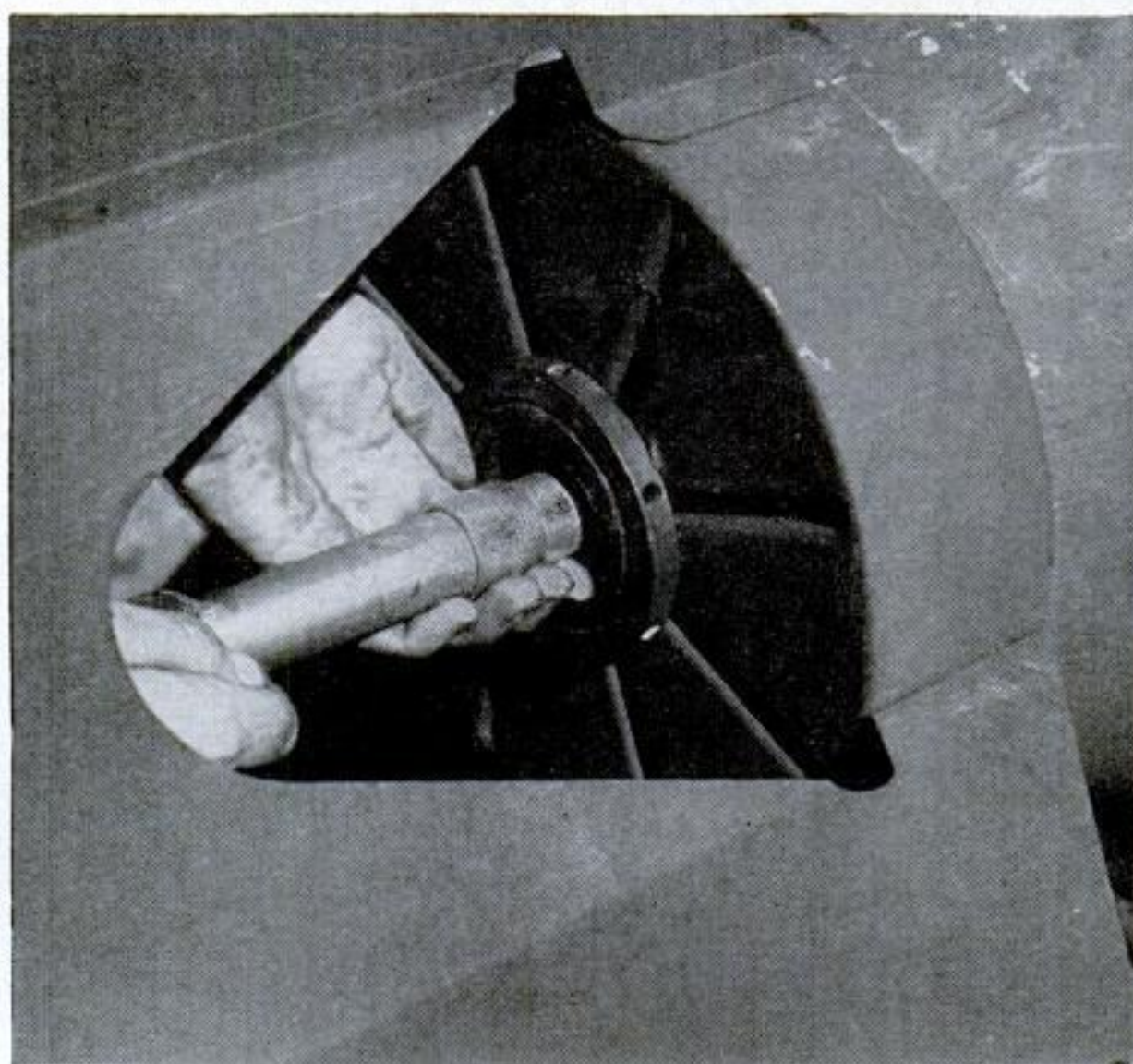
THE ENORMOUS 4,000-LB. BLOCKBUSTER LEADS CATALOG OF SIX BOMBS. OTHERS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE 2,000, 1,000, 500, 250 AND 100-LB. GENERAL-PURPOSE DEMOLITION BOMBS



FINNING, FUSING AND ARMING THE BOMB



Tail fin is attached securely as initial step in assembling a bomb's parts (*see diagram opposite*).



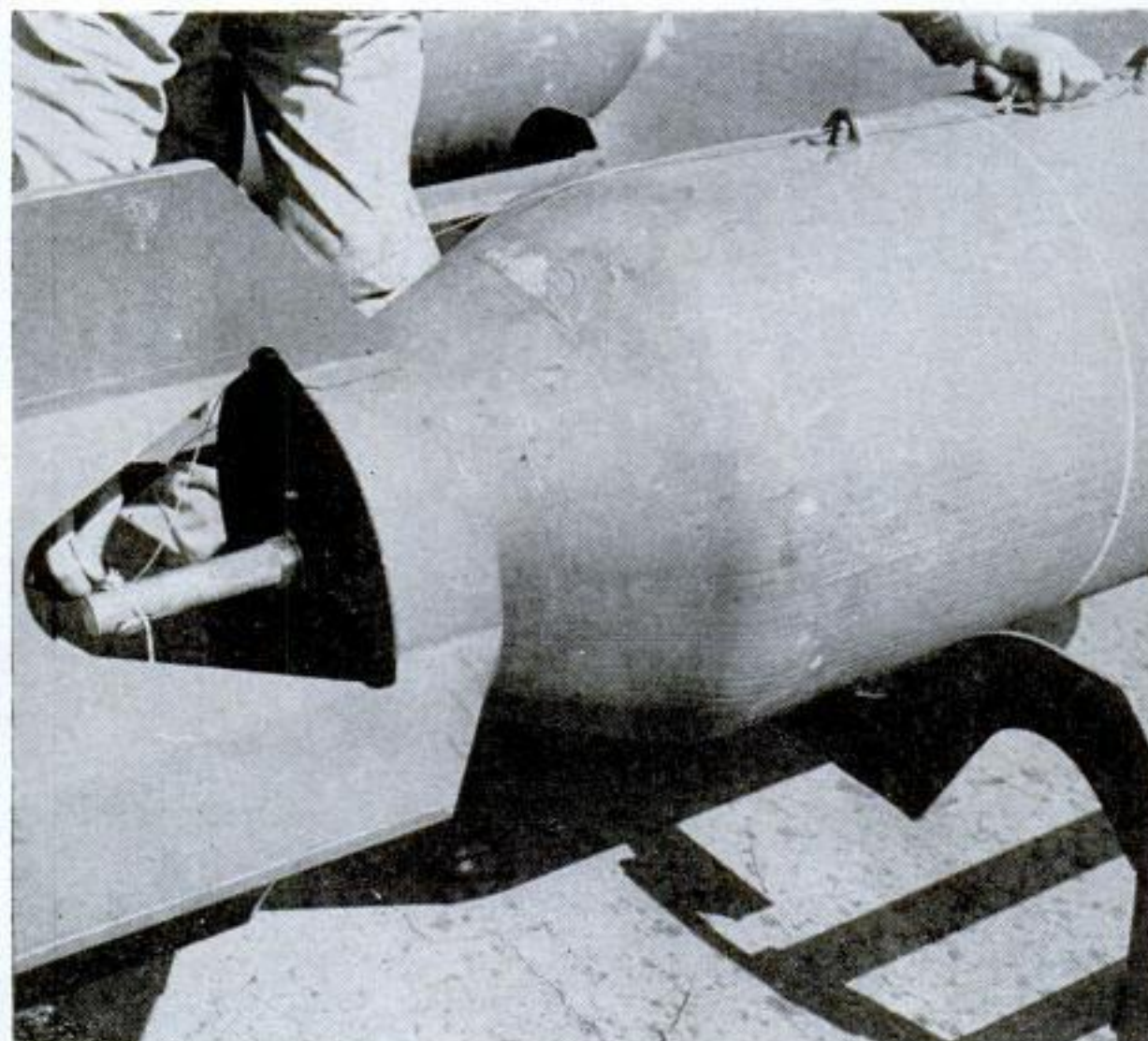
Screwing tail fuse into 1,000-lb. bomb is next step. Ordnance man holds fuse carefully with his left hand and winds it "hand-tight" with his right.



From nose fuse, after take-off he removes safety wire that is insurance against the fuse exploding.



Nose fuse is fixed tight, its vane is snapped on. As bomb drops later, vane winds off to arm fuse.



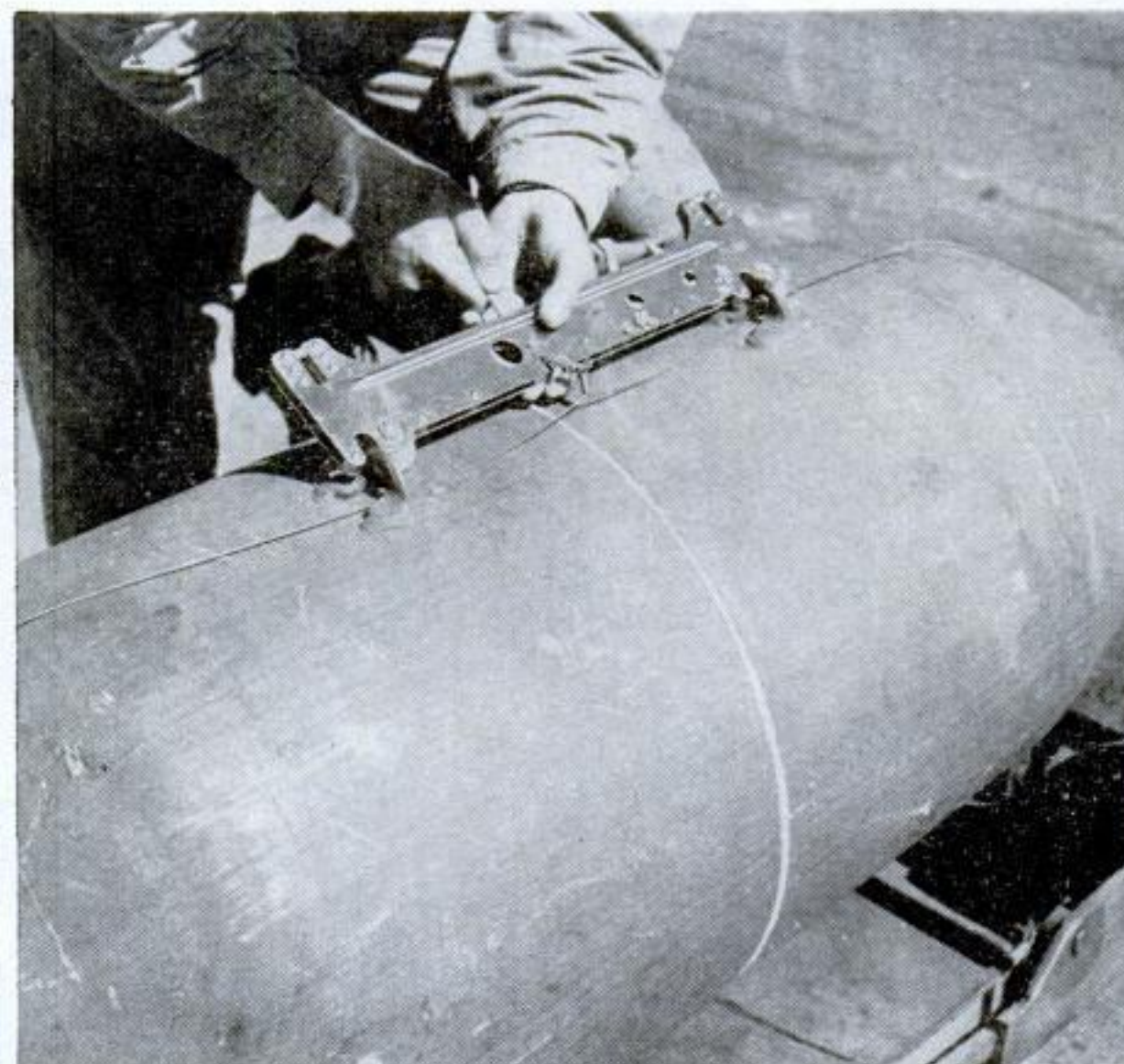
Arming wire is strung full length of bomb, its ends fitting into tail and nose fuses to keep them inactive until wire is pulled out on bomb release.



Excess arming wire is clipped. Nose fuse is set for instantaneous or 1/10-second delayed action.



Ordnance officer checks the assembled bomb for flaws before giving it to ground crew of airplane.

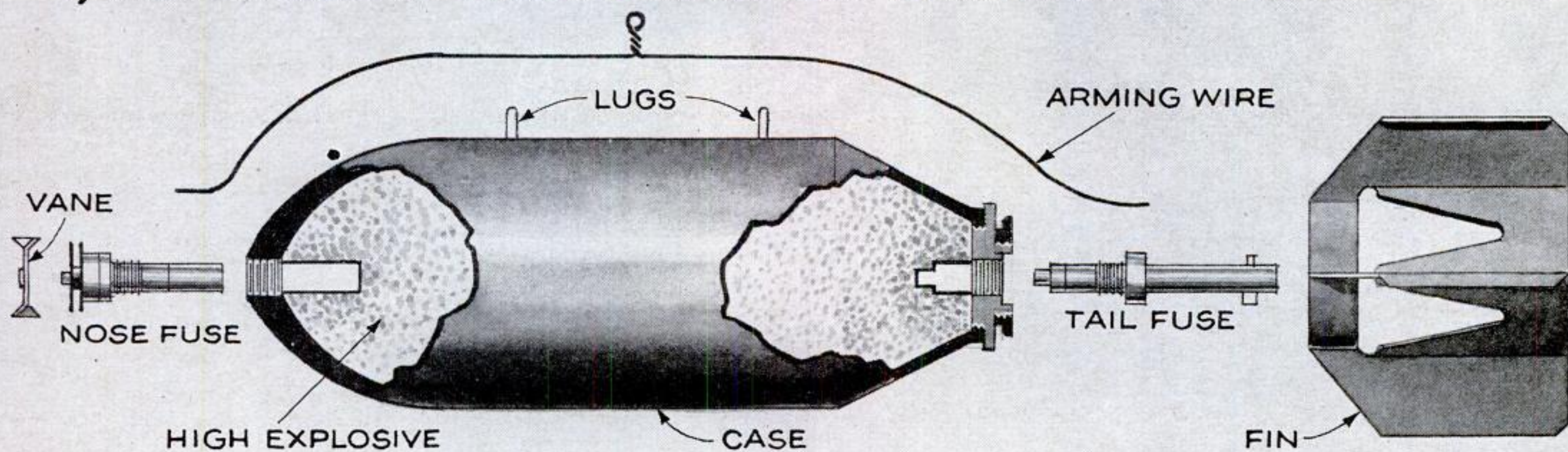


Bomb shackle is attached by armorer who hooks lugs into position, then makes sure that little loop of arming wire is caught securely in the center.



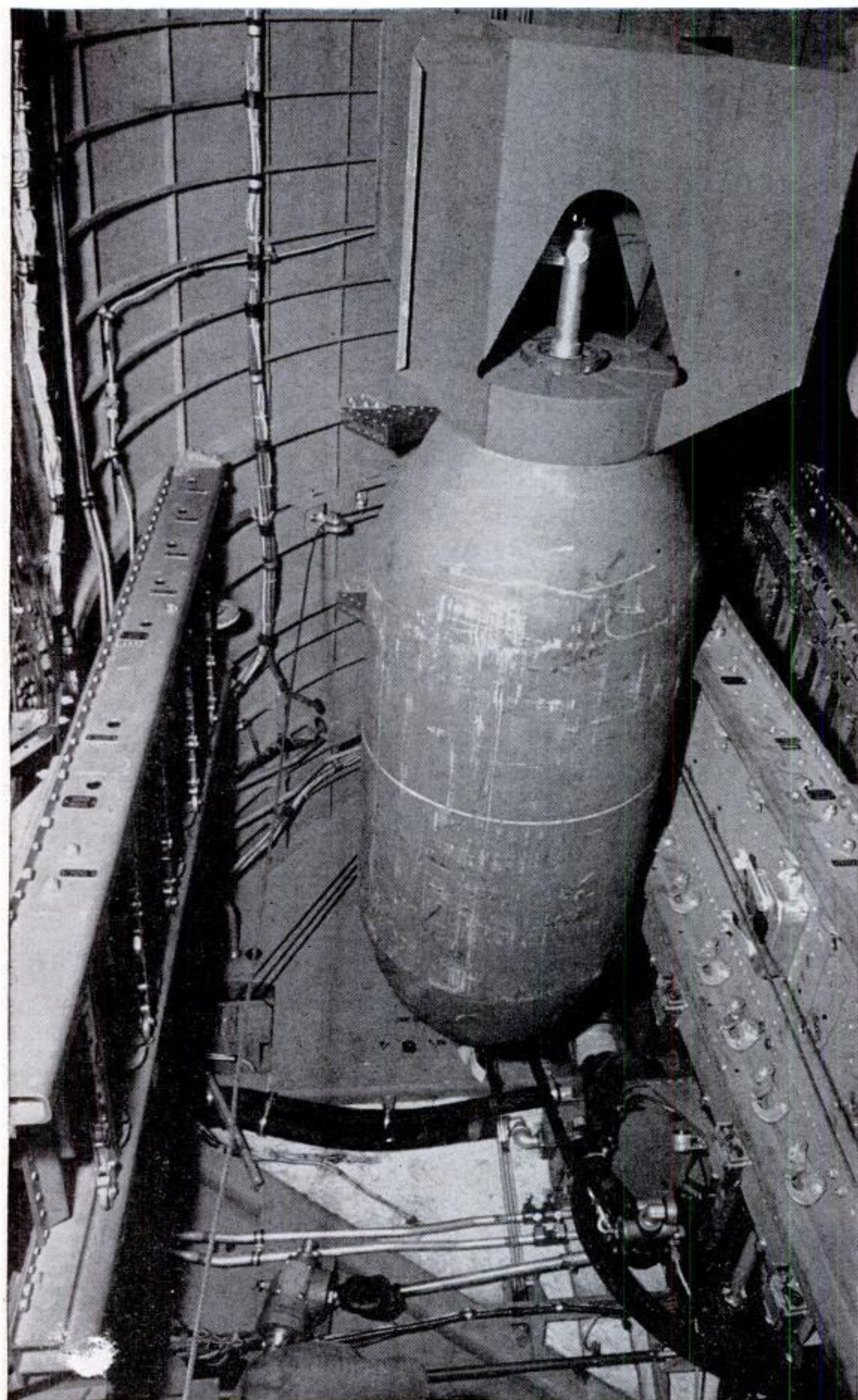
In the bomb bay of the airplane, the bomb, held balanced in a sling, is hoisted by hand cranks.

1,000-LB. GENERAL PURPOSE BOMB ASSEMBLY

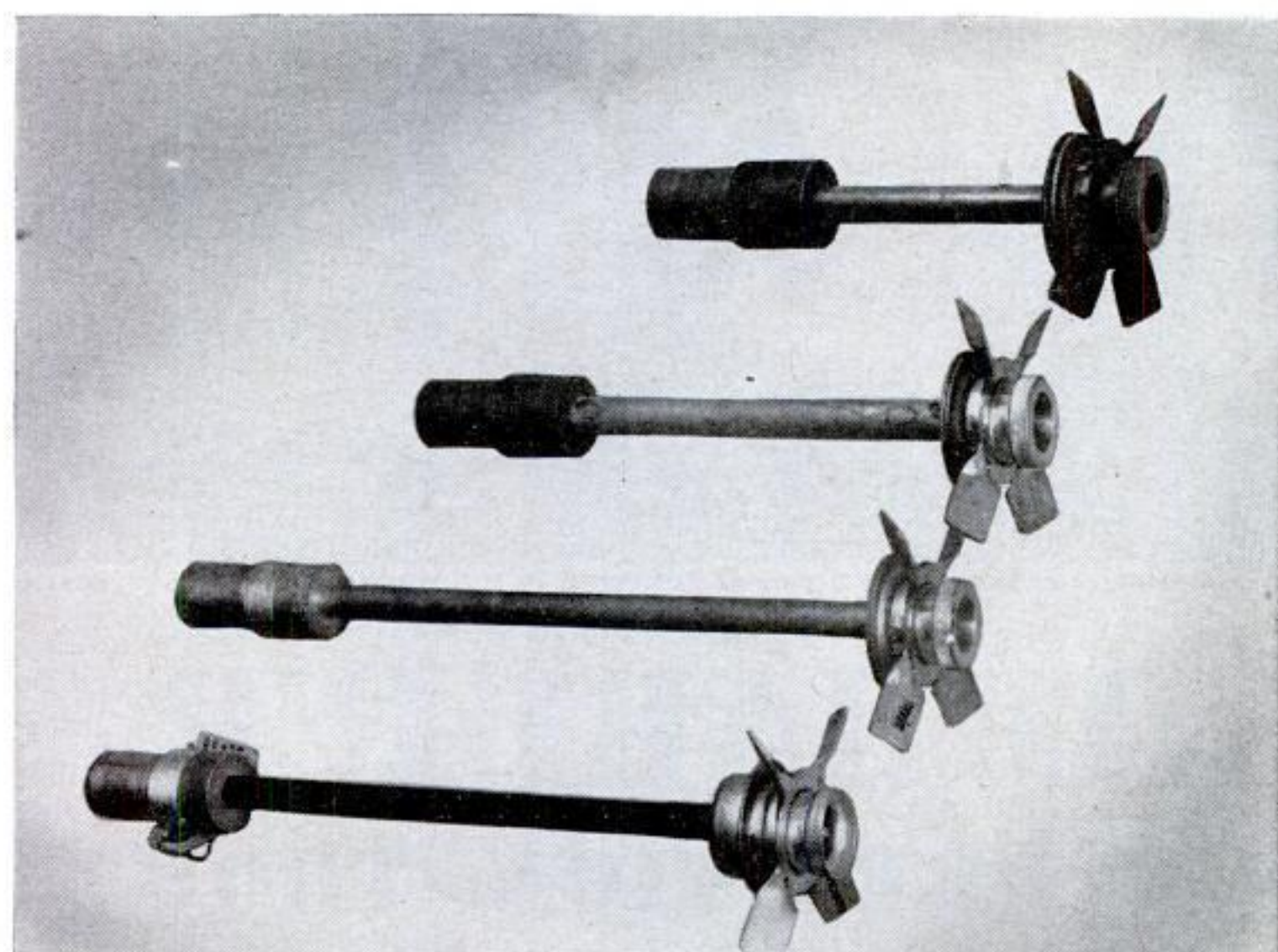


Parts of 1,000-lb. U. S. bomb that make it accurate weapon for precision bombing are shown in this drawing. The shape of the body and special American tail fin stabilize flight path of the

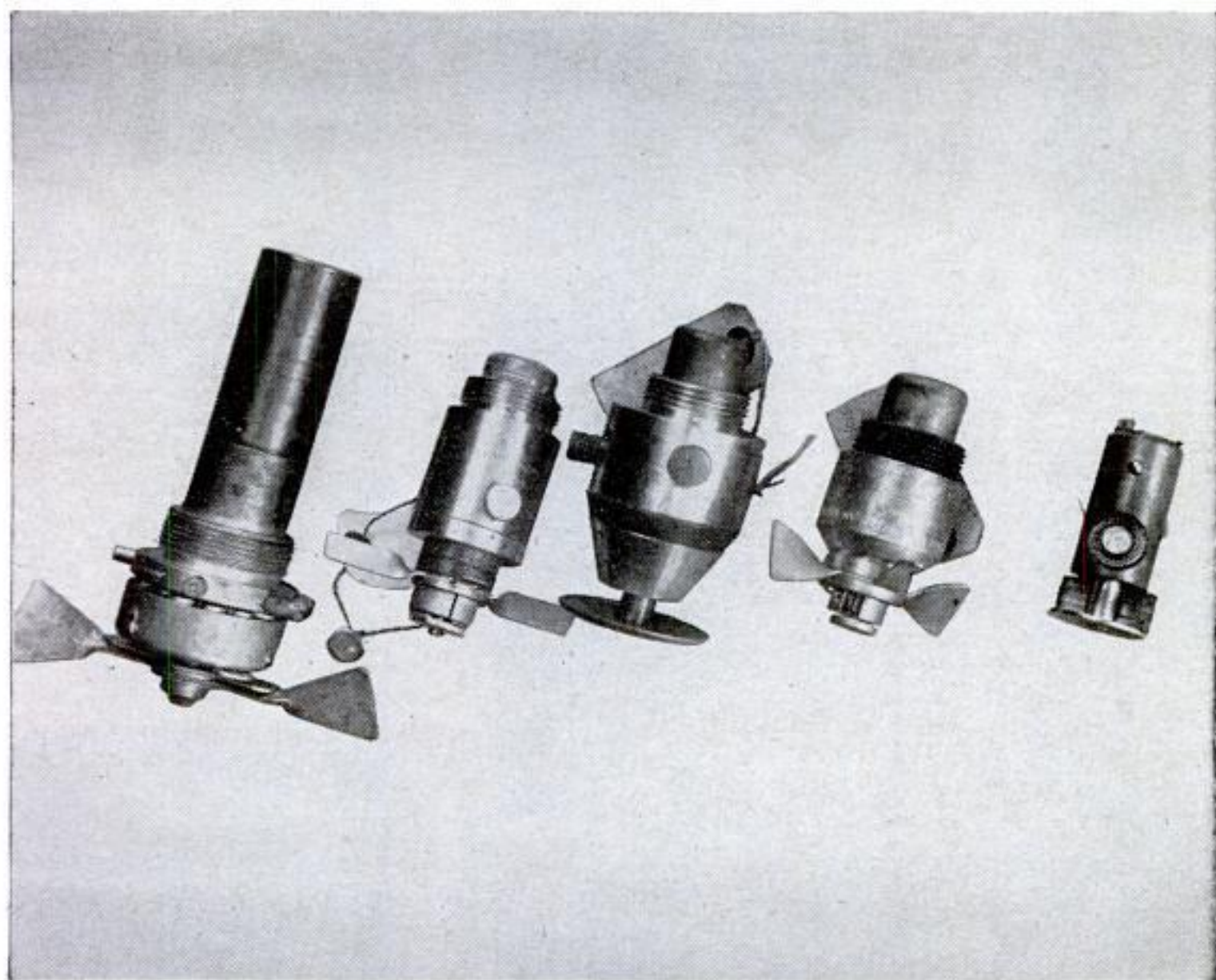
bomb as it falls, enabling accurate prediction of where it will hit. Delicate timing mechanisms insure explosion at proper moment of penetration into target to give most devastating blast.



Full of latent destruction, big 1,000-lb. bomb hangs ready on the bomb-rack of a Flying Fortress. Bombs like this were dropped in strings of five by U. S. planes over sub yards in Vegesack.



Tail fuses for general-purpose bombs vary in length in order to fit different size bombs (100 to 2,000 lb.). They may be armed with vanes or by an arming pin, and may be delayed-action.



Nose fuses are generally constructed shorter than tail fuses. Left to right, these are for general-purpose, flare, parachute fragmentation, stabilized fragmentation and chemical smoke bombs.

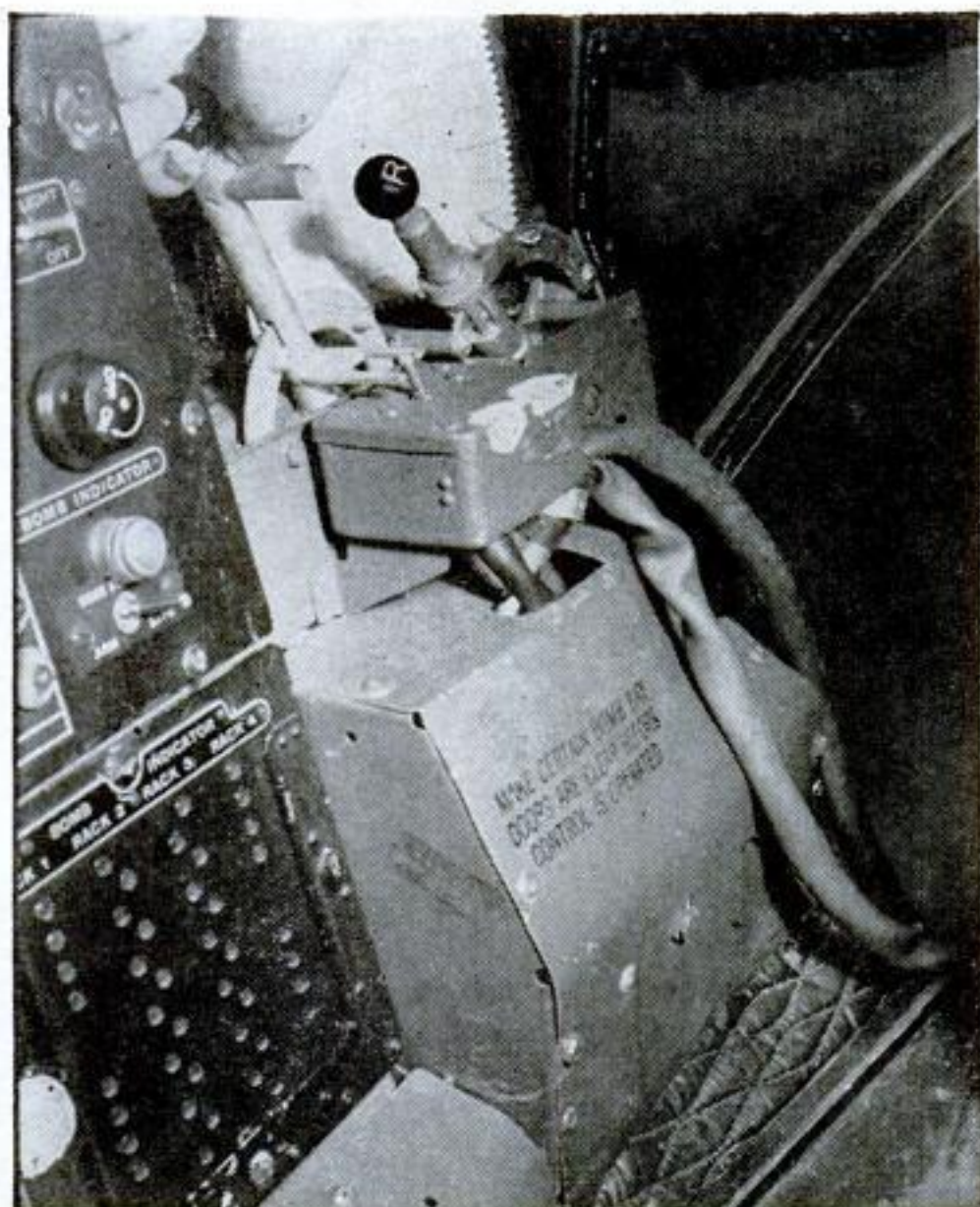


BOMBARDIER JAMES COPELAND DISPLAYS CONTENTS OF HIS WORKING KIT: DROPPING-ANGLE SLIDES AND SCALES, VARIOUS COMPUTERS, BOMBING TABLES, TARGET PHOTO AND MAP

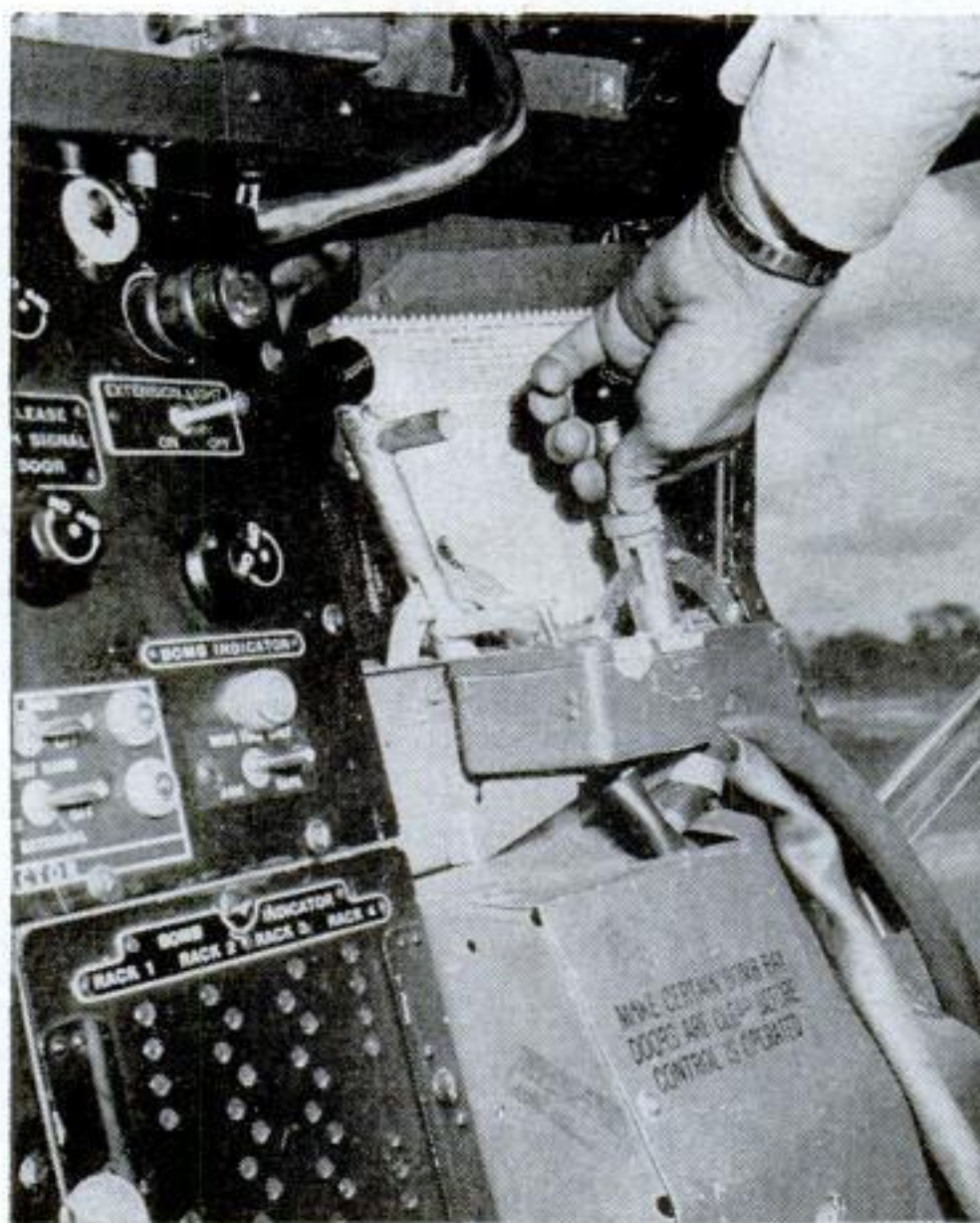
BOMBARDIER HIS PRECISION TOOL IS NORDEN BOMBSIGHT

"The greatest bombing planes in the world take him into battle through every opposition and in 30 seconds over the target he must vindicate the greatest responsibility ever placed upon an individual soldier in the line of duty"—is the tribute paid the bombardier by General Eugene L. Eubank, then head of Army Air Forces bombardment.

U. S. bombardiers over Vegesack used not only the famous Norden bombsight, but also an automatic pilot that functions with it to hold the plane steady and on course for their precision record. Since the bomb run was full of flak, bombardiers shortened it to a minimum with preliminary settings on the bombsight, computed with mathematical equipment (*above*). Below is shown procedure for setting up the Flying Fortress release system to work with sight.



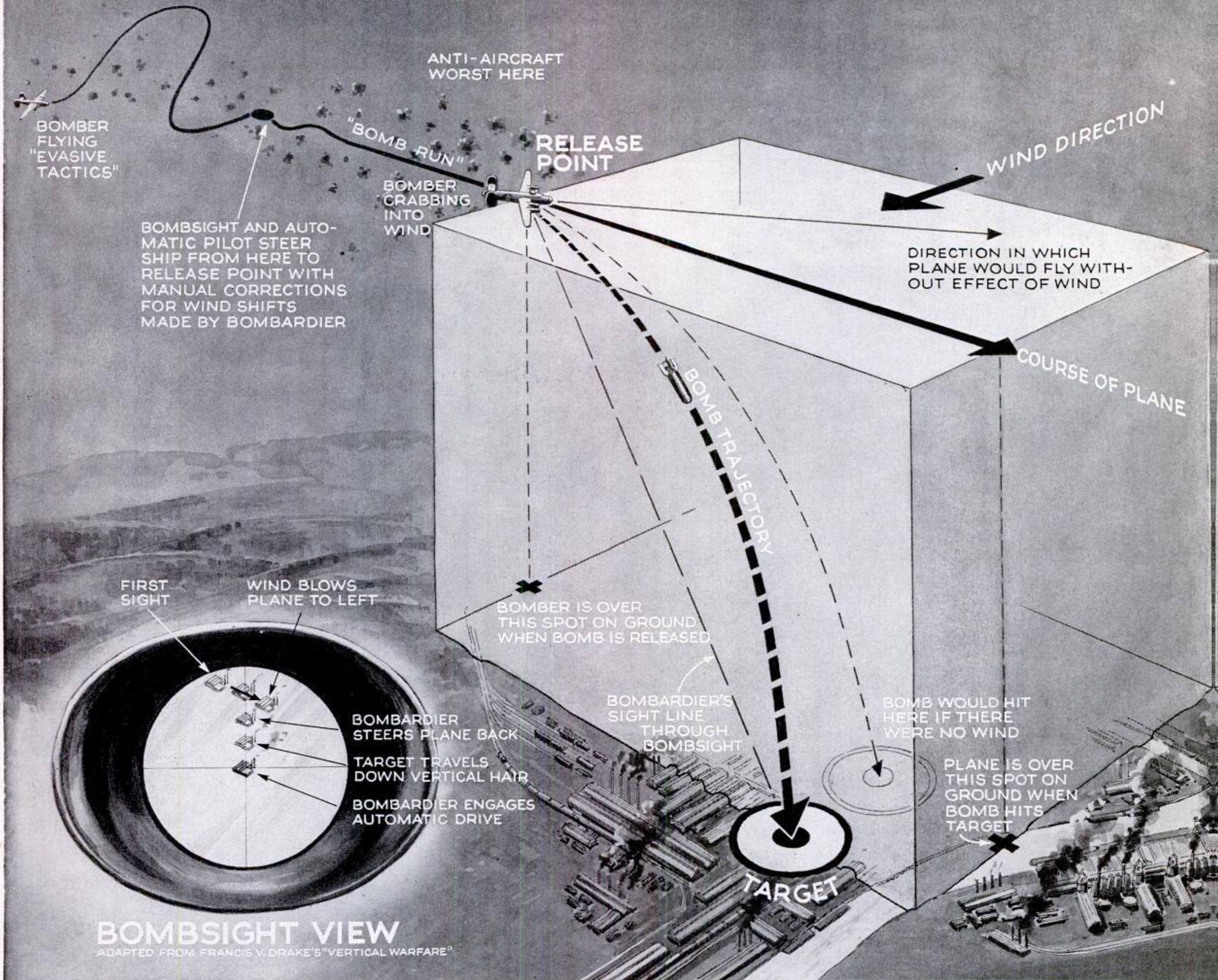
To open bomb-bay doors bombardier moves control as the first step in readying the plane for dropping its bomb load.



Rack switch is set at "select" to energize electrical system that permits bomb fall in pattern to be set on intervalometer.



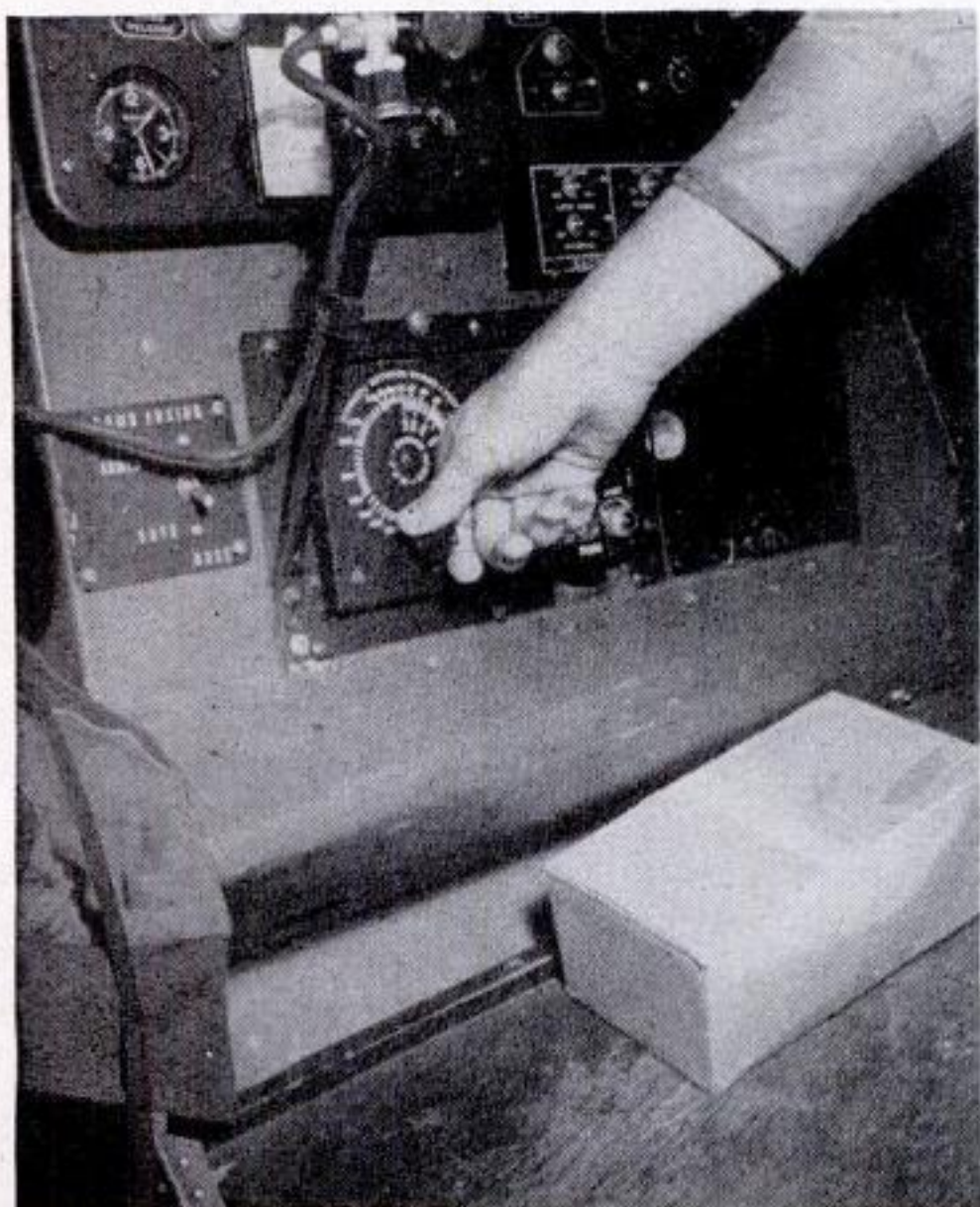
On Intervalometer, bombardier sets right-hand dial to indicate number of bombs he wishes to release on one bomb run.



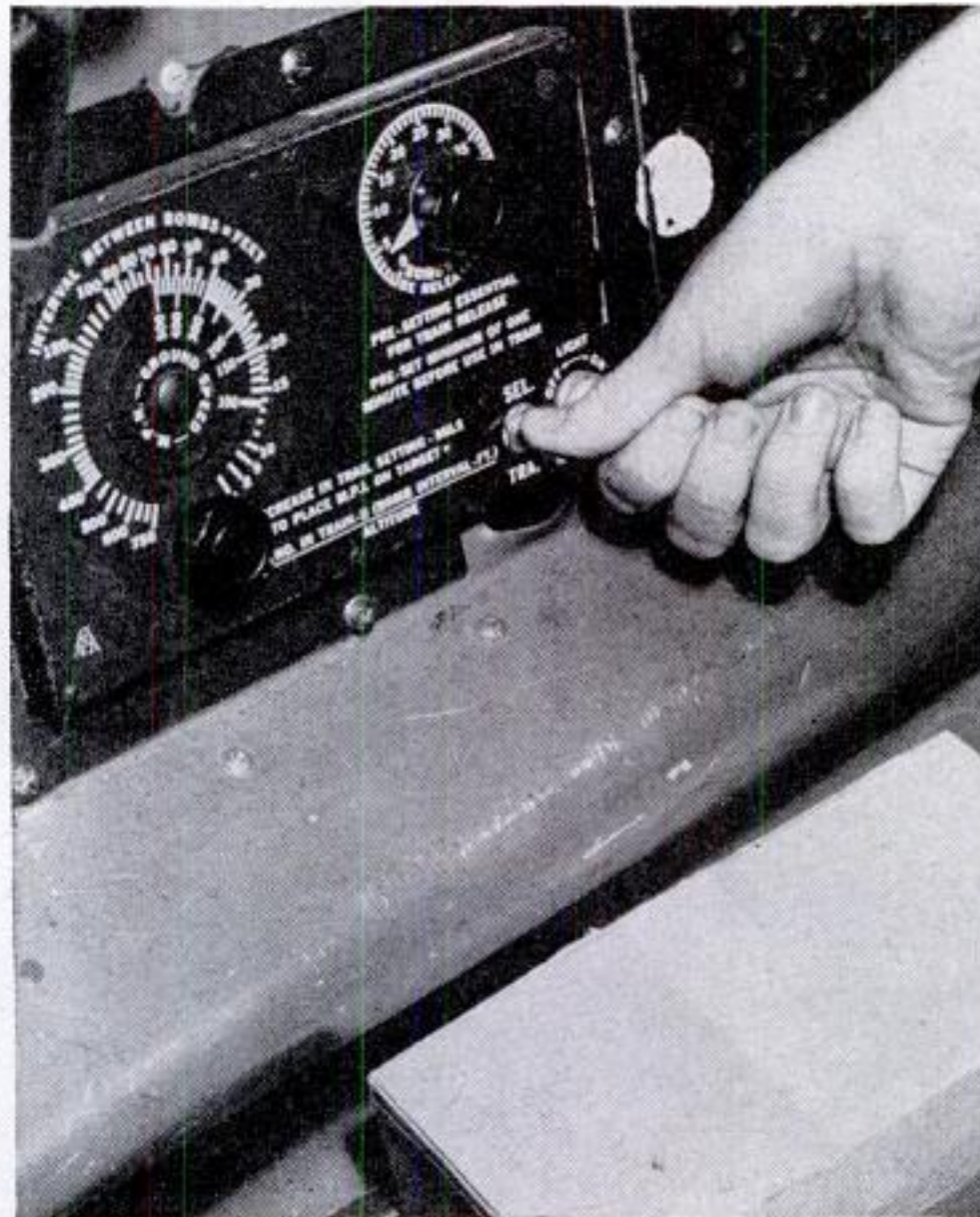
Bombardier takes over flying controls from pilot as soon as it enters bombing run. He steers the plane right or left until he gets the cross hairs in his bombsight telescope exactly on

the target. Then he engages the automatic drive. Bombsight and automatic pilot now form a mechanical brain that flies the plane to release point and dumps its load of bombs pre-

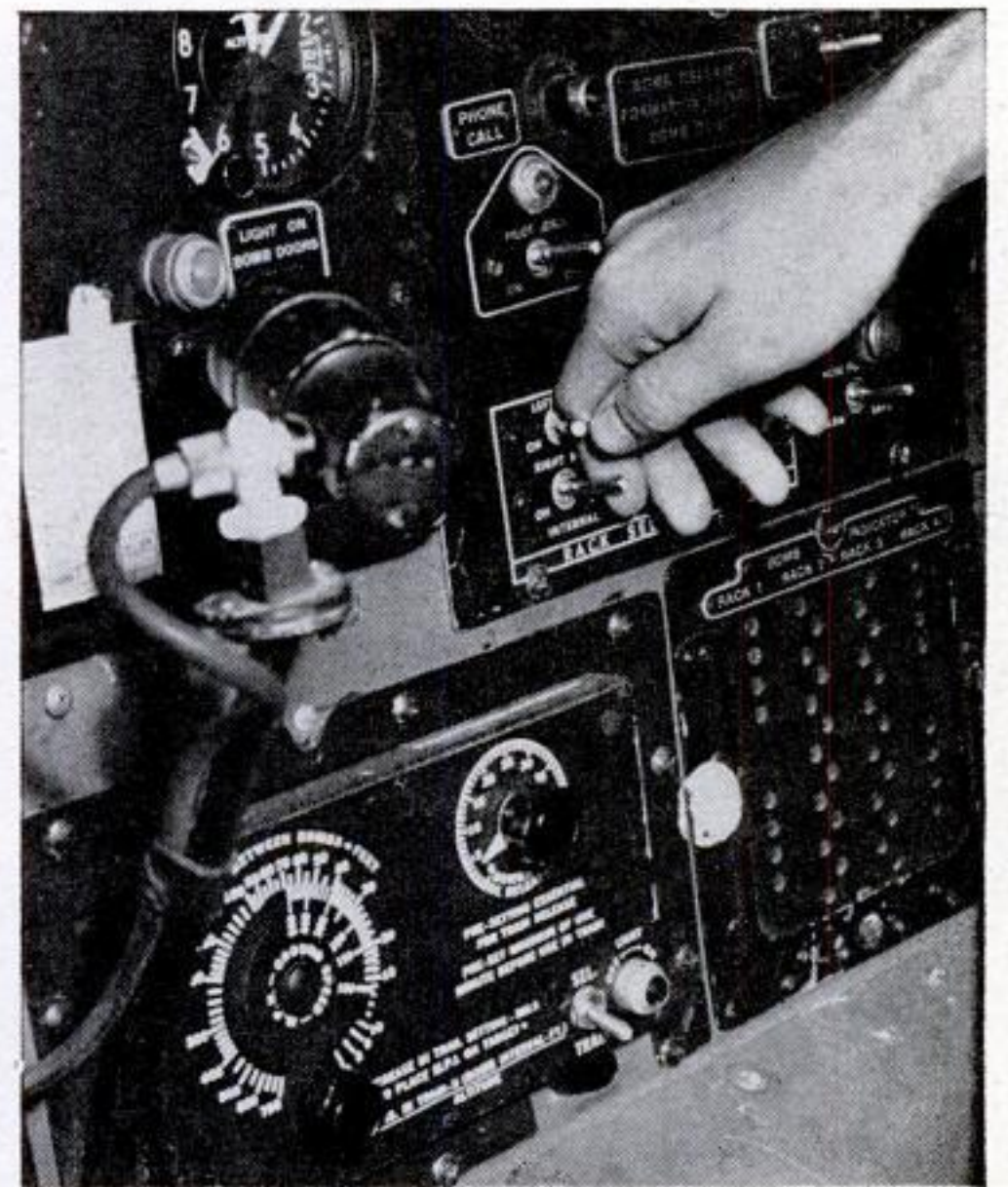
cisely on the target. This straight run should be as short as possible since anti-aircraft gunner has been going through similar steps on ground and now has bomber in his gun's sights.



Spacing distance between points on the ground where the series of bombs will hit is established with the left-hand dial.



Switch is on "train" so that the bombs will follow each other out of the bomb bay in quantity and intervals set previously.



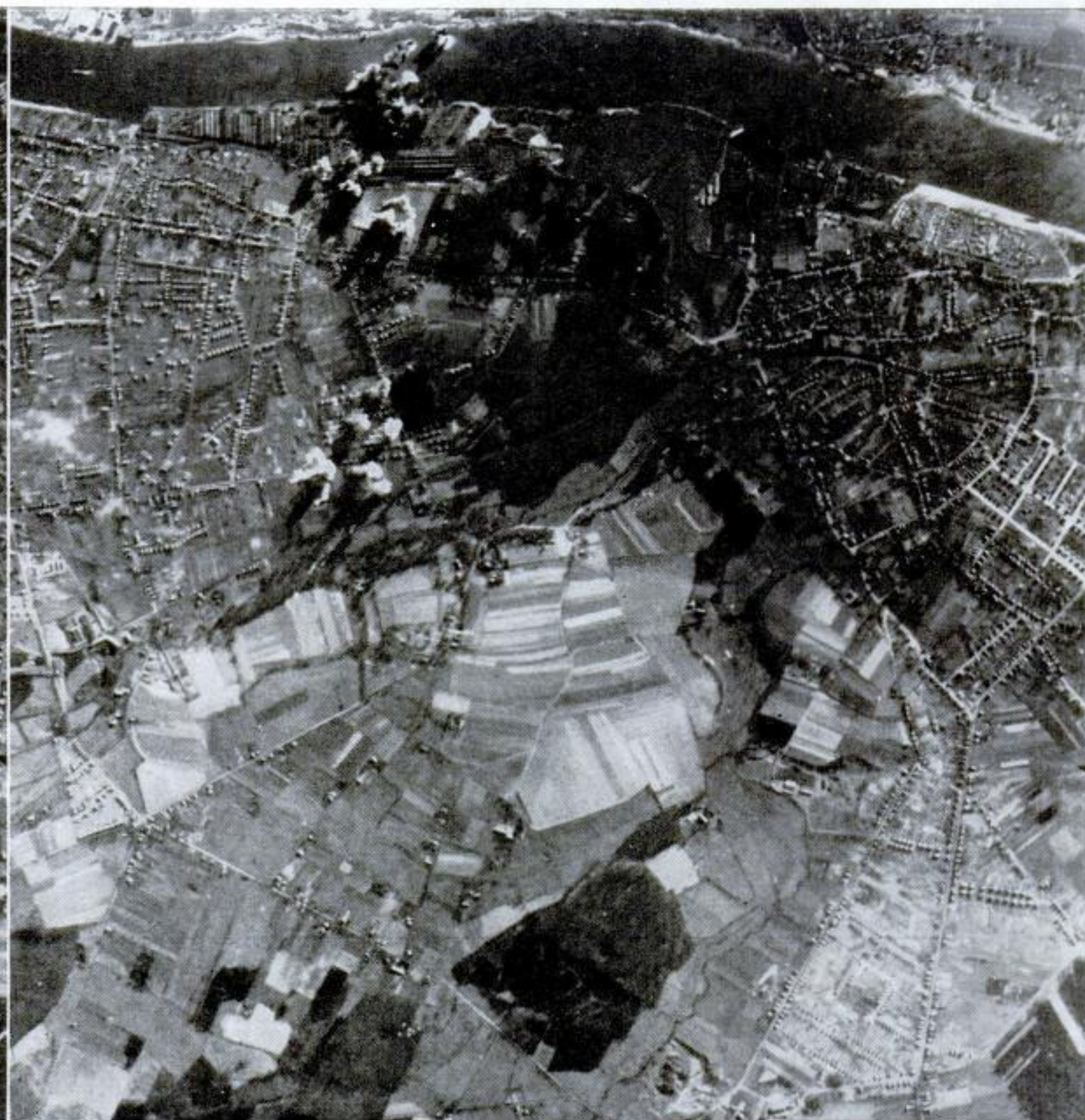
Selectors for bomb racks are flicked on as last step in readying plane for automatic dropping of bombs by bombsight.

RESULTS

PICTURES PROVE MISSION SUCCESS

Striking photographs made by cameras mounted in the B-17's and B-24's during the progress of the mission against Vegesack gave first concrete evidence of the accuracy with which U. S. bombing crews had hit their target. Four such photographs are printed below to show the fast sequence of events from a few seconds after bombs left the bomb bay of the plane flying 21,000 feet high, till the time the plane turned away from Vegesack, as bombs from other flight units

began to hit in precision patterns. When men came home from that raid they were happy. They knew they had done a good job, even before public commendations from Prime Minister Churchill, R.A.F. Chief Sir Charles Portal and their own Eighth Air Force head, Major General Ira Eaker. A few days later, when the smoke at the Vegesack target had died down enough to permit good reconnaissance, pictures were taken and the real extent of the dam-



BOMB STICKS SAIL TOWARD TARGET, STILL TWO MILES AWAY, WITH PRECISION

SMOKE PUFFS BEGIN TO BLOSSOM AROUND POWER PLANT WHERE BOMBS EXPLODE ON TARGET



BOMBS FROM REST OF PLANES IN FORMATION HIT SLIPS AND SHIPBUILDING SHOP

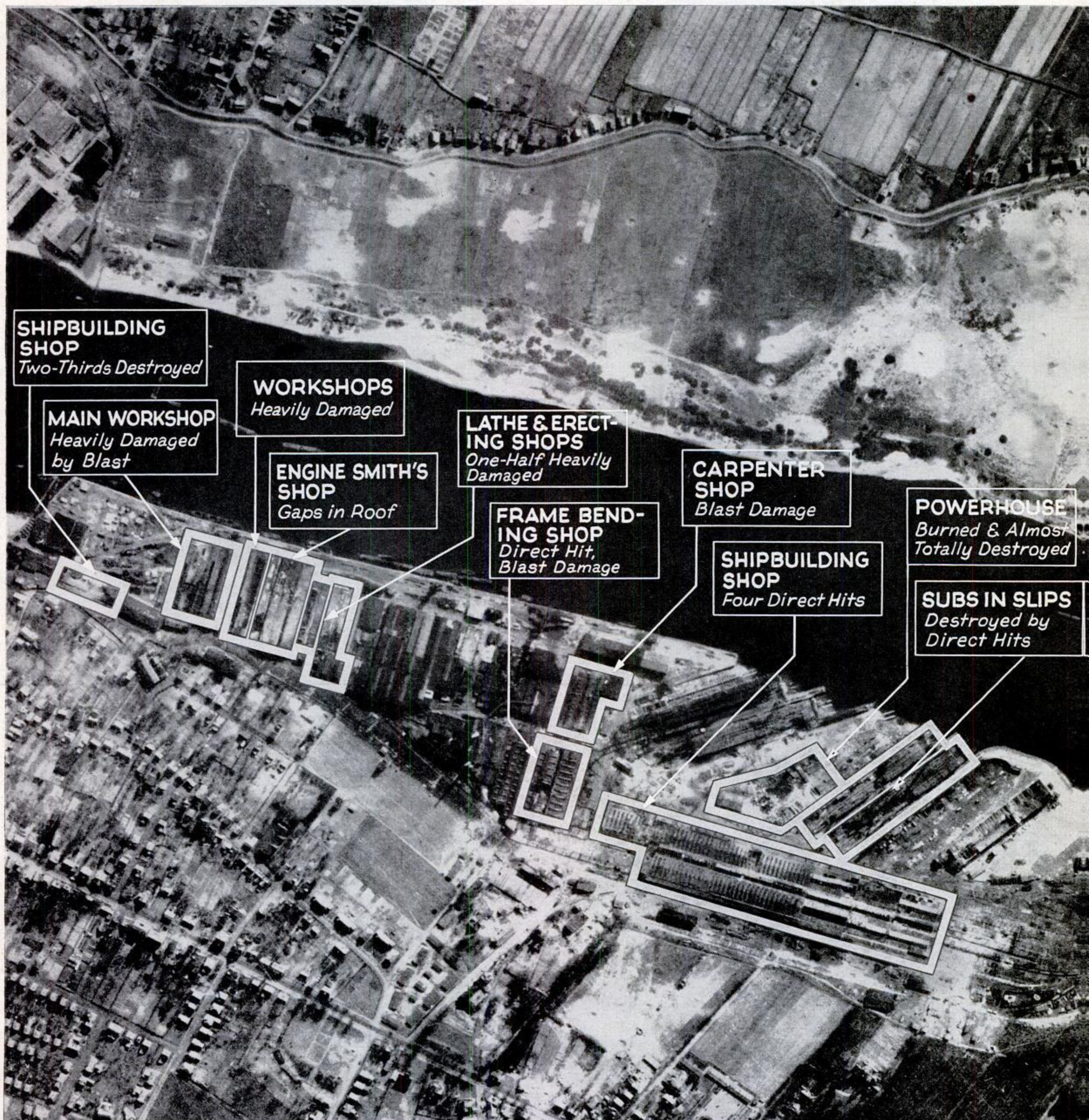
THE PATTERN OF PRECISION HITS ON U-BOAT YARDS IS GROWING AS B-17 WITH CAMERA LEAVES

age was plotted in detail by photo interpreters (below).

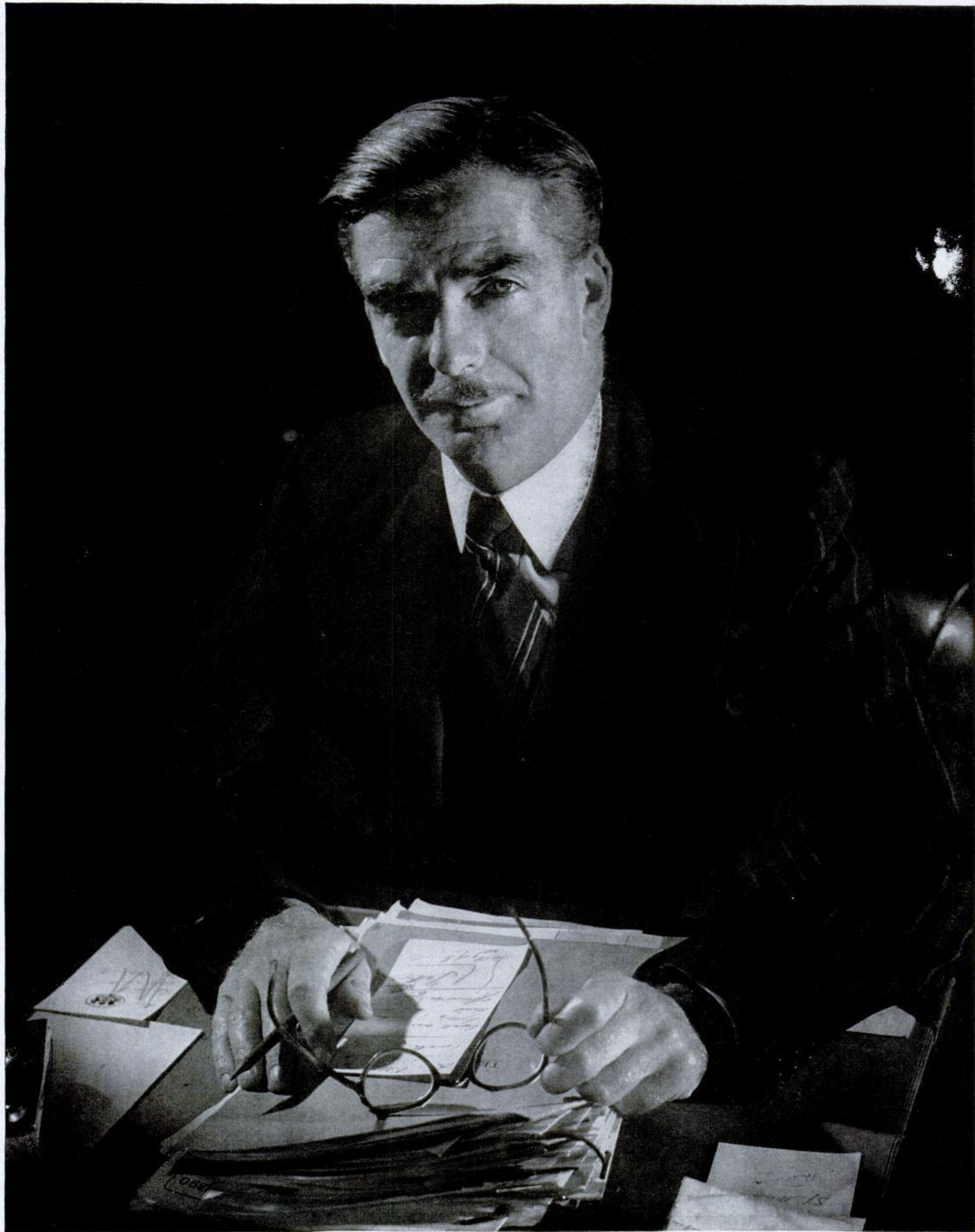
The assault at Vegesack crippled submarine production for many months. Undoubtedly it contributed to recent reduction of the U-boat menace in the Atlantic. The Vegesack yards had added more than 20 subs to the wolf packs between 1940 and 1942 and had expanded production since. Constant photo reconnaissance showed that it took about nine months to produce a submarine. Fifteen hulls lay in the slips when the U.S.

planes came over, and of these, seven were certainly damaged severely, one capsizing in the slipway. Six others were believed to have been damaged slightly and only two escaped altogether. More important was specific damage to the various buildings and machinery in the yard. Annotations on the photograph below point out the destruction. Each of the aiming points felt the effect of a direct hit or blast damage from near hits. With 50 tons of bombs falling around the centralized

powerhouse, it is likely that none of the yard equipment remained intact. Fires raged several days, burning and twisting valuable tools. U. S. lost two heavy bombers over Vegesack. Several others were badly hit by anti-aircraft and fighters but limped home. As for the U. S. gun crews' record against Nazi interceptors, the score was 52 shot down, 20 probables and 23 damaged—a little reminder of what American flying teams can do in performing their mission: precision bombing.



RECONNAISSANCE PHOTO AFTER RAID REVEALS DAMAGE TO SUBMARINE CONSTRUCTION BY U. S. PRECISION BOMBERS. NOTE UNDAMAGED HOUSES TWO BLOCKS FROM THE TARGET



BRITAIN'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, the Rt. Hon. Robert Anthony Eden, P. C., M. C., J. P., D. C. L., sits at his mahogany desk in the Foreign Office on Downing Street opposite the Prime Minister's house. On his desk are three telephones with

different colored receivers, sweetpeas brought from his house in the country, silver ash trays, an embossed scribbling pad and the secret contents of several locked leather dispatch boxes. When working at desk the Foreign Secretary wears navy blue monogrammed carpet slippers.

ANTHONY EDEN

Britain's Foreign Secretary is now in line to be its next Prime Minister

by NOEL F. BUSCH

"My God, the boy managed to use every known cliché, except 'May the blessing of God be upon you' and 'Gentlemen will please adjust their dress before leaving.'"

This comment on a speech by Robert Anthony Eden, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is supposed to have been made by Winston Churchill. Apocryphal or otherwise, the remark has considerable pertinence. Eden's oratorical style, the direct antithesis of Churchill's own, is calm, not to say soporific. Where Churchill uses a unique blend of euphemism and wisecrack, Eden employs the delayed truism and the qualified platitude.

Lack of eloquence in a statesman may not be especially damaging in the U. S., where many people distrust persuasiveness. In England, on the contrary, a surprisingly large proportion of the electorate still believes that strong talking and strong thinking, if not identical, are closely related. Eden's lack of oratorical dash has therefore been a grave handicap in his career. However, since his career has flourished in the past and since it shows signs of flourishing even more in the future, the handicap is perhaps important chiefly because, like a handicap at golf, it serves as a kind of measure for compensatory talents which have obviously outweighed it.

To judge Eden's importance to the world by his verbal contributions to it would be as unfair as to judge a picture by its frame. He should be evaluated rather for what he has done and for what he is. He is a classic specimen, complete with flaws, of an England that men like himself made great. England does not alter rapidly, and so he is also, in a sense, a symbol of its future.

Eden is currently regarded as the No. 2 man in the British Government and if anything happened to Churchill, he would more or less automatically step into his shoes. British Gallup polls show that since 1940 an average of 38% of British voters favor Eden as Churchill's successor. After the Foreign Secretary's visit to the U. S. last spring, his rating climbed to 45%, an all-time high.

Like the heads of some other United Nations governments, Churchill plans to stay in office for five years or so after the peace is signed. Nonetheless, he has indicated that, when he does retire to the putting together of bricks and the war's most expensive memoirs, Eden will be his choice for a successor. Conservative Party councils agree with the Prime Minister on this point. A good many of Eden's activities can thus be regarded as part of the process of grooming him for his eventual job.

Eden's standing as an expert on Europe (but not Asia or the Americas) is even more impressive than his standing as a scrub Prime Minister. Most of the major authorities engaged in drafting the peace will necessarily see the problems involved chiefly in terms of their native habitats. This process leads to the same kind of distortion that caused the untraveled Adolf Hitler to misjudge both the reactions of the world to everything he did and the reactions' consequences.

Eden's knowledge of Europe, on the contrary, was gained from uninterrupted study of the subject through the crucial 20-year recess between wars. Eden did not merely study Europe objectively from a desk in Whitehall. He also examined it subjectively from unique vantage points by developing to a new high the technique of "direct diplomacy," whereby responsible members of governments deal with each other face to face instead of through ambassadors or other intermediaries.

The event that gave Eden his present standing as Britain's pitcher-in-the-bullpen was also perhaps the best example of his skill as a diagnostician of European behavior trends. This was his sensational resignation from the Cabinet of Neville Chamberlain as a protest against its policy of appeasement in February 1938. Resignations on matters of principle had gone out of style in British political life and it was refreshing on the face of it that anyone should value his convictions at more than the foreign secretary's salary of \$20,000 a year. As time went on, however, Eden's resignation acquired a significance much larger than that of a mere sacrificial gesture.

In his objections to humoring the dictators, Eden was only too clearly proved right, not merely in principle but in point of fact. Before his resignation Eden's belief in collective security and his devotion to the League of Nations as the only available machinery for achieving it had often been regarded as evidence of dreamy or dilettantish idealism. However, it became clear that in addition to being an idealist he had shown keen discernment as to what was going on. The British public admires good principle but it loves good sense. Eden's present exalted status is due primarily to the evidence that he has the latter in large quantities.

Leader of the House of Commons

Eden's behavior since the war has enhanced his reputation in this respect. Recalled to the cabinet in 1939, first as Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, and then as Secretary of State for War, replacing Leslie Hore-Belisha, he showed brilliant organizing ability in reconditioning British home defenses in the trying crisis of the Battle for Britain. In 1941 Viscount Halifax, who had replaced Eden as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Chamberlain and stayed on under Churchill, was sent to Washington as Ambassador. Eden returned to his old post as Foreign Secretary and has remained there ever since. Last winter he received the promotion that put him at the peak of the political pile and in direct line for the Prime Ministry when Churchill made him Leader of the House of Commons. Normally this is the Prime Minister's own job in Parliament but, in the preoccupations of war, Eden now speaks for His Majesty's Government in Commons. Actual occupancy of No. 10 Downing Street would be the next logical step in his political progress.

According to *Time*, the four first requisites for

a U. S. presidential candidate are that he should have a humble background, not "look too good" in newsreels, be at ease with a fishing rod and enjoy unusually good health, and have a wife who appears able to cook and darn. If these rules are accurate, Eden stands as a living proof that the British chief executive sweepstakes is far less restricted. He was born and brought up at Windlestone, a Georgian mansion set in 8,000 Durham County acres of combined park and coal mine, which had been his family seat for several centuries. Although, like many movie stars, Eden is not especially handsome when seen in the flesh, he has proved himself notoriously photogenic in a longer footage of newsreels than that accorded any other statesman of his era. He suffers from mild indigestion, for which he sometimes takes bicarbonate of soda after meals, and he never goes fishing. Mrs. Eden, the daughter of a well-to-do Yorkshire banker and part owner of the *Yorkshire Post*, certainly does not look like a cook although nowadays, owing to the British servant problem, she is occasionally obliged to function as one in the Sussex country house where the Edens have been living since the war.

Neither Eden's background, nor even the fact that he went to a good school, would disqualify him as Prime Minister, but he has one other liability. Prime Ministers are supposed to come from the Offices of the Exchequer. Eden has never even been connected with either one. This means, among other things, that if Eden has any views on domestic issues, the views are unknown because he has never been obliged to state them. But after all, Eden grew up in England and so cannot be a total ignoramus on the subject.

Should events require Eden to attend domestic-policy kindergarten for prospective Prime Ministers, the chances are that he would be a star pupil. Once described by Mussolini as "the best-dressed fool in Europe," and still widely, though wrongly, regarded as a fashion plate, Eden really belongs not to the strutting-peacock but to the burrowing-mole type of personality. The Foreign Secretary has been a student, scholar and all-around information-sponge almost since the cradle. For people of this type, the absorption of knowledge becomes a vice and, if they are clever, they soon learn to regard it as such. Belittled in childhood, school and college for their diligence, they eventually learn to disguise it by a mask of elegance, insouciance or even downright laziness. Eden has rarely tried to perpetrate the latter fraud but otherwise his facade has been so successful that many people even now think that his present increased stature as a serious statesman shows a mysterious change or deepening of character.

Eden's character has not changed. It has merely been gradually revealed under the friction of events in the same way that the pattern of a coin can be revealed by placing a sheet of paper over it and scratching it with a pencil. Eden has the type of mind which likes to ferret out facts, pore over dossiers and deal, one by one, with whole decks of dispatches. When not working he likes

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

1768

... was the year Paul Revere created this graceful Sterling silver Punch Bowl for the "Sons of Liberty." Its substantial simplicity and ancestral dignity has inspired admiration through the years. (Courtesy, Marsden J. Perry.)



*Liberty's
lovely keepsake*

1943 ... today, so precious a relic might well be treasured for its historical significance alone. Yet its harmony of proportion and graceful simplicity found such favor that Watson silversmiths recreated the essence of its design in the Colonial Fiddle pattern and thus made available to today's connoisseurs of fine silver another example of museum beauty. True, the supply of Watson Sterling is limited and shipments may be delayed. However, your jeweler may have your pattern in stock. If not, put the money into War Bonds ... help speed the day when you can get complete sets of Watson Sterling in the pattern of your choice. The Watson Company, 1483 Watson Park, Attleboro, Massachusetts.



MODERN SILVER WITH THE BEAUTY OF OLD MASTERPIECES

**HAY
FEVER
VICTIMS**



here's help for your
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Stuffy-head season is here! Get help! As a Luden's melts in your mouth it releases penetrating menthol which your breath carries to clogged-up nasal passages — helps relieve "clothespin nose."



**NEW! LUDEN'S
HONEY-LICORICE
COUGH DROPS!**

Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

**SAFE RELIEF FOR
TIRED, IRRITATED
EYES!**

Do your eyes feel drawn and tingly ... do they look red or bloodshot from close work, late hours, dust, or glare? Don't suffer another minute! Simply put 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye! See what soothing, cooling relief you get within a few seconds' time!

For EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula ... with an exclusive ingredient that makes it wonderfully effective—quickly!

Try it yourself! It's so easy to use. So inexpensive. Stainless, too. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR,
SOOTHE IN SECONDS!



SIR WILLIAM EDEN, Anthony's father, the fifth baronet of Maryland, was a notable 19th Century amateur painter, hunter, boxer, gardener and atheist.



LADY SYBIL EDEN, Anthony's mother, one of the beauties of her time, came from great House of Grey, potent producers of many an English statesman.

EDEN (continued)

to talk shop. When not talking shop, he likes to think, or more exactly, worry about it. Equipped with an exaggerated conscience and a passion for perfection, he is never at ease except when overburdened and never happy except when harassed. His current curriculum, which keeps him busy about 16 hours a day, suits him to perfection.

Eden sleeps at his office, in a miniature flat which he has rigged up in what used to be Lord Halifax's reception room. After skimming through *The Times* and the overnight cables at breakfast, about 9 a. m., he goes for a quick scuttle in nearby St. James Park and then comes back to go to work in earnest. After an hour or two at his desk he goes to the House of Commons where he has another office. As House Leader, while he does not have to sit in the chamber all day, he must be on hand in case he is needed to answer questions. When not in the chamber, Eden occupies a little office down the corridor. Here Eden twirls his spectacles, massages his eyebrows with his finger tips, and frowns as he makes notes on papers. When called to the House, his manner changes. Smiling affably, he seats himself languidly beside the speaker's table and stretches his long legs to prop his feet upon the edge of it, next to the golden mace. This posture is the more effective because Eden does not wear garters and his socks slide down.

Late in the afternoon, when he leaves the House, Eden goes back to the Foreign Office where he stays at his desk till about 8. He may then dine with a friend at a hotel or at his gloomy club, the Carlton. In the evening there is often a Cabinet meeting across the street. After the meeting Eden gets down to the real day's business, which is probably his evening chat with Churchill. The Prime Minister hates to go to bed and often sits up talking until 3 or later. Eden then glances through the last day's dispatches and decides to hit the hay.

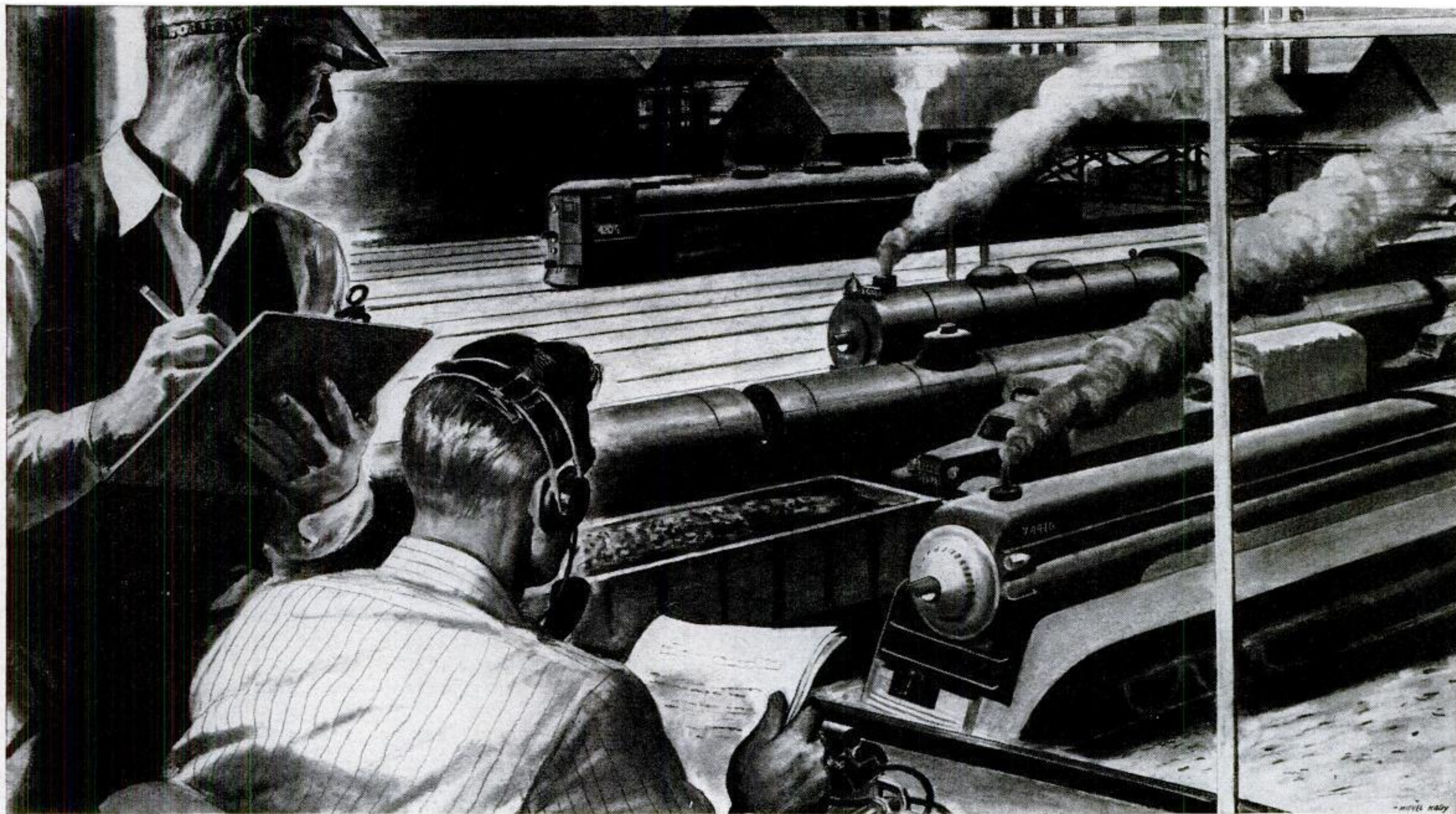
Eden's predecessor as Leader of the House, Sir Stafford Cripps, employed a nervous, scolding tone which made a poor impression. Eden, whose 20 years in Parliament give him assurance in the role, has handled the assignment with the proper blend of geniality and firmness. In the Cabinet, Eden also has a special, somewhat privileged position. Churchill is likely to be headstrong in a lively argument and it then takes more than one to talk him down. Eden, as the Prime Minister's closest and most trusted ally, not infrequently finds himself in the position of leading an intra-Cabinet coalition against his boss.

The subtle art of handling Churchill

In long years of dealing with Churchill, Eden has, characteristically, acquired an unparalleled skill in this subtle art. When Churchill was trying to pick a new viceroy for India last spring, Eden's name headed most of the lists submitted to him. The Prime Minister, determined to have someone reasonably young, was rather inclined to favor the idea and even promised to let Eden go without making him a lord, so that he could resume his seat in the House of Commons after he got back. Eden talked his boss out of this plan. Similarly, when Churchill came back from his last visit to the U. S., he had a fine, sweeping Churchillian scheme for making peace between Generals Giraud and de Gaulle. Eden, who likes to handle such delicate problems in his own way, met the Prime Minister in North Africa and diverted his attention from diplomacy to reviewing troops.

Eden's skill in handling turbulent characters like Churchill, to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY!

"Lend-Lease" among the Railroads

For months before Pearl Harbor, as America rearmed, all U. S. railroads carried a very heavy traffic load. This load grew to unprecedented size when war came.

Our Pacific outposts had to be reinforced... fighting men and supplies rushed to ship convoys... the entire West Coast made strong and secure against possible invasion.

So day and night the troop trains and the war freights rolled!



To SOUTHERN PACIFIC, western pioneer with more miles of line than any other U. S. carrier, was entrusted great responsibility. And every day since Pearl Harbor was attacked the pressure of war has mounted on the railroad.

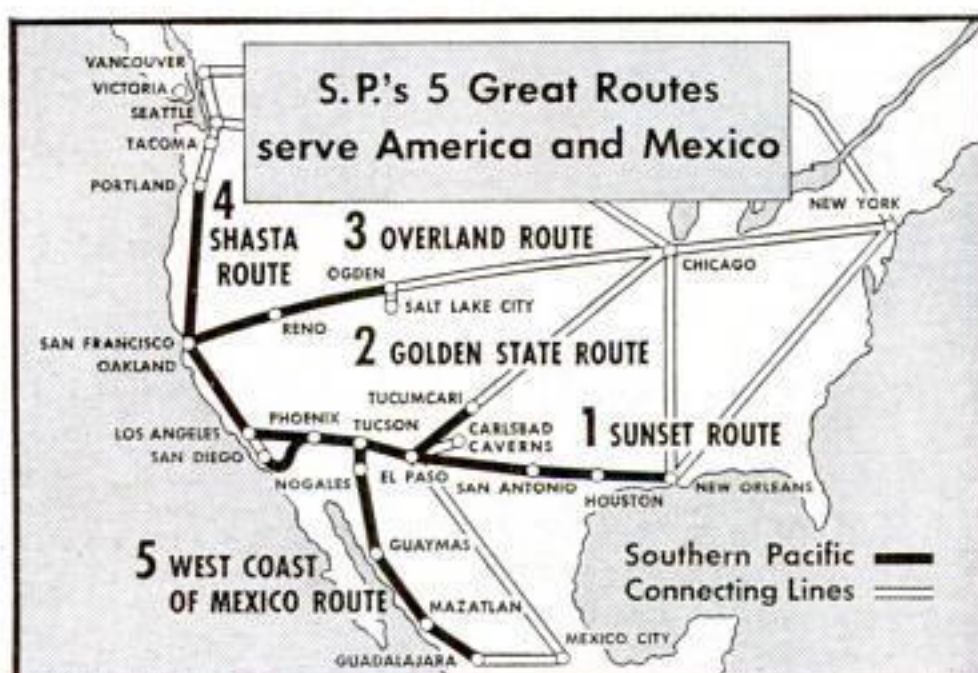
From Chicago, from New Orleans, and from the Pacific Northwest, S. P.'s transcontinental lines converge at West Coast ports where troops and war equipment are massed for action in the Pacific.

All along our great network of rails, a stepped-up production of vital war equipment and materials is flowing swiftly to all war theaters.

In 1930 to 1941—through years of depression and low earnings—we had spent more than 195 million dollars for new equipment, additions and improvements. In the two-year period before Pearl Harbor, we ordered 64 million dollars worth of cars and locomotives alone!

But no amount of foresight could make us fully equal to the war load we had to carry. Some of our locomotives were still undelivered. We needed more.

Other U. S. railroads recognized the nation's need to make full use of S. P.'s strategic western track, and they agreed to rent us locomotives.



One of our competitors furnished us with six locomotives. During one period in 1942 a total of twenty-seven locomotives "lend-leased" by other lines saw service with S. P.—helped us keep the

war trains rolling at a record clip. In our turn, of course, we are doing all we can to cooperate with all the other lines.

TODAY THE RAILROADS are applying the "lend-lease" spirit to many of their wartime operating and traffic problems.

If another road is better able to handle a certain job, we turn it over to them (and they get the revenue involved.) And other roads divert traffic to us when they are hard-pressed.

Our country needs its railroads now. It will need them always. For when the "chips are down" there's no transportation so sure and capable as the railroad offers. S. P. is proud to work with all the other railroads in this war. *Working with this team of giants, we know we work toward Victory!*

A. T. MERCIER, President

S·P
The friendly
Southern Pacific
HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO

One of America's railroads—all united for Victory

Who is he ?

ENGINEER ?

TREASURER ?

BROKER ?

EXPORTER ?

ECONOMIST ?

Today's leaders smoke
BLACKSTONE
CIGARS
the choice of successful men

SEE THE 17% EXTRA SMOKING YOU GET

That's what makes the Blackstone Londres-Extra today's big money's worth! It's the new, longer Blackstone cigar filled with finest and costliest long-leaf Havana tobacco. Try a Blackstone Londres-Extra today!



SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE

Step up and take your choice, gentlemen! Blackstone Perfecto, Londres-Extra, Cabinet, Panetela, Junior. All filled with finest Havana tobacco — all extremely mild and mellow. All top values for your money.

Wait & Bond, Inc., Newark, N. J.



AS A BABY, Anthony, third son of Sir William and Lady Sybil, annoyed his temperamental father with his childish noises, was "the quiet one" to his mother.



AS A SCHOOLBOY, 13-year-old "Tony" started Eton in 1911, won his House colors in football, rowed, played cricket, won the Brinkman divinity prize.

EDEN (continued)

say nothing of some others he has met, can be traced back to early childhood influences. The Foreign Minister, for instance, has a preternatural skill in avoiding entangling anecdotes. This may well be due to the fact that he was badly frightened by an anecdote which began before he was even born. Such a diagnosis is less improbable than it might seem at first. The anecdote in question was probably the most startling one of the entire highly anecdotal 19th Century. It concerned Eden's father, his mother and the painter, James McNeill Whistler. Briefly the facts were as follows:

In January 1894, Sir William Eden, through George Moore, a mutual friend, arranged to have Whistler paint a small portrait of his beautiful wife Lady Sybil Eden. The price was left vague—£100 or £150. A month later Whistler finished a minute oil of Lady Eden and Sir William sent him a check for one hundred guineas. Whistler was insulted that Sir William had offered him the minimum price. Thereupon the temperamental author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* started busily to make the most important enemy of his career by refusing to deliver the painting to Sir William or to return his check, Sir William offered him a check for £150 which Whistler also scorned. Meanwhile the little painting was exhibited in Paris. When Sir William filed suit against him in Paris, Whistler painted Lady Eden's face out of the picture and substituted that of another sitter. Sir William won his case before the Civil Tribunal in March 1895, but Whistler appealed. The high French court held that the painter could keep his painting but must return the hundred guineas, with 5% interest, to Sir William and pay £40 damages.

The case produced a quantity of publicity to which neither participant was averse. Whistler immediately published a little book covering the whole trial and titled *The Baronet and the Butterfly*, and sent it, together with a copy of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, to Sir William with an inscription: "To the Baronet from the Butterfly."

While l'affaire Whistler may have been one of the major anecdotes of the 19th Century, it was by no means the only such episode in the elder Eden's career. Indeed, Sir William's life as a whole seems to have been a sort of prolonged guerrilla war with a world that rarely lived up to his standards for it. Nonconformist sons of conformist fathers are a frequent phenomenon. Conformist sons of nonconformist fathers are much rarer. Consequently, to perceive how Anthony Eden fits into this category it is necessary to know something more about his father.

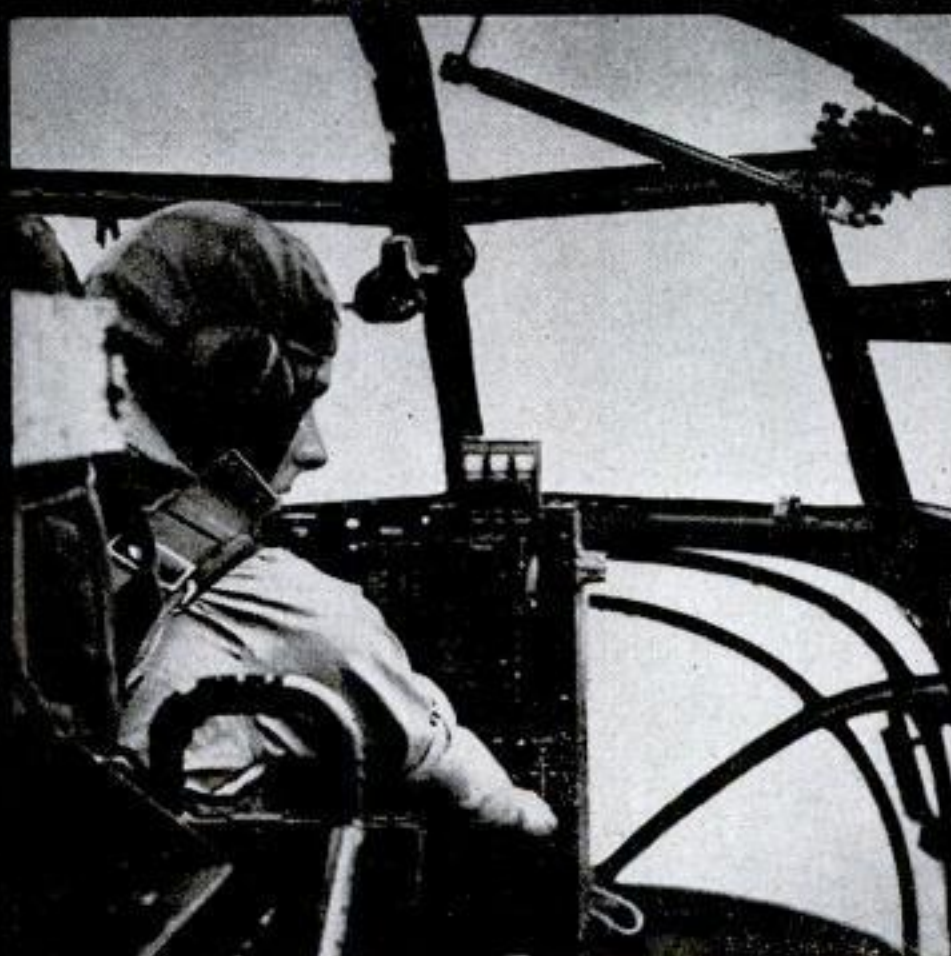
His sons are Sir William Eden's memorial

In the 500 years of the recorded Eden history, many previous members of the family had attained prestige. One was Lord Baltimore. Another was Lord Auckland, an 18th Century diplomat whose job in Pitt's administration was a good deal like Anthony's in Neville Chamberlain's. A third was Morton Eden whose work on *The State of the Poor* (1797) was praised by Karl Marx. For pure distinction of character, however, none of these was in the same league with Sir William Eden, whose only memorial, except his sons, is a handful of watercolors in some gallery in London.

In addition to being a minor painter, Sir William was a major master of hounds, a crack shot, an amateur pugilist capable of outsparring the best professionals of his day, and an accomplished demolisher of crockery. His main talent, however, lay in none of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

I AM NOT one of those big bombers, battleships or tanks you are reading so much about. I am just a little fellow . . . but the big boys think I am pretty important. As I'm an old friend of the family you might find it interesting to know what I am doing now.



I Have Several jobs on the control panel of our war planes . . . tell the pilot just how his plane is flying, how his engines are performing, etc. Naturally, accuracy is all-important—and the manufacture of such devices calls for close precisions.



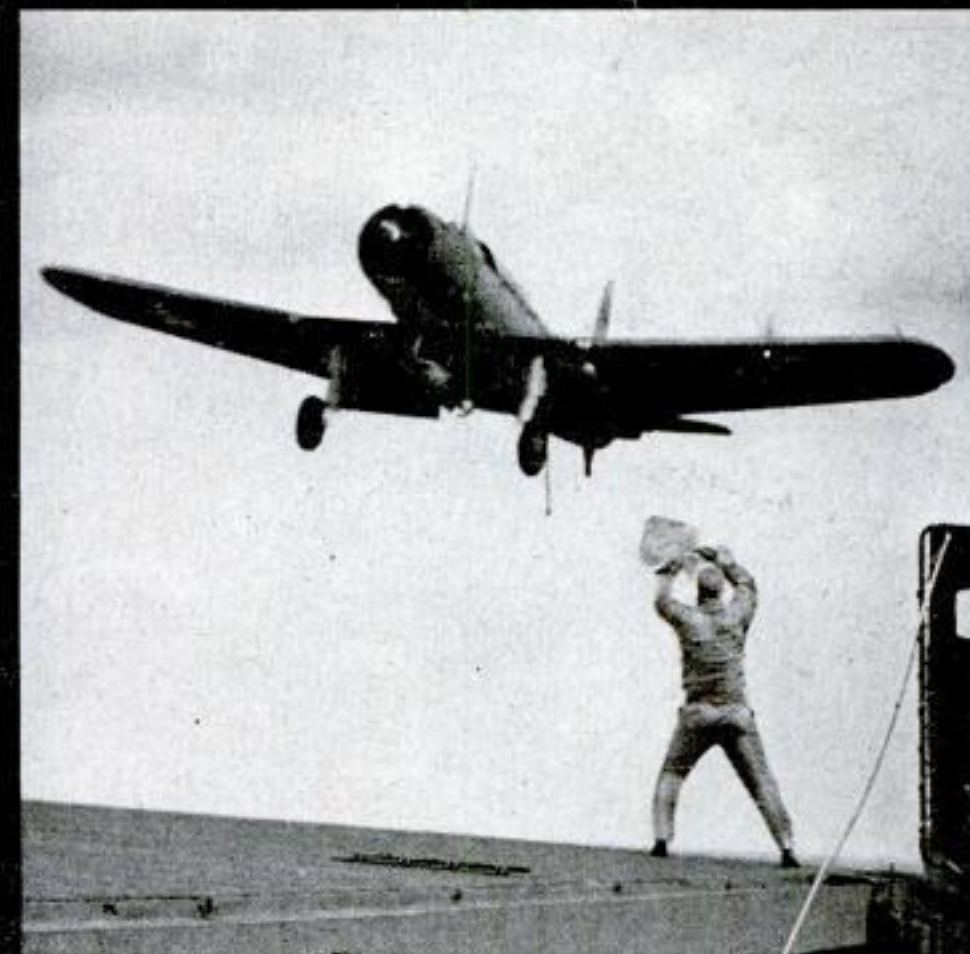
I Ride in the nose of ack-ack shells . . . and my job is to time their explosion at just the right 1/100th of a second to do the most damage to enemy aircraft. Because split-second timing is the big thing, I have to be good!



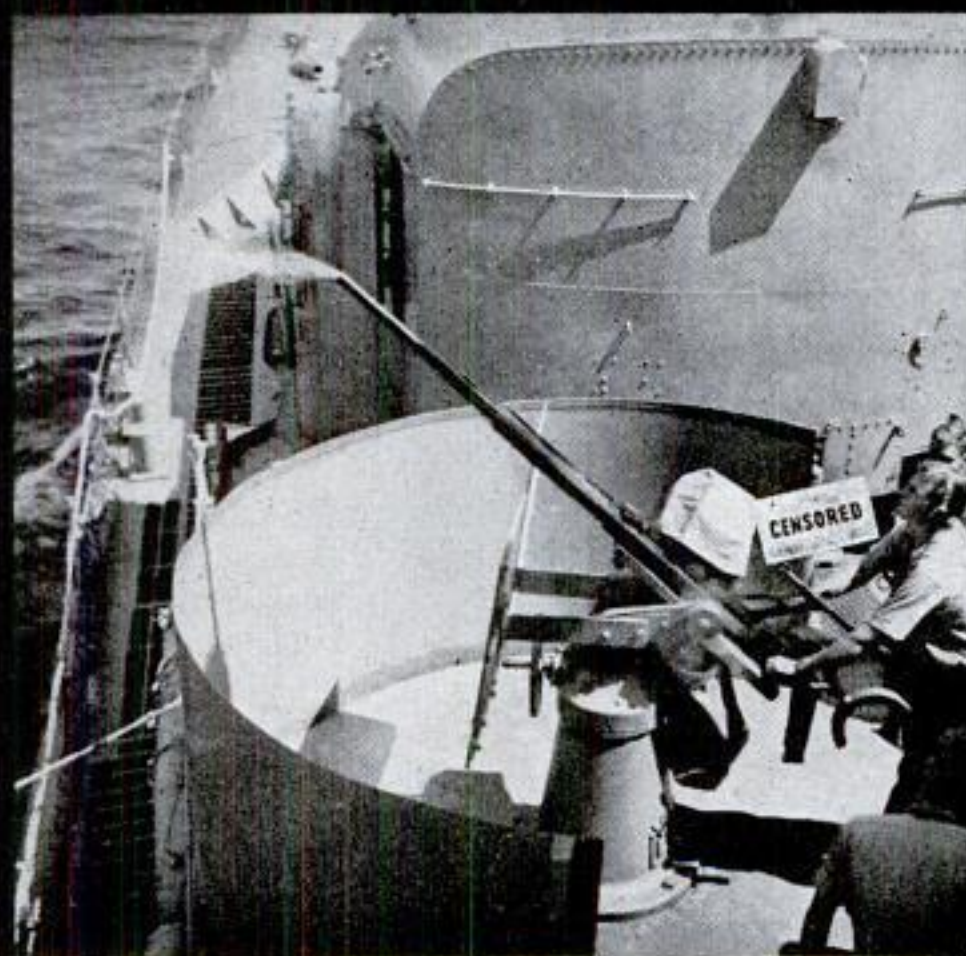
I Am the "Skipper" on certain aerial torpedoes who takes over when the plane drops me into the sea. I keep the torpedo straight on its course to the target . . . can even turn its direction in the water. Enemies would like to know more—but I won't tell.



I Ride Parachutes, too . . . and go down with the flare to set it off at just the right height to light up the target so our pilots can hit it more accurately, or perhaps photograph it. This is important work in the successful bombing of industrial centers.



I Move All sorts of things for the men flying the big ships of the air. For instance, I control the wing flaps, the landing wheels and the hook that helps a plane land on a carrier. True, I'm not a fighter—but I think I help the fighters a lot.



I Am in the amazing gun sight that puts the Navy's anti-aircraft right on the target—*quick!* This job takes precision and I must be accurately made to the 1/10th of a 1000th of an inch. Work on such tolerances does a lot to sharpen the skills of my manufacturers.



I Do Many other war jobs . . . and all of them require such accuracy of me that a speck of dust, a fingerprint, an error as small as 1/100th of a human hair would make me ineffective. My perfection may determine the fate of a bomber or battleship.



I Will Serve you better in peacetime because of the amazing new precision skills that have been perfected in our wartime production. My regular job is to keep track of your most precious possession—*time*. I am your old friend the Ingersoll Watch. — *Watch Ingersoll!*



★ WRITING IS FIGHTING, too

NO question about it—the letters you write strengthen morale among our boys. And morale, too, helps bring down the enemy. Hence today, a reliable fountain pen is an essential.

When you need a pen, look for ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. In the services, or out, it's a top-notch performer. Available in limited quantities, since war needs come first, of course. Made by David Kahn, Inc., America's largest fountain pen manufacturer (established 1896).



\$1.95

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box. \$2.75



AS TEMPORARY LIEUTENANT, Anthony Eden joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1915. Year later, at age of 19, he was youngest adjutant in the army.



AS BRIDE AND GROOM the Edens had a fashionable wedding in 1923, only a two-day honeymoon because the bridegroom was running for Parliament.

EDEN (continued)

these lines but rather in the field of child-baiting in which he excelled his sentimental generation. Sir William Eden hated children not only on their own account but also because they made loud noises, which he also despised bitterly. An all-around sportsman, he naturally made it a point of honor not to exclude his own offspring from his generous wrath.

On a gentle child like little Anthony, the effects of association with such a colorful parent were predictable. He grew up shy, thoughtful and devoted to his mother, to whom his letters home from Eton refer to his efforts to outdo his classmates in scholastic rather than athletic enterprises.

The record of Anthony Eden's Eton house in the first World War was noteworthy. Of its 28 members, all saw service and a third were killed. The record of the Eden family was even more noteworthy. All four sons saw service and two of them—John, the eldest, and Nicholas, the youngest—were killed. Eden's own record was in keeping. Leaving school when he was 18, he joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Commissioned as second lieutenant, he went to France in 1916 and was subjected to considerable ribbing from his fellow officers because of his youth and mild manners. Eden tried to overcome these liabilities by growing a mustache, which later became famous, and by being a good officer, which proved harder but less noticeable.

By 1918, Eden was the youngest adjutant in the British Army and had won the Military Cross. He got the latter for crawling into no man's land and pulling a wounded private named W. Harrop back to his own trenches through machine-gun fire. Nonetheless, except for Harrop, Eden's significant activities in World War I now have apparently been forgotten by almost everyone except Adolf Hitler. When Eden and Hitler met for the first time, at a Berlin dinner in 1934, they began chatting about their military pasts. "Where were you?" asked Eden. "I was at La Fère," said Hitler. "So was I," said Eden. The dictator and the Foreign Secretary then each drew a map on the back of his menu, which they exchanged for souvenirs. The maps showed that at La Fère they had been directly opposite each other, separated only by ten miles.

When Eden got back from the war, his mother advised him to finish his education. Eden did so at Oxford, where the fact that he was older than most of his classmates gave him a good excuse for sticking to his books. The books were about Oriental languages, i. e., Persian and Arabic, in which he took first honors. Between terms he polished his conversational French by visiting a Protestant French pastor near the town of La Rochelle. At Oxford also Eden made up his mind to enter politics as soon as he got out. Englishmen of Eden's upbringing regard government as an obligation, not a sinecure.

He won history's longest campaign

Eden's first campaign, in Durham, was a failure. His second, in Leamington, was remarkable for several reasons. It was the longest campaign in the electoral records. Beginning as a by-election, it was punctuated by the fall of the government and continued thereafter as part of a general election through a total of six weeks, in which Eden found time not only to make 80 speeches but also to get married. Eden's opponent was the Countess of Warwick, whose son had married Eden's only sister and whose grandson, the present Earl of Warwick, Eden's nephew, later distinguished himself by failing to crash Hollywood. Almost as eccentric as Eden's father,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

KEEPING A MILLION
BABIES
SOCIALLY POPULAR



"duxkin"
BABY PANTS

Waterproofed without rubber ★ Non-chafing
Easily cleaned.



COMFOTEX
BABY PANTS
Washable ★ Durable
Contain no rubber or oil.



NEOTEX
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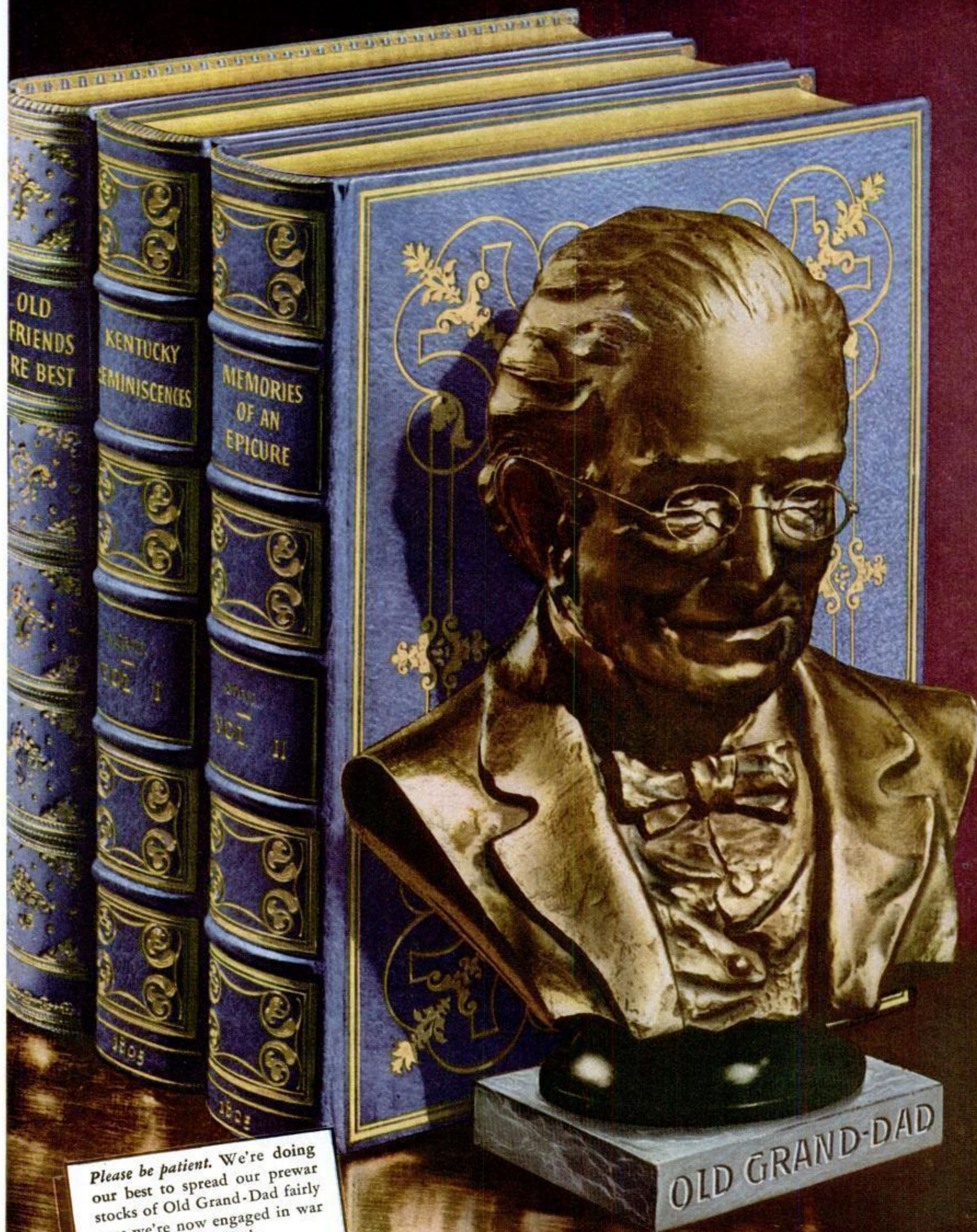
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EDEN (continued)

the Countess was an ex-Tory who some years before had gone to give a Socialist editor a good piece of her mind and come away converted. Campaigning with a convert's zeal, she based her appeal to the voters on the argument that it was "time to put little Anthony back to bed." Her audiences were delighted but when election day finally arrived, Eden was in Parliament by a safe majority and he has stayed there ever since.

In Parliament, Eden learned to convert his youthful diffidence into the virtue of discretion. Equipped with good brains, good looks, an influential father-in-law and a passion for absorbing information, his rise was more or less inevitable. His period of apprenticeship lasted until Baldwin—to whom Austen Chamberlain had commended him—gave him the post of Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1931. According to John Gunther, Baldwin probably adopted Eden as a political substitute for his own son, Oliver, who had turned socialist. Eden also probably adopted Baldwin as a substitute for Sir William, who hated "Jacks-in-Office" and politics in general. In any case, under Baldwin, Eden moved ahead as steadily as England was moving backward, becoming Lord Privy Seal in 1934, Minister without Portfolio for the League of Nations Affairs in 1935, and Foreign Secretary a few months later, to replace Sir Samuel Hoare.

The British Foreign Office looks more like a greatly oversized mousehouse than anything else that comes readily to mind. Whether it actually contains mice is, of course, a state secret but the fact remains that Foreign Office memoranda are handed about, not in ordinary folders or envelopes, but in leather boxes, which are mysteriously called "boxes" and covered with red or blue Morocco leather. The memoranda are not of course called memoranda, nor yet notes or letters. They are called "minutes." Situated in a dingy old building on Downing Street, opposite the Prime Minister's at No. 10, the Foreign Office employs a total of some 1,300 civil servants, excluding its overseas staff. Of the 1,300, the top 200 or so—called counsellors, second secretaries, first secretaries and under secretaries for this and that—rank as executives. Messages coming back from the British embassies and legations all over the world are circulated about among these secretaries in the form of "minutes" by means of the "boxes." When considered to be sufficiently annotated, they are answered and then deposited in the archives, by which time they have ceased to be minutes and become "interred papers." The whole process sounds preposterous and perhaps it is. Nonetheless, it is the process by which England has run the lion's share of the world ever since anybody knew there was a world to run, and no one yet knows of a better one.

In British politics it would be quite unthinkable for someone from outside politics entirely to propose running the entire country before he had so much as been an alderman. Like the radish, he must grow slowly, in the proper place. Eden appeared to get along fast and indeed did so, aided by the circumstance that there were so few members of his own generation left to compete with him. Nonetheless, by the time he became Foreign Secretary, or Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as the office is called in the Foreign Office, to distinguish it from Secretaries of State for other purposes, he had been scrutinized with as much care as a shilling in a pawnshop.

The first thing the British require of a statesman is simply that he be a good man, judged by normal and conventional standards. They have no use for eccentrics, egomaniacs and unbalanced geniuses. The second thing they require is that he be a hard worker and serious about his job. Finally, they require that, in addition to being good and industrious, he be reasonably competent.


Eden qualified on all these counts. Furthermore, in the congenial environment of the Foreign Office, all his proclivities for mole-like work were generously satisfied.

He found that only Mr. Big counts

Eden's belief in direct diplomacy was the result of his observation, first, that in one-man governments there is no use dealing with anyone except Mr. Big and, second, that, with modern means of travel, it was quite feasible to do so. His most spectacular achievements in this field, outside of two meetings with Hitler, were his talks with Stalin and Mussolini. The latter ended in the only open row in Eden's diplomatic lifetime. The former was the first step toward the rapprochement which, despite an inconvenient pause in 1939, is now paying such handsome dividends. Both visits exemplified his clear

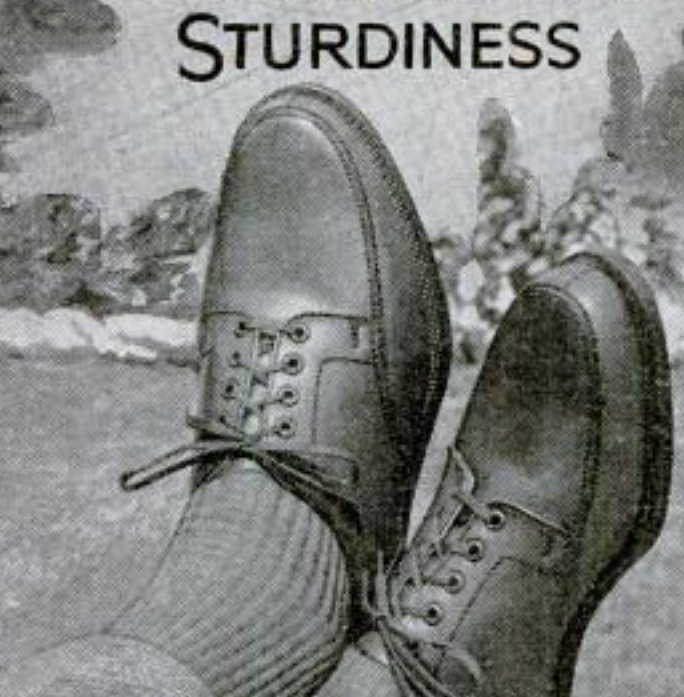
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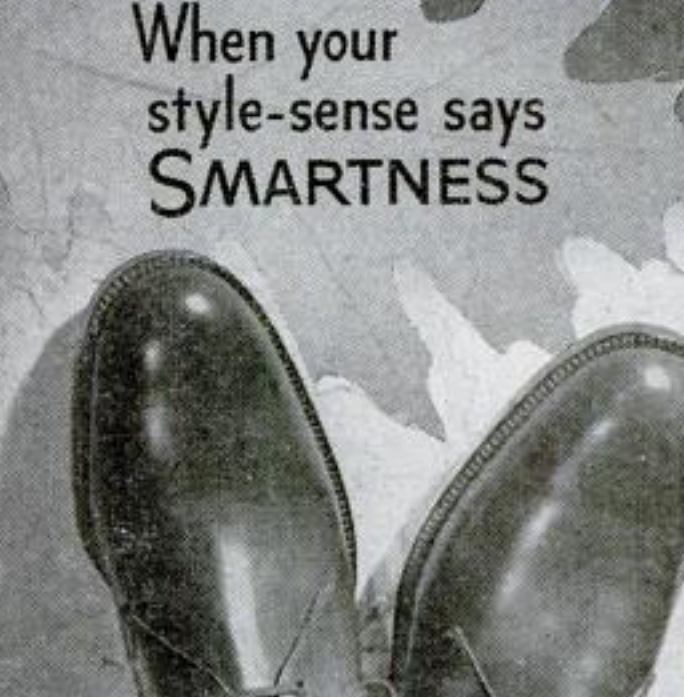
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EDEN (continued)

perception of the main currents in European power politics of the era, but behind such dramatic incidents were years of patient study in Whitehall and months of meetings with all Europe's lesser diplomats at Geneva. These gave him a knowledge also of the minor eddies, whirlpools and waterspouts which anyone who proposes to bring peace to such troubled waters must possess as well.

Eden has often been criticized for not resigning long before he did, over the Hoare-Laval deal which enabled Italy to gobble Abyssinia. Most of this criticism comes from leftists who, in addition to knowing nothing about anything else, have never heard a gun go off. Eden had neither handicap. When bombs dropped near him in November 1918, he said to a friend: "That is our first taste of the next war." His maiden speech in Parliament was a plea for an air force strong enough to attack and defeat any rival air force within bombing range of England. As a member of the Cabinet Eden was obliged, if he did not resign, to defend its actions. By staying in it he was also able, within the Cabinet itself, to forward his own views.

Under Baldwin, who took so little interest in foreign policy generally that he was supposed not to have bothered to read the Hoare-Laval pact when he saw it on his breakfast table, Eden had a fairly free hand. Under Neville Chamberlain, who had often helped him nag Baldwin into paying some attention to such matters, his position changed. Chamberlain, it even appeared, wanted to run foreign policy himself. Furthermore, he had picked up an advisor, Sir Horace Wilson, who had also had ideas of a somewhat Buchmanite cast and wanted to try them out internationally through the agency of the Prime Minister. In the summer of 1937, Eden found that Chamberlain and Wilson were short-circuiting his office. When he tried to stop appeasement they countered that, since England had no arms, no other course was possible. At the same time the Cabinet showed no disposition to push along rearmament.

When Eden finally did hand in his notice, he did it on a minor and abstruse issue: that of certain preliminaries to persuading Mussolini to stop interfering with the Spanish Civil War. Eden took the view that since Italy was not officially engaged in the war, she should withdraw her troops before discussions started as a token of good faith. Chamberlain and Wilson, bent on humoring Mussolini, were for talking the thing over anyway. Equally characteristic were Eden's actions afterward. By making a series of strong speeches he might easily have started a major revolt in the Tory party and perhaps forced a change of government. Eden reasoned otherwise. To a large and enthusiastic mass meeting that had gathered expecting to hear him deliver an impassioned exhortation to crusade, Eden delivered instead a placid lecture on the intricacies of cabinet procedure.

He dispenses information, not emotion

Both Eden's decision not to dramatize his resignation on the platform, and his decision to re-enter the Army at his old rank of captain were significant. Military affairs, as a kind of ultimate stage of diplomatic affairs, attract Eden both in theory and in practice. As War Secretary he showed sound strategic sense in persuading the government to send troops to Egypt in 1940, when most of his colleagues were thinking only of building up home forces against invasion. On



REPLICA OF WHISTLER PORTRAIT of Lady Sybil Eden, painted by Sir William Eden. Whistler destroyed original painting during his famous feud over payment.



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EDEN (continued)

the other hand oratory does not interest the Foreign Secretary and he is not much good at it. Great orators, like Winston Churchill, depend on emotion. People like Eden depend on cerebration. When the Foreign Minister makes a speech he is not trying to convey a feeling. He aims at imparting information. Since he himself values the information, he expects the audience to value it as well.

Eden's use of clichés is due to his wish to state things as simply and unostentatiously as possible. While it may incur Churchill's amiable derision, the method often works upon less sophisticated listeners such as Eden finds in his constituency. Leamington's reaction to Eden is significant because the district is so typical of England as a whole that some social researcher looking for a British Middletown might well find it ideal for his purpose. Almost any good-sized scrap of British countryside contains so many place names which are familiar from nursery rhymes, history books, newspaper headlines or what not that an outlander feels as though he had strayed onto a movie set. Eden's constituency not only contains Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick Castle, where Eden used to stay when in the neighborhood, but also a part of Lady Godiva's now somewhat dilapidated factory town of Coventry. Eden has made many of his best speeches in and about Leamington. One of his lady adherents recently remarked about his last appearance there before the war: "It was terrible, what he told us. He said we were 'standing on the brink of an abyss.' We went to the theater afterward, but I couldn't enjoy it, thinking about what he had said."

Owing to the party truce which has obtained in England since the war, Eden is not bothered much by purely local politics at the moment. A few weeks ago, he was asked to arrange about a widow's pension for Mrs. Florence Miller and to do something for Joyce Lamb, the hairdresser's daughter, who was called up despite the fact that she was the only helper in her invalid father's shop and also worked as a part-time nurse. The Foreign Secretary obliged both times but, in general, problems of this sort are handled by his staff. This leaves Eden free to deal with other matters.

So far, Eden has naturally been somewhat guarded about whatever conclusions he may have reached as to the exact means of starting the European clock after the war. His best summing up of his general ideas on the subject were put forth in a Leamington speech on the subject some months ago when he said: "If we imagine that . . . we can return to the economic anarchy of the old days; above all, if we think we can have peace and security on the cheap, then certainly we shall bring not only discredit but disaster upon ourselves and it will be well merited. . . . None of us can now escape from revolutionary changes, even if we would. But so far as we are concerned, there is only one safe way through the maze of postwar complications. That is a belief in ourselves as a nation and a belief in our duties and our responsibilities as a world power and to the world at large. If we are inspired with this sense of mission, cooperation with our Allies, great and small, will be all the easier."

A dozen governments within walking distance

In addition to his own and England's attitude toward the peace, Eden is of course also concerned with the highly divided views on it entertained by the dozen or so exiled governments now functioning, each in its own way, in London. Unlike the U. S., which maintains one Ambassador to deal with all of these, England maintains an envoy for each, just as though the governments were still in their native crannies. Despite this wise precaution, their presence within walking distance of Whitehall has carried direct diplomacy to a degree which even Eden, as an advocate of the technique, had never in his wildest dreams foreseen. For years Eden's best friends among non-exile diplomats in London have been M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador who has now returned to Moscow, and John G. Winant, the American Ambassador. On evenings when Eden is not otherwise engaged, Winant is likely to drop in at the Foreign Office flat for a chat over a whisky and soda.

Eden's association with Maisky has important political as well as diplomatic aspects. Just as Churchill, because of his American ancestry, his friendship for Roosevelt and his general attitude, is regarded as the head of Britain's Anglo-American solidarity department, Eden is currently regarded as the head of the Anglo-Russian solidarity department. Stalin, who said of Sir Stafford Cripps: "He bores me with all his talk about socialism," considered Eden a typical British aristocrat, with whom he knew exactly where he stood and who was, furthermore, a hard worker. Stalin and Eden got

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EDEN (continued)

along well, when they first met in 1935 and may be expected to do so in the future.

Outside of keeping up his semiprofessional acquaintanceships Eden's social life these days is limited. On weekends, he usually manages to get down to Sussex, where Mrs. Eden spends most of her time. They live as quietly as possible in view of the fact that the house is hitched up by private wire to Downing Street, the Foreign Office and wherever Churchill may be at the moment. Weekend visitors are likely to include foreign diplomats and couriers bringing "boxes."

Eden likes tennis and gardening but spends a good deal of his spare time reading. His taste in books runs to Shakespeare and Marcel Proust, on both of whom he is something of an expert. In 1935, when Eden went to Spain to try to prevent the civil war, he spent several hours closeted with Leon Blum, who was then Premier of France. It turned out later, according to Eden's able biographer, Alan Campbell Johnson, that they had been discussing *Swann's Way*, for one of the characters in which Blum was reputed to have been the model.

Like his distinguished father, Eden collects French painting and has pronounced views on the subject, but whereas Eden Sr. specialized in Degas, his son prefers Matisse and Cézanne. In England, where the political system is such as to make a certain degree of culture permissible in statesmen, Eden's literary and artistic tastes are of course less damaging than they would be in the U. S. Nonetheless, they, like his celebrated habits of dress, helped clothe the legend that he was a fashion-plate diplomatist, too sleek and handsome to be taken seriously. This legend, long since worn threadbare, is still interesting because, like his manner of speech and thought, it is a clue to a character which is at once polished, formidable, and classically British.

Eden's taste in clothes must be considered in relation to his father's which were as exceptional as everything else about Sir William. When feeling in a conventional mood, this lively old gentleman would wear suits made out of a checked material he had specially woven for himself, called the "Eden tartan." On other occasions, he preferred a gray velvet knickerbocker suit or a smoking jacket made up out of silk pocket handkerchiefs. Among the other tribulations he endured was that of being asked by a waiter to leave the dining room of Boodle's (a club), where a new rule had been passed requiring members to dress for dinner, because he was in day clothes. Sir William resigned, with a letter to the club secretary in which he called attention to sartorial precedents set by his friend Bombardier Billy Wells.

Anthony Eden has of course never dined with a prizefighter, nor been improperly dressed under any circumstances. The point about his clothes is that they are calculated to make him inconspicuous rather than the reverse. In London, his dark suits which are practically a Foreign Office uniform look exactly like everyone else's. It is only when photographed with the frowzy diplomats or heads of states of other lands that he looks noticeably better groomed.

Nonetheless, it is perhaps significant that, while Sir William Eden's oddities of dress have been long forgotten, his son's conventionality will belong to the ages. Fifty years from now, Anthony Eden may not be remembered for the peace, in which his role will after all be comparatively anonymous. He may never be Prime Minister of England. But he will surely be remembered for his hats. They come from Lock, size 7½, ready-made.



BEST KNOWN EDEN HAT is black homburg, established style for British statesmen. He buys these, his grey toppers and less sleek numbers from Lock, London hatter.

The car you couldn't buy is helping to win the war

Up to Pearl Harbor, when America converted its mammoth industries into arsenals, part of Commercial Credit Company's business was financing the sales of automobiles, trucks, refrigerators and other useful products bought by millions of Americans.

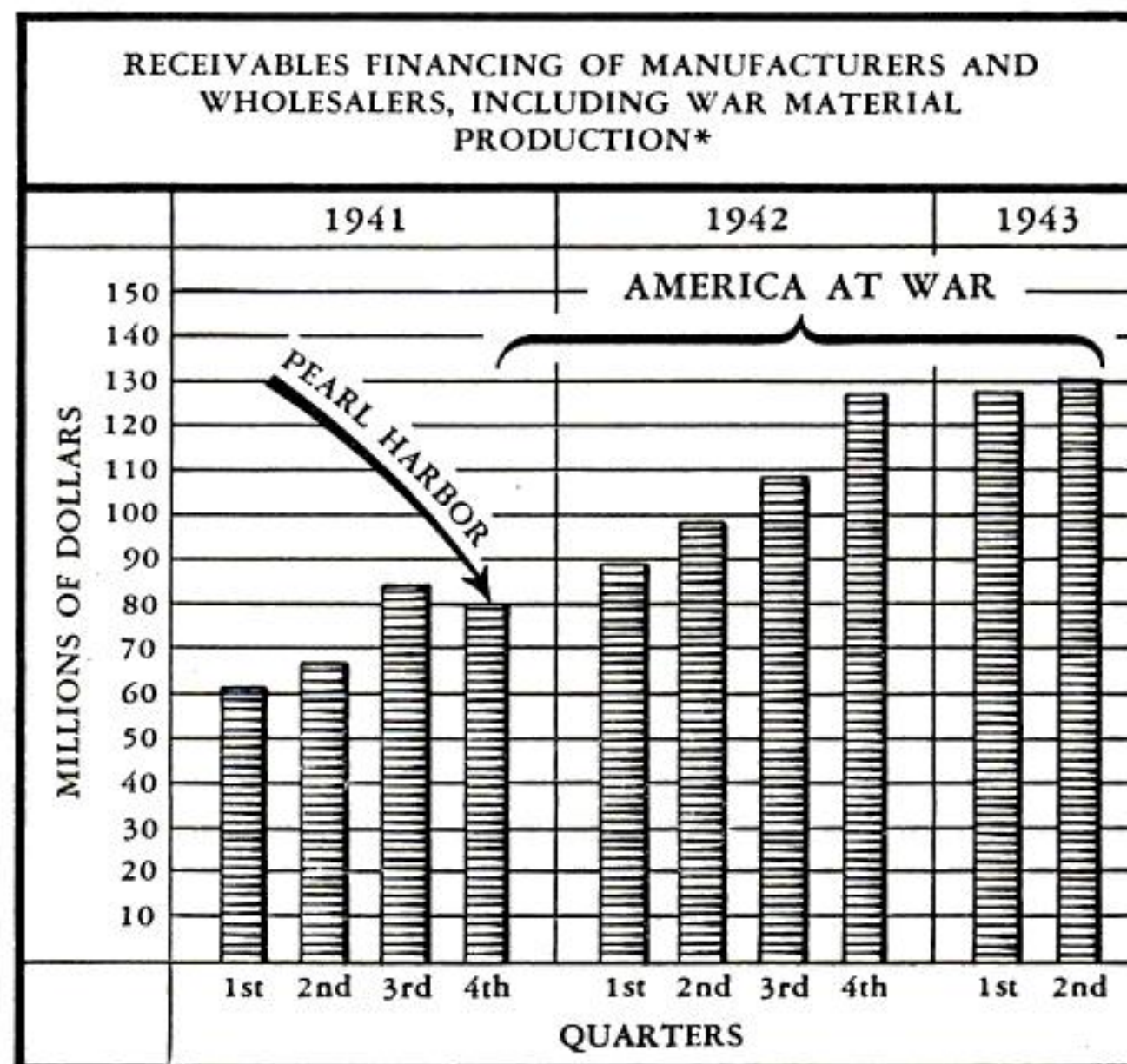
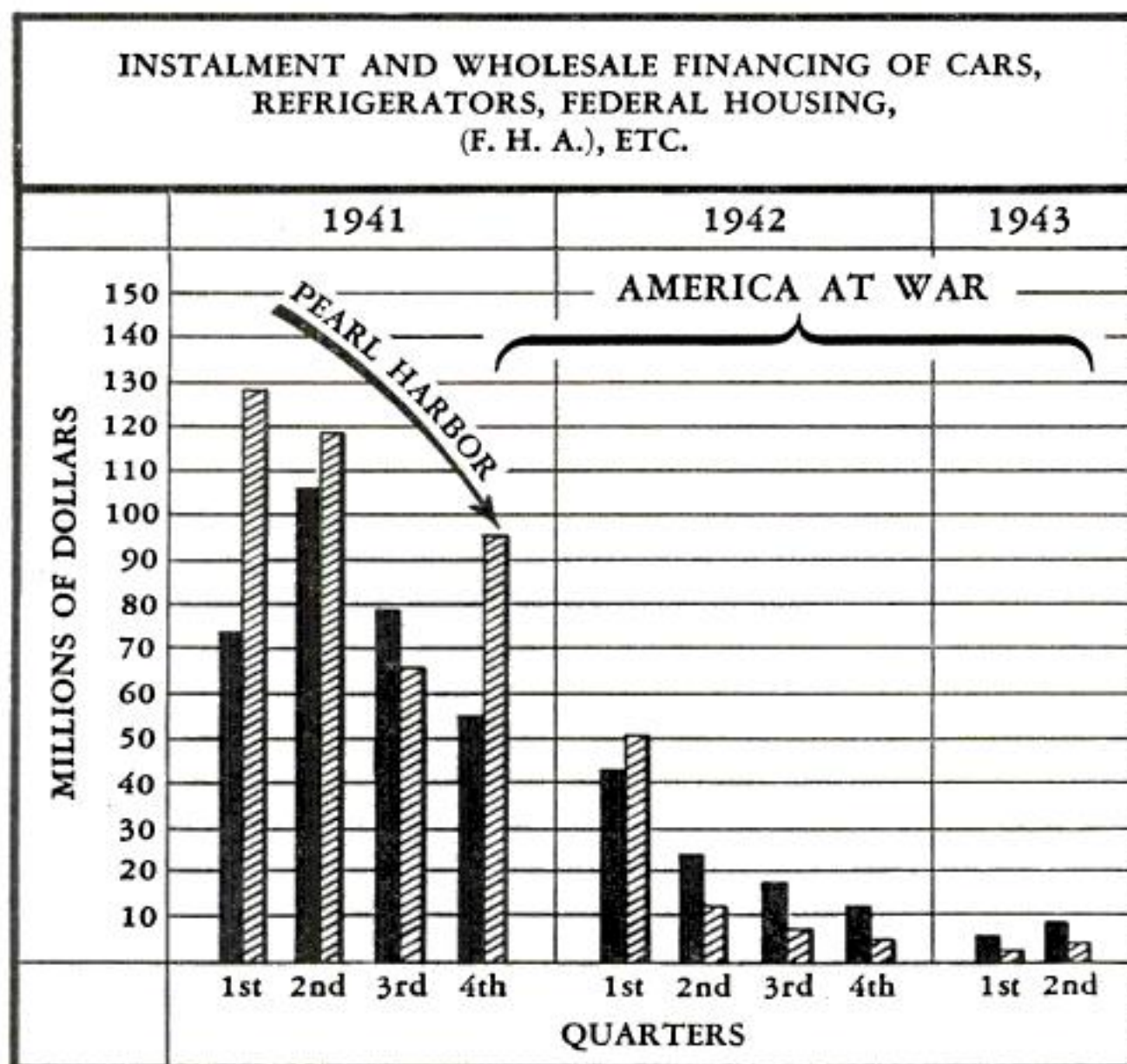
In 1941 alone, nearly three-fourths of its gross volume of over \$1,000,000,000 was in transactions of this sort.

All that is changed now. Much of the money you might have put into a new car . . . but didn't . . . has been put to other uses including the payment of taxes and the purchase of War Bonds.

For our part, many of the millions we once used to finance sales of peace-time commodities are now being used by manufacturers and wholesalers to expand production of war-time equipment and supplies.

If they need cash to qualify for Army or Navy contracts, we supply it. If they want to pay off long-outstanding bonds, or mortgage indebtedness—or long-term bank loans—we engineer a refinancing plan that will save them money. If they want to reorganize—buy in others' holdings—or sell out to interested buyers—we can work out a sound method of financing.

THE TREND OF COMMERCIAL CREDIT FINANCING SINCE PEARL HARBOR



* Above figures include sales of manufacturing subsidiaries, but exclude premium volume of insurance subsidiaries

A TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE GRAPHS INTO DOLLAR AMOUNTS, SHOWS:

	1941 (YEAR)	1942 (QUARTERS)				1943 (QUARTERS)	
INSTALMENT WHOLESALE	\$725,109,980	\$93,087,907	\$36,102,436	\$25,141,116	\$17,196,690	\$9,077,366	\$13,012,727
RECEIVABLES WAR MATERIALS	\$293,476,346	\$89,716,215	\$98,226,716	\$108,214,430	\$127,158,325	\$127,528,613	\$130,613,552

Although more than 1300 of our younger men have gone into military service, we are carrying on with experienced older personnel. Through nearly 100 local offices in the principal cities, we are continuing to give efficient service to automobile and appliance dealers,

and to the public, for the transaction of whatever business is permissible under war-time measures.

When Victory comes, we will be ready to offer again our full services to the American people and to the merchants who serve them.

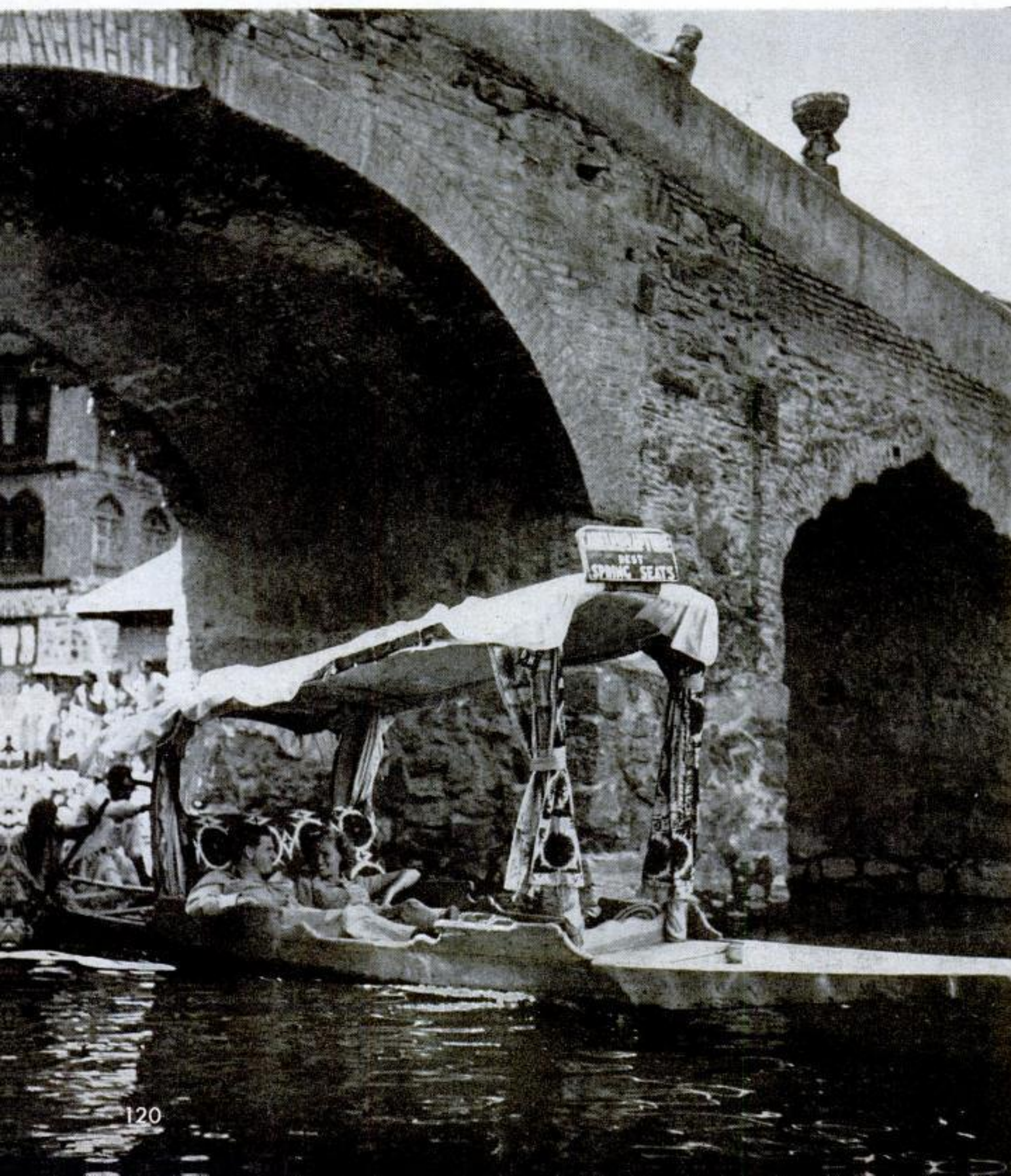
Commercial Credit Company Baltimore

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS MORE THAN \$68,000,000

When did you last buy a War Bond? Couldn't you buy another now?



"Careless Rapture" is the name of the shikara Pam and Carney take along the River Jhelum. Shikara is Kashmirian version of Venetian gondola, costs \$1 a day. Others are named "Mae West," "Love Comes to You—" all with "best spring seats." Below, they pass beneath one of seven curious bridges over river.



Life Goes on a

With a beautiful English girl, an American

For American troops stationed in India the Vale of Kashmir, lying high and cool in the Himalayas has been a taste of heaven. To it men spending their second summer on the blistering plains have been sent for brief holidays by their commanding officers as a protective measure against malaria, and fevers that accompany the heat. Some of the men go to rest camps, where American girls from Red Cross centers see that they have a good time. Others, more adventurous, make for hill stations like Darjeeling and Gulmarg, traditional summering places for the British, or to Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, a stone's throw from beautiful Dal Lake. Here centuries ago the Emperor Jahangir built a series of floating gardens for his favorite wife, Nur Jahan, of which the most famous, Shalimar, was the inspiration for the *Kashmiri Song* (*Pale hands I love beside the Shalimar*).

A large part of the feminine population of India, including beautiful



RHYTHM OF THE PADDLES IS LIKE THE BEAT OF BOOGIE WOOGIE, AS PAM AND

Date in India

Lieutenant discovers the Vale of Kashmir

English and Anglo-Indian girls, summer in Kashmir, contributing an additional bit of glamor to the already glamorous setting. Writes LIFE Photographer William Vandivert, who took these pictures of a Kashmirian holiday: "There is considerable competition from British officers, but Americans are bowling a mean wicket."

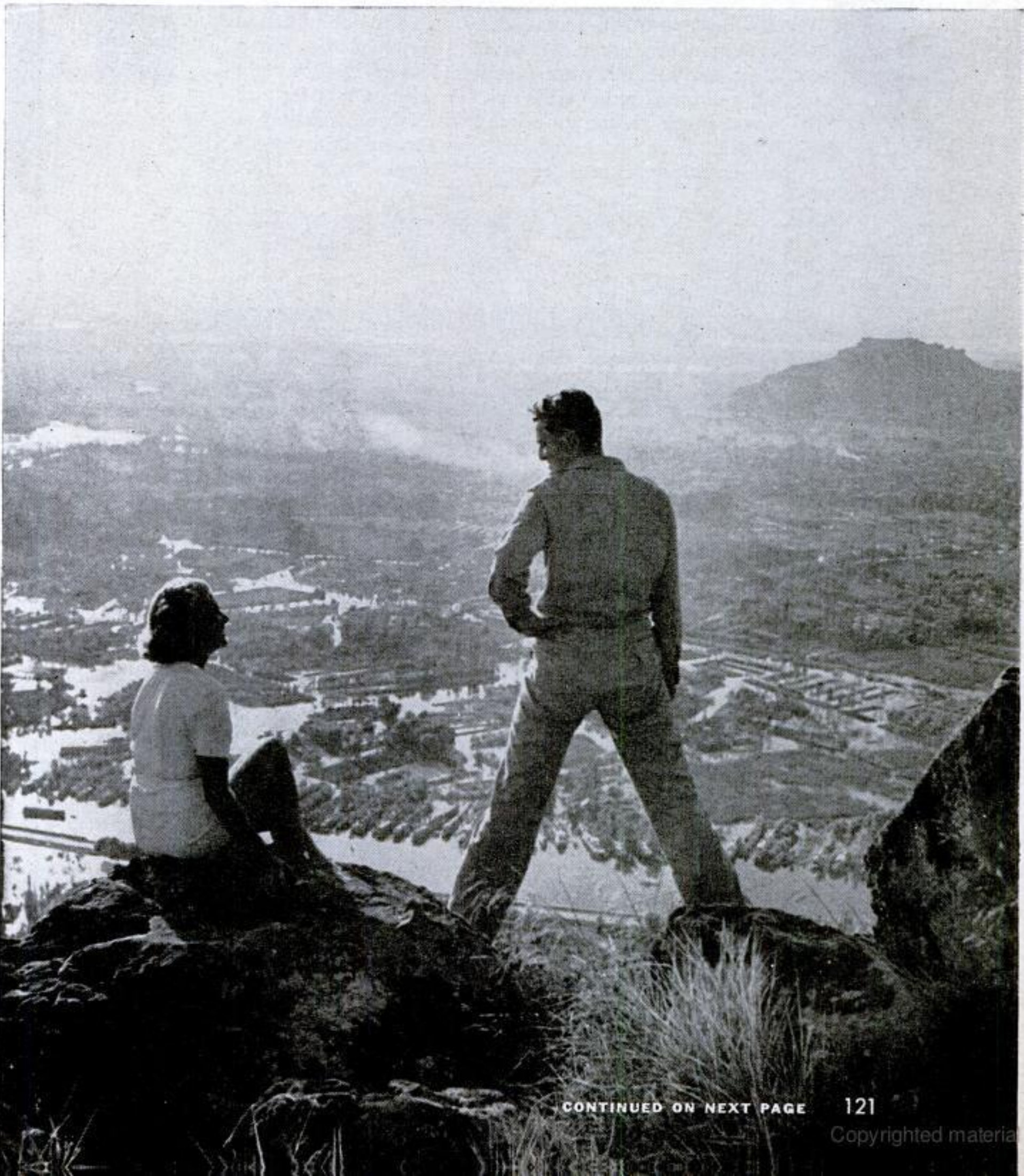
One of these last—or a guy who was just plain lucky—was Lieutenant Vaden Carney of Fort Worth, Texas, test pilot at a U. S. air depot who has been in the Air Force for three years. Having established himself with two buddies in a houseboat on the Jhelum River (\$3 a day, including food and servants), he proceeded to meet Pamela Rumbold, a London girl who has been doing censorship work in Bombay and is known as the most beautiful girl in Kashmir. She was serving as a WVS hostess at the Srinagar club when Carney came along. Vandivert's pictures complete the story.



CARNEY REST IN THEIR SHIKARA PASSING THROUGH A CANAL TO THE LAKE



Solomon's Throne is a mountain rising a sheer 1,000 ft. above the city, topped by 8th Century temple. It took Pam and Carney half an hour to reach the peak. From the top (*below*) they look down on the Dal Canal, with its clustered houseboats. Opposite is Hari Parbat, a sacred hill with 400-year-old fort.





How to be sure you get the right pair of shoes this fall



The MARCEL



The PARADE



1. TAKE A GOOD LOOK at the shoes in your closet. Decide what type you need to round out your wardrobe. A shoe diet, like any other, should be well-balanced. It should include an active duty shoe, a versatile double duty shoe, or a dressy shoe.



2. CHOOSE SHOES THAT "DO SOMETHING" for your spirit as well as your feet. Even the simplest, trimmest shoe can have a young, feminine air, if the maker "has a way" with the classic shoe, has long experience in combining "good sense" and "good fashion."



3. AND BECAUSE YOU LIVE IN a walking-working, war-time world, insist on shoes with a "forget-you-have-feet" fit. Besides the right length and width, be sure to get a shoe made over the *last* that conforms most closely to your own individual foot.



4. REMEMBER IT'S A LONG WALK between ration coupons. So choose shoes whose quality you've always been able to count on; shoes made by highly skilled craftsmen of the best materials available. Good shoes give good *mileage*, and that's something you *need*, today.



The HANDSTITCHED

LUMBERJACK BLUCHER



The CARLTON

Of course, one way millions of smart, active American women will make certain of getting the right shoes, this fall, will be to choose America's largest selling fine footwear... beautiful, perfect-fitting Gold Cross Shoes.

America's unchallenged shoe value

\$6⁹⁵

Most styles, Denver West, \$7.45

The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio



CROSS SHOES

FAMOUS FOR OVER 50 YEARS AS RED CROSS SHOES

I'm going to save this for special occasions...

because Schenley is making War Alcohol exclusively



...no whiskey is being distilled these days

Only limited pre-war stocks are available of the choice whiskies used in Schenley

Royal Reserve. Thus you may not always be able to get it, but when you do,

use Schenley Royal Reserve on special occasions and enjoy it that much longer.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

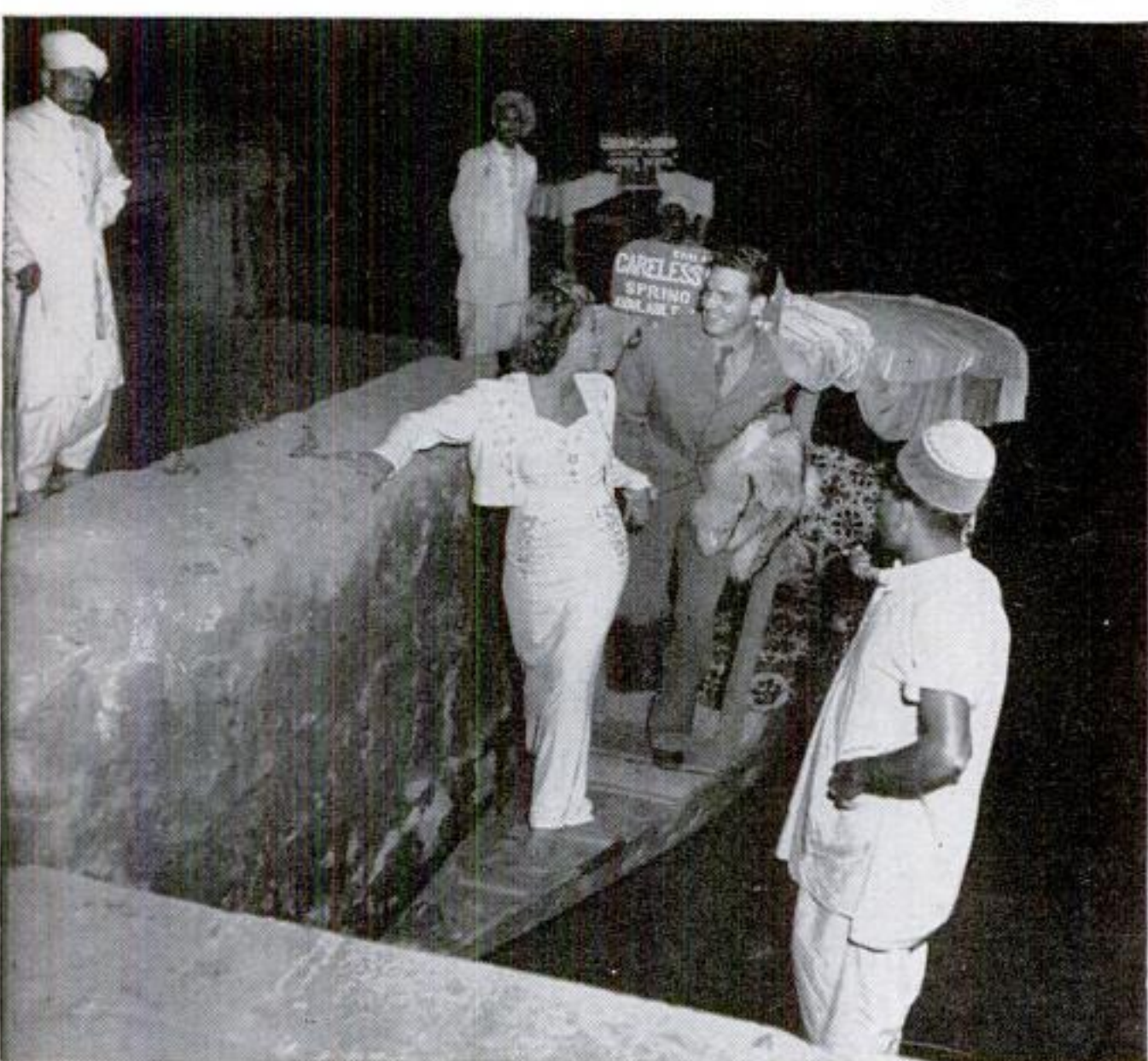
BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



Pam served coffee and liqueurs after dinner aboard her houseboat for Carney and Lieut. Frank Dannelly (right), who had a date with Pam's friend, Ditty Hodgkinson.



From their shikara Pam and Carney emerged at Nageem Club Annex for Saturday night dance. At most hill stations there are several dances weekly, plenty of girls.



Dance orchestras move from cities to the hills for the summer. Nurse at right wears same insignia as Carney—Chinese sun and American star of 10th U.S. Air Force.



"Oh, Darling
it's Lovely!"



LEEDS Set 175.00
Engagement Ring 100.00



LYNWOOD Set 235.00
Engagement Ring 225.00



NELLIS Set 537.50
Engagement Ring 450.00



BETHANY Set 375.00
Engagement Ring 300.00

THE ETERNAL SYMBOL OF THE LOVE YOU SHARE a ^{GENUINE-REGISTERED} Keepsake DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

THIS love of yours is a precious treasure that builds quiet confidence within . . . and holds the promise of a brighter tomorrow. Such love should be symbolized with a genuine registered "Keepsake" because, through five decades, "Keepsake" has maintained high standards of clarity, cut and color . . . factors that determine the true worth of a diamond. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is part of your purchase and is your protection against an unwise choice. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . to \$2500.

This certificate is your guarantee of quality and value.



HASTINGS Set 182.50
Engagement Ring 175.00



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Engagement Ring 150.00



Keepsake
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Look for the
name "Keepsake"
in the ring.



WAYNE Set 350.00
Engagement Ring 250.00



DIANA Set 587.50
Engagement Ring 500.00

Rings enlarged
to show details.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... L 9-43

7 things you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:



1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy *a thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."



2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.



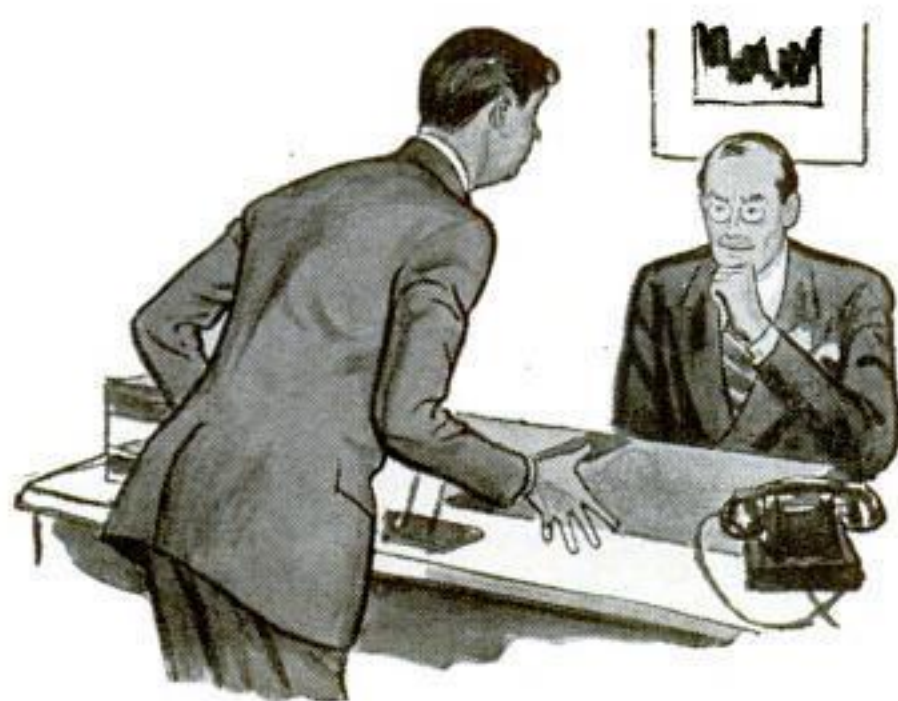
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



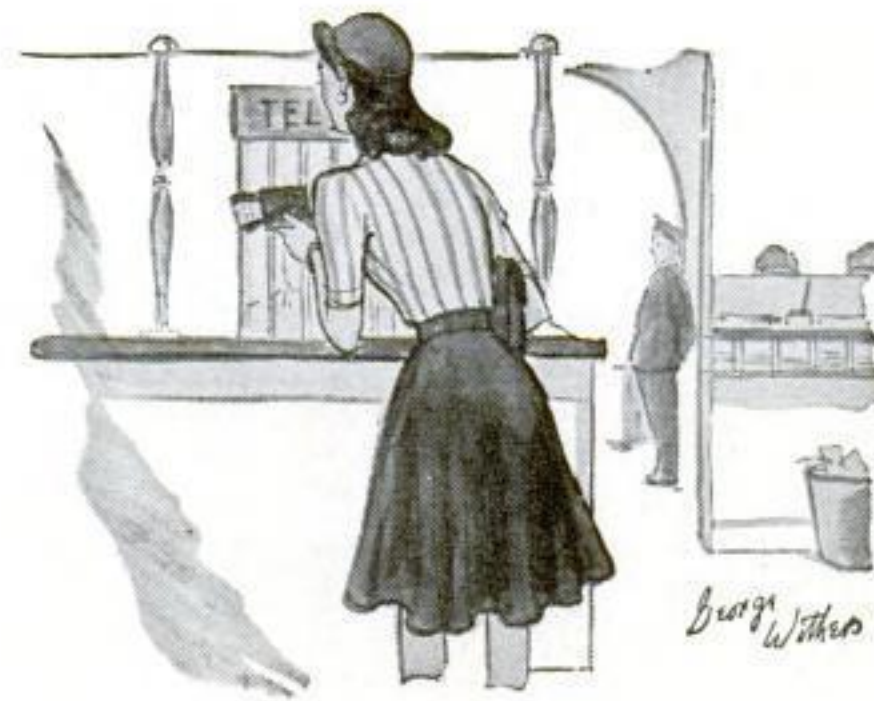
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now... and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid healing Hitler!



5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages for yourself, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.



6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hang on to them. Buy as many as you can afford. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of allowing it to shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN...

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS SING

CELESTE HOLM'S "EUNICE FROM TUNIS" IS POLITE VERSION OF DITTIES LIKE "DIRTY GERTIE FROM BIZERTE"

Mademoiselle from Armentières was the darling of the A. E. F. in World War I. In hundreds of impromptu (and unprintable) verses all ending with the "parley-voo" chorus, the fame of this talented young French woman spread far and wide. Today a new generation of American soldiers overseas are singing the praises of new girls in countless bawdy verses. Not for mixed company, the most popular song at the moment concerns one *Dirty Gertie from Bizerte* and close behind her come *Filthy Annie from Trapani*,

Stella the Bella of Fedala and *Jeannie with the Light Brown Skin*.

Authors of these Army ballads are rarely known and, like folk songs, the verses themselves are never in final form as new ones are always being added. *Dirty Gertie from Bizerte* was not written in Africa but at Camp Lee, Va. last November by Pvt. William Russell who had just read about the invasion of North Africa and came across the city named Bizerte. Gertie wears pop's night shirtie and uses fleur-de-flirte,

says she's 20 but's really 30. Russell sent his doggerel to *Yank*, the Army weekly where it was published, and from there found its way to the North African edition of *Stars and Stripes*. Josephine Baker sang it in an Army show. Sensational success followed.

Now at La Vie Parisienne, a New York supper club, Celeste Holm, comedienne in *Oklahoma*, sings a purified Broadway version of the kind of song the soldiers sing in the field. Below, with words and facial expressions, is her treatment of *Eunice from Tunis*.



THEY CALL ME EUNICE FROM TUNIS, PRIDE OF THE YANKS,



MY PICS ARE PINNED UP IN ALL OF THEIR TANKS.



FOR A COSTUME I WORE A FEW BEADS HERE AND THERE



AND EACH NIGHT I CAME IN ON A STRING AND A PRAYER.



FEW WEEKS AGO YOU COULD SEE THE SIGN, "EUNICE—



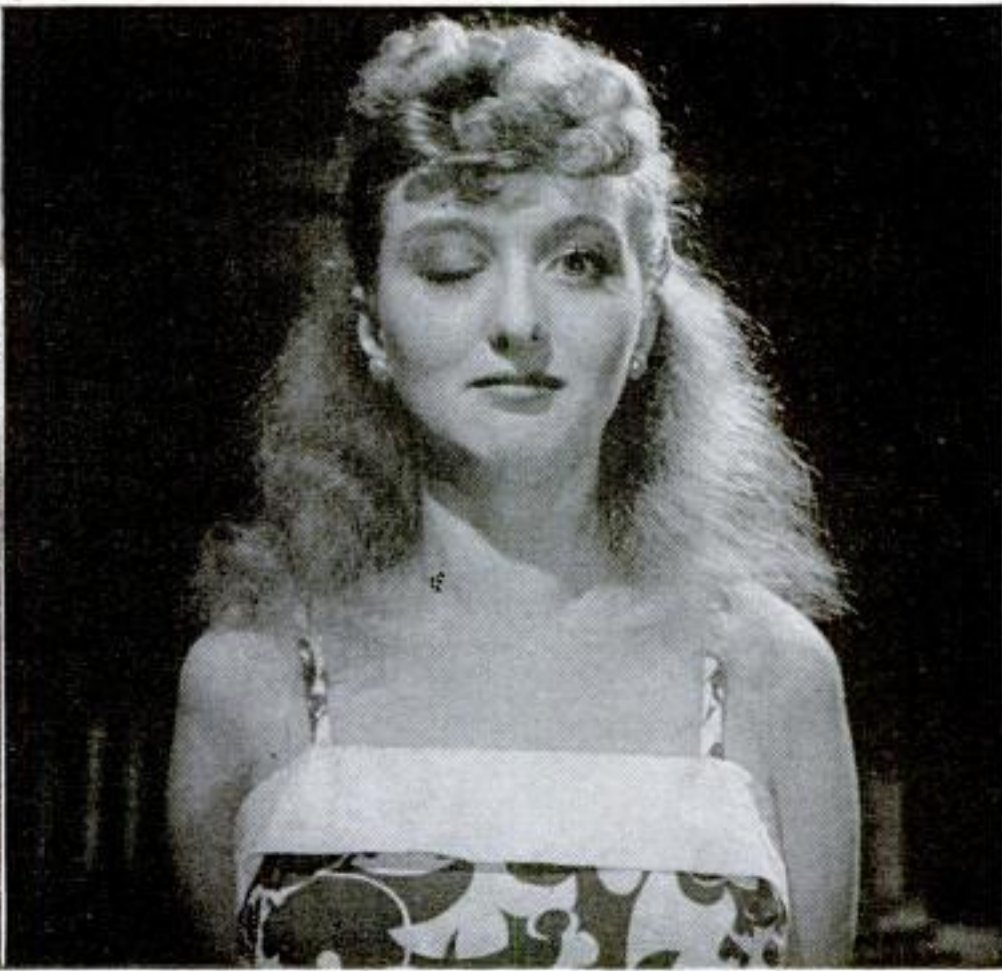
STARRING TONIGHT ON THE STAGE OF LOEW'S TUNIS."



AND WHEN THE U.S. ARMY WANTS TO BUILD MORALE



WHO DOES THE BUILDING? YOU GUESSED IT, PAL,



EUNICE, EUNICE, EUNICE FROM BOSTON, MASSATUNIS

*Delicious
Distinctive
Different*

**—THANKS TO
MOUNTAIN DISTILLING
IN PUERTO RICO!**

Ron Merito's rare mountain flavor sets it apart from all other rums . . . a delightfully unique flavor which is achieved by expert distilling in a picturesque Puerto Rican mountain valley, where the climate is ideal for making perfect rum. Enjoy Ron Merito today—in a highball, daiquiri, cuba libre, collins—or any other drink you especially like!



THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM



Make it this way:

RUM HIGHBALL: 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.
DAIQUIRI: Juice of ½ green lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.
RUM COLLINS: Juice of whole green lime (or jigger lemon juice), ½ teaspoon granulated sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Shake well with cracked ice. Serve in Collins glass with ice, and fill with sparkling water.

Ron
MERITO

Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address National Distillers Products Corporation, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SONGS SOLDIERS SING (continued)



I'M EUNICE CHARITY SALTONSTALL, BOSTON ARISTOCRAT FROM BEACON HILL



AND WHAT DID I GET FOR ALL MY BUSTLE? DID I GET A MAN? JUST MUSCLE!



DANCING SATURDAY NIGHT I MET SABU WEINTRAUB, MY TURKISH DELIGHT,
LYRICS BY JIM CARHART AND JEFF BAILEY



THE NEW COACH... On the Home Front

An important war job for the wives and mothers of America

UNTIL NOW, no American mother, as she tucked her little boy into his crib, has had to face the frightening thought that some day he would *have* to be a soldier. Our mothers have been spared that fear.

But today our women are sisters to the mothers in militarized foreign lands. War has come upon us. The sons, brothers and husbands of millions of American women are now, or soon will be, fighting soldiers of America—*fighters for freedom*.

And the men of other millions of our women are busy, or soon *will* be busy, producing the materials of war for our fighting men.

Now, with America determined to *fight to the death* for the things we hold dear, we cannot neglect these *human machines* upon which we depend for victory.

America's fighters must be *made* and *kept* physically fit for a winning fight against enemies who have lived and trained for war since childhood.

And this is where the patriotic women of America—women made of just as sturdy stuff as any women in the world, can do another important job for victory, and for postwar progress.

We need a Coach in every home where a boy is approaching military age. A coach, with a mother's love, to inspire this youth. To keep him playing our rugged American sports, which develop the *strength*, the *skills* and *agilities* that will assure him a better chance to win—and to come home from the war with a sound mind in a sound body.

The boy who can run a little swifter—who can leap into a fox hole or trench a fraction of a second quicker—whose

hands and feet and brain work a split-second faster—will be a more competent and resourceful fighter because of that greater agility. In America's competitive sports—on our sandlots and on our school, college and university playfields, he can get this priceless training. See that he gets it.

We need a Coach in every home where there are *war-workers* and *civilian workers* on the Home Front. A Coach with a mother's deep interest—a wife's love—to keep these indispensable men exercising—playing their golf, tennis, badminton, softball, volley ball; doing their calisthenics, taking walks, gardening, etc. They, too, must be kept strong for the job ahead of us during the war and *after* the war.

We need a Coach in every home where there are growing daughters—a Mother-Coach. She must see that they develop the health and vitality—through regular exercise—that America's women must have to meet the problems of the war and the postwar age.

This is extra war work that the patriotic women of America are being asked to assume—a new job for them, but a job *they* will love because it's for the *ones* they love.

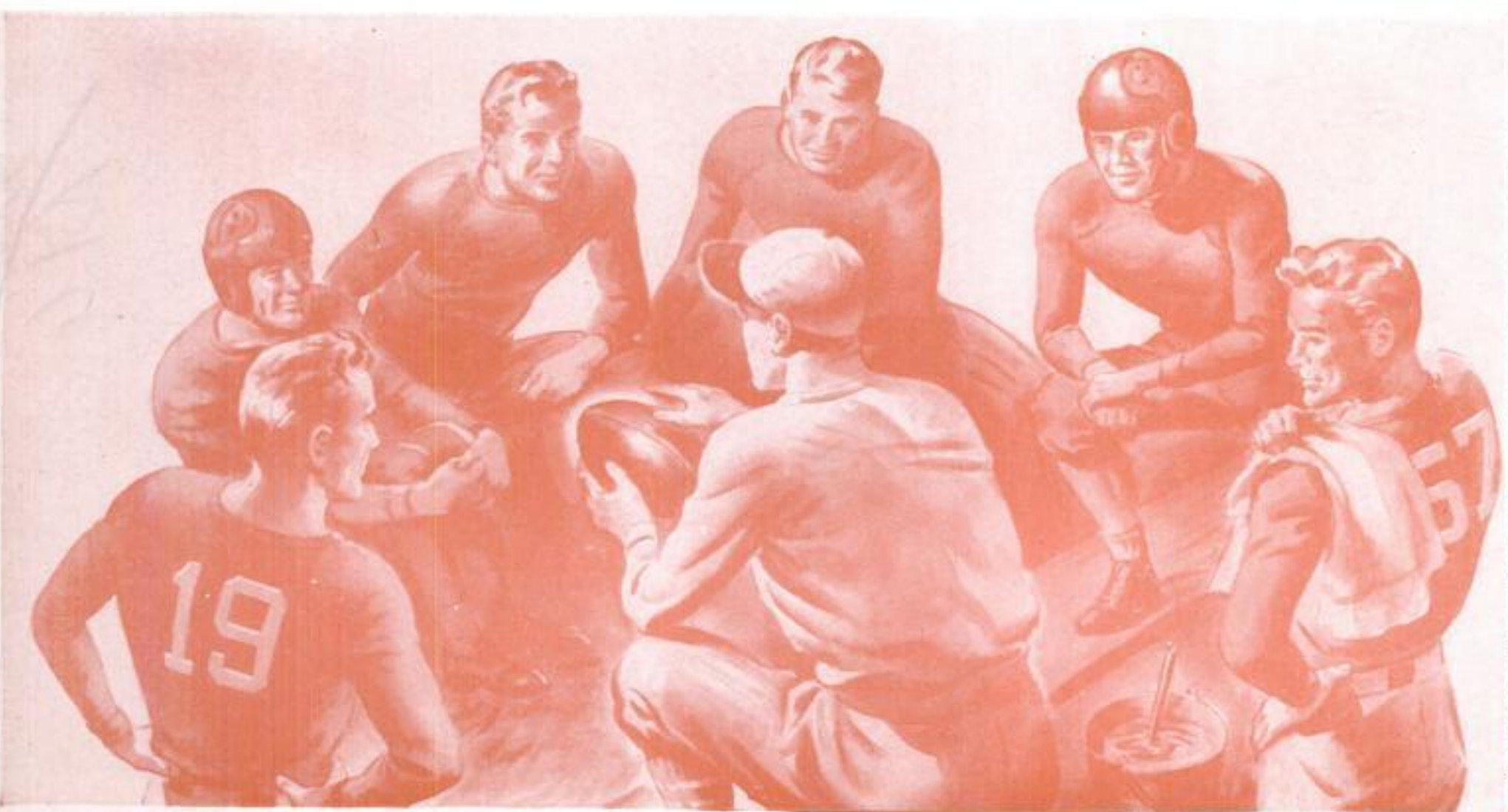
On *our* part, and we speak for the whole Sporting Goods Industry, we shall continue to voice the importance of America's competitive sports to the physical fitness of our fighters, workers and people. And we shall continue to supply all the sports equipment *that available materials permit*.

Will you accept the job of Coach in your home? Will you help keep your potential fighting men, your daughters, your war workers, your civilians, physically fit for this great fight for Freedom and for a good postwar world?

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT





1
Old MacDonald had a farm
Ee-yi-ee-yi-oh
And on his farm grew Kernel Wheat
Famed for taste, you know.

2
And Kernel Corn is in the gang
Recognized for pancake tang
Great for pep and go



3
Likewise here is Kernel Rice
To make your pancakes extra nice
Feather-light . . . just so.



4
And Kernel Rye, chock full of zing
Makes appetites sit up and sing
Of zest and flavor he is king
Ee-yi-ee-yi-oh

5
Pillsbury's Pancakes
Sure are swell!
That 4-Kernel flavor
Rings the bell!



PILLSBURY'S
Pancake Flour

Ready-Prepared—with or without Buckwheat



PILLSBURY'S PANCAKE FLOURS REQUIRE NO RATION POINTS!

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

NAZI KIDS

Sirs:

I'm enclosing what to me is a great photograph. It certainly tells a lot about our enemy. *Oberleutnant* Rudolf Brenner of the German Army left this snapshot of his two kids behind when the Americans pushed north from the Gela sector. He was in an awful hurry—left all his baggage behind.

The photo packet that this picture

came in had a tag from Herrenberg, Germany. Pop Brenner is probably either dead or captured by now—I have no way of knowing exactly which. The main thing now is to make sure his kids don't grow up and do the same thing all over again!

SGT. PHIL STERN

The Stars and Stripes, Africa, APO 12



DIVING RABBIT

Sirs:

This picture of the rear half of a jack-rabbit was snapped by First Lieut. Agnew Fisher, former American Airlines photographer now in the Air Forces. Fisher saw the rabbit in front of a southeast training center headquarters and sneaked up

on it with a camera that is used to catch 400-mile-an-hour warplanes, but the rabbit was too fast for him—it jumped into a handy fountain.

H. READ COOLEY
Airlines Terminal Bldg., New York



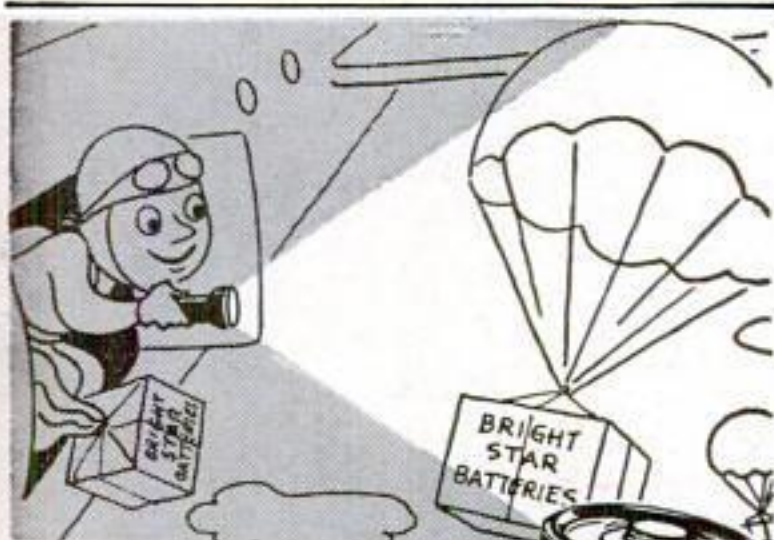


CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.



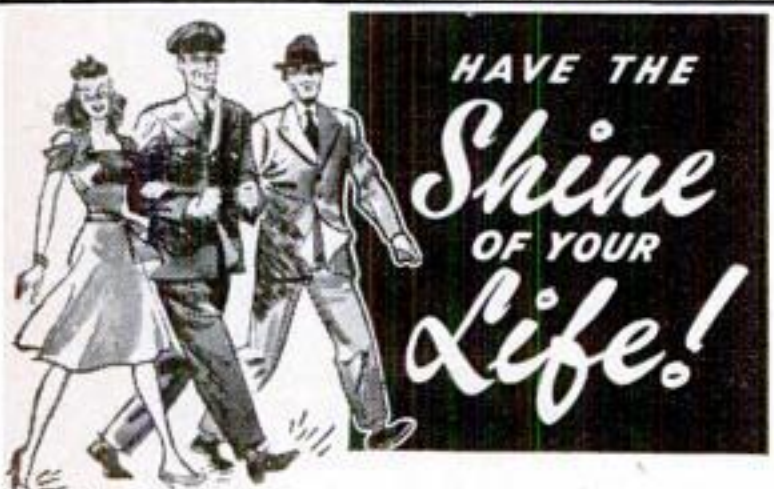
DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER



If your dealer can't supply them,
You know they're serving
overseas.
For men who never used
to buy them
Today must have the batteries.



You can't buy them as before
When it's over there'll be more



HAVE THE
Shine
OF YOUR
Life!

THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



O.K. FOR ALASKA
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make yours last longer!
The Marlin Firearms Co.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

PEA PACKERS

Sirs:

The Army is making sure that the Army and the rest of the country get plenty of canned peas next year. This picture shows soldiers from the Pendleton, Ore., air base stacking cartons of canned peas in the Smith cannery here. A good many Army men are doing this kind of work on their days off, instead of loafing around pool halls. The pea situation seems to be well in hand now that the Army is taking over. Umatilla County, Oregon, has four canneries like this which will pack about 3½ million cases, each case holding 24 cans, and each can—holding—well, a lot of peas.

JOHN C. BURTNER
Corvallis, Ore.



TWO HEADED DOG

Sirs:

I am sending you a snapshot of a dog that seems to have two heads—one on his shoulders and the other between his front legs. When he sits up like this the fur markings on his front legs and belly give him another head which looks for all the world like a droopy-eared pup. He seems proud of his distinction and likes the attention he gets, but we had to tie him to a tree to get this picture.

A/C JOHN L. NEWKIRK
San Antonio, Texas



PARIS



The Support of a Nation

Your best friends have stood the test of time. Same way with Belts. They all look good at first sight—but the best belts prove their worth long after you've bought them. That's when enduring quality, real craftsmanship and solid value prove their worth. On that score PARIS Belts score their success.

Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time. Illustrated—No. 507, Bench made rounded saddle leather—Colors, Sorrel, Natural, Hazel \$2. Other PARIS Belts \$1 and up.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

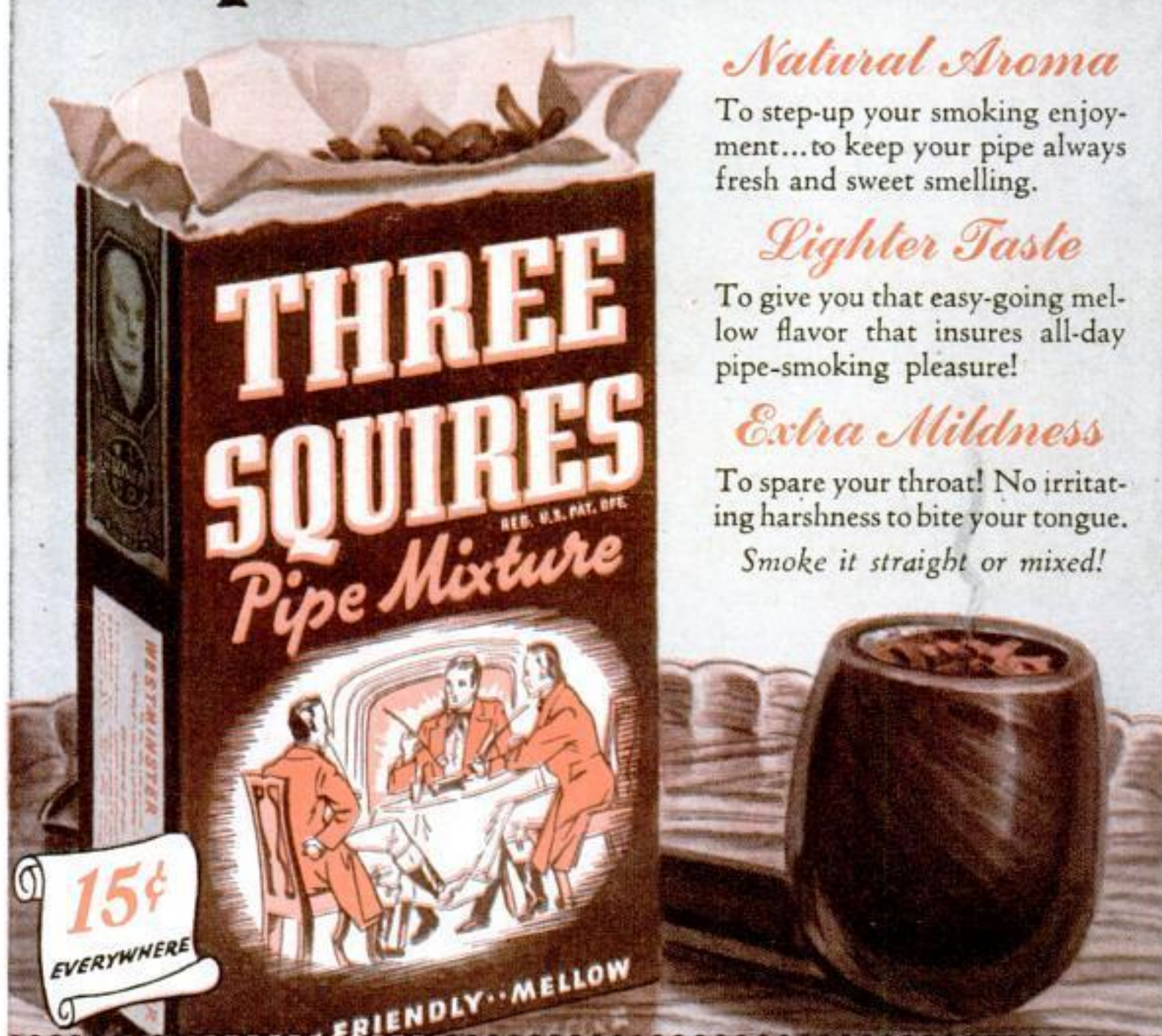
PARIS★BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Meet the **THREE SQUIRES**



...the Best Friends
A Pipe Smoker Ever Had



Natural Aroma

To step-up your smoking enjoyment...to keep your pipe always fresh and sweet smelling.

Lighter Taste

To give you that easy-going mellow flavor that insures all-day pipe-smoking pleasure!

Extra Mildness

To spare your throat! No irritating harshness to bite your tongue. Smoke it straight or mixed!

DO US A FAVOR!

Let's prove—at no cost to you—how well we 3 Friendly Squires "pull together" for your greater smoking pleasure. Mail coupon for your generous free sample package!



THREE SQUIRES
100 E. 16th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

FREE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

[Please Print Plainly]

L. F. 8

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TWINS

Sirs:

This is a picture of me and my brother. That doesn't sound very unusual, does it? But when I tell you that we are twins, well that might be a different story.

We are 26 years old and while brother John is 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds, I am 4 ft. 9 in. and weigh 95. John has been in the Navy 8 years and is now a

Chief Petty Officer. He was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs staged their sneak attack there. As for me, I'm still a civilian because of my height; I'm three inches too short for the Army. But I'm doing the next best thing; I'm on war work.

FRANK S. OBARA (the smaller one)
Fisherville, Mass.



CHUTE GOWN

Sirs:

This photograph shows the ingenuity and resourcefulness of Miss Mary McQueary, of Oxford, who made her silk wedding gown from two flare parachutes. Her fiancé, Lieut. Wilbur T. Blume, Air Forces bombardier-navigator, sent them from Carlsbad, N. M., before their recent

marriage. The chutes had been used once and could not be used again because of slight chemical damage, but they made a very pretty gown.

GILSON WRIGHT

Oxford, Ohio



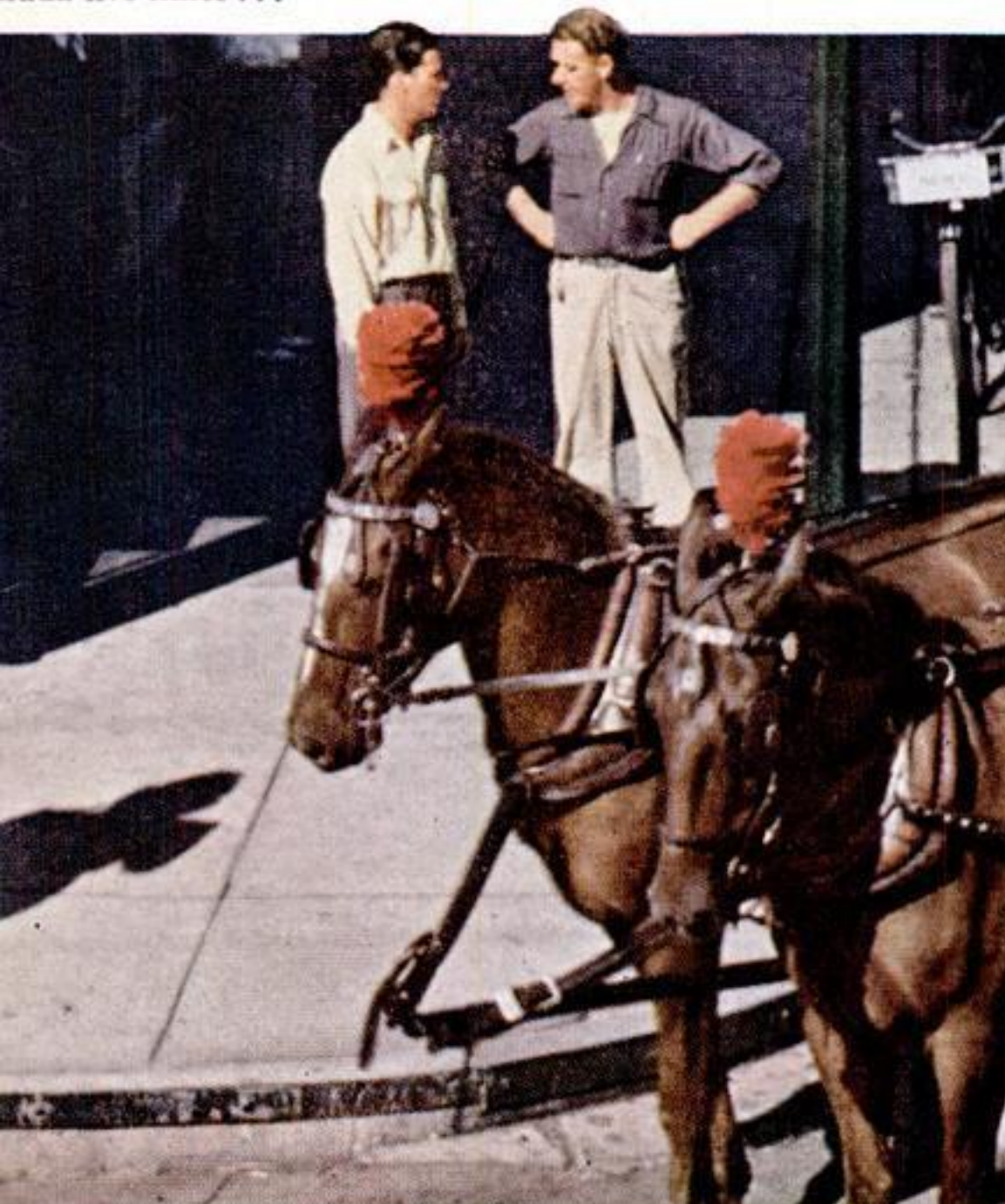
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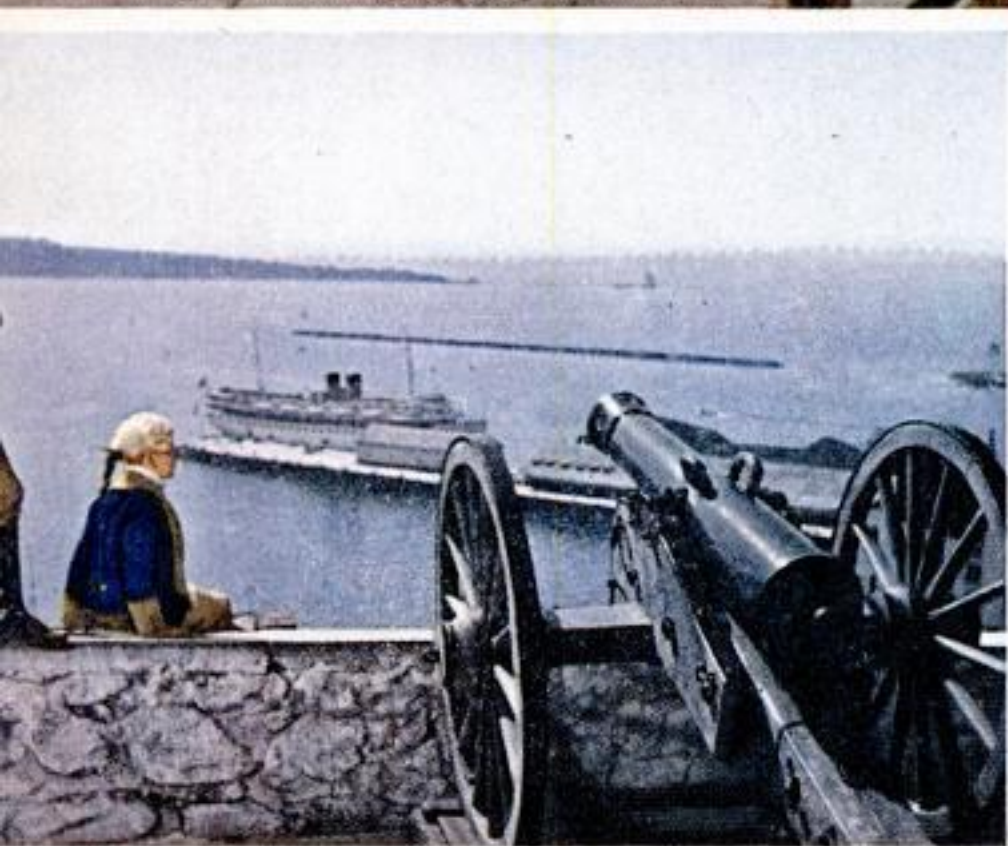
Boat-time in Bermuda?

No, sir—it's Mackinac Island, Michigan

"Even before I paused to choose my bike at the hotel on this paradise-spot in Lake Huron," writes a New York friend of Canadian Club, "I'd had a hard time trying to shake off the feeling I was in Bermuda. Funny, because I'm a Bermuda five-timer..."



2 "That Bermuda feeling begins when you step off your boat and ride past Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw) Island's carriage line. For there's the same restful freedom from motor traffic, the same l-a-z-y, languorous sort of atmosphere Bermuda's famous for—and some special thrills. For instance..."



3 "Pedal up to magnificently preserved Fort Mackinac which, as the ancient gateway to the Northwest Territory, served under three flags. You'll enjoy an experience unmatched as the flavor of Canadian Club."



4 "I was lucky enough to be there during a colorful and impressive pageant recreating this glamorous history—with costumed colonial soldiers, fur-trappers and the island's own real Indians dramatically bringing the past to life."



5 "Don't miss old Fort Holmes on top of the island. There's a thrilling bike ride down, with grand swimming—and golf—at the end."



6 "Then—shades of Bermuda again—Canadian Club and soda! You see, it was in Bermuda, many years ago, that I first tasted Canadian Club."

Because its unique, delightful flavor pleases all tastes, Canadian Club is esteemed (though, today, not always available) the world around. Light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon, it's perfect for cocktails before dinner—and tall ones after.

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada • Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



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That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time

When war correspondents say that Coca-Cola is the drink of our fighting men, you know there is a reason for it. What drink offers such delicious taste and downright refreshment?

One tells how a Ranger, returned from Dieppe, asked for Coca-Cola in preference to anything. Another cables that the main event of the week for the doughboys at a desolate South Pacific outpost was 12 bottles of Coke. We read such things in the papers regularly.

Coca-Cola had to be good to earn fast friendship like that with our Armed Forces. Coca-Cola is good. It's made that way with a finished art and choicest ingredients. And with a taste all its own. Truly, the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.

Although war has changed and disrupted so many things in their lives, our fighting forces overseas are so often delighted to find in far-off places an old familiar friend...Coca-Cola...being bottled in Allied Nations all over the globe, just as it is at home.



Wherever there's action in this world-wide war, you find the famous jeep. Wherever it's possible to get it, you'll find Coca-Cola, too, bringing refreshment to our fighting troops.



You could see this going on many places in the world. When our soldiers get a chance to enjoy a pause, they make it the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.



The best **5¢** is always the better buy!

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